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## NUREMBERG.







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*Church of St. Lawrence.*

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# PICTURES OF NUEREMBERG;

AND

## RAMBLES IN THE HILLS AND VALLEYS OF FRANCONIA.

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BY H. J. WHITLING.



IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



LONDON:  
RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.  
1850.

**LONDON:**  
**BRADFURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.**

## P R E F A C E.

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IN a former volume, “Heidelberg and the Way thither,”\* I have taken occasion to show how a certain class of splenetic travellers speak and write about Germany; and who, for want of a little practical information, or wrapped perchance in the cold mantle of suspicion or selfishness, or, it may be, suffering from an uncontrolled infirmity of temper, or a wrong estimate both of the regulations of society and the laws of the country wherein they sojourn, find themselves involved in difficulties and squabbles innumerable; and thus embitter their recollections of a journey which otherwise would have been, not only agreeable, but highly instructive.

An endeavour was at the same time made to supply intelligence useful to all, whether travellers

\* Published by Dyer and Hall, Paternoster Row.

or residents, in the hope that it might tend to prevent the difficulties and disagreeables therein pointed out; and also to give a few sketches for the information and amusement of those who may feel an inclination to accompany me thither.

My most grateful acknowledgments are due to those who did me the honour so favourably to review the volume, as well as to others who, in addition to this, kindly took the trouble to aid my inexperience by the offer of so much good advice; their suggestions should most assuredly be followed, if they were not unfortunately of so opposite a nature as completely to puzzle the choice that has to be made. In this state of things, it was believed to be impossible to hold with one party without appearing to despise the other; and, therefore, I hope to be forgiven, if, in order to avoid the danger of offending either, I thankfully decline both, and go on still in my own way.

I crave permission to repeat what I before remarked,—viz., that in order to know Germany and the Germans, it is not enough to reside awhile in any one of their towns, nor to scamper across the plains, or over the magnificent mountain scenery

which the country affords. Every duchy, state, and kingdom belonging to it has its peculiar observances in customs, costumes, and features,—local, civil, political, ecclesiastical,—distinctly marked, strong, and characteristic. Germany is a large volume, full of long chapters, each as various as it is interesting, but of which those who so read it can see but very small and detached pages.

It is intended, should life and opportunity be spared, to open from time to time some of these chapters, which it is believed are not yet generally known to Englishmen; but which, when fairly unfolded, will be found to present much that is strikingly interesting and instructive, and therefore, it is to be hoped, acceptable to all those who may be induced to accompany me from a desire to become better acquainted with the contents of this primitive, black-lettered, and entertaining old volume.

H. I. W.



## INTRODUCTORY OBSERVATIONS.

---

“ Wenn einer Deutschland kennen  
Und Deutschland lieben soll,  
Wird man ihm Nürnberg nennen  
Der edlen Künste voll;  
Dich nimmermehr veraltet  
Du treue, fleiss’ge Stadt,  
Wo Dürers Kraft gewaltet  
Und Sachs gesungen hat.”

*Old German Song.*

It has been said, “No man should publish a book without stating the reason why he does so.” The author of this remembers not who gives the advice, but that perhaps is of no consequence, as it is only alluded to in order to admit its soundness, and plead the necessity of following it as an excuse for this preface.

It is, however, unfortunate that in the demand for a “reason,” nothing was settled as to its nature or quality. This omission has given rise to the greatest

uncertainty. It becomes difficult to say when the demand is fulfilled. That which weighs with some will by others be but lightly esteemed, and there are not a few in the world who so capriciously question its essential attributes, that, in the absence of anything definitive on the subject, it is in vain to attempt to satisfy them; and this, no doubt, fully accounts for so many books being published without any reason at all.

Nevertheless, being anxious to avoid the charge of intrusion, such furtive examples shall, in this instance, not be followed; and therefore the following apparently reasonable grounds are submitted for its publication:—

Because Nuremberg was for more than 500 years the chief abode of the German Emperors, and was *formerly* one of the most renowned and wealthy cities of the German Empire.

Because it is *at present* one of the most interesting.

Because it was the centre of German commerce, the nursery of German poetry, the cradle of German art, and the home of German freedom.

Because, had there never been a Nuremberg, it is probable there never would have been a Munich.

Because, having had the rare fortune to be spared in war, it is the most, if not the only, intact specimen of a town of the middle ages.

Because there is in it so much to invite the antiquary, artist, architect, and lover of the picturesque, and to please the taste of all classes of travellers.

Because it possesses some of the best schools in Bavaria—in itself no slight recommendation—and offers a healthy, agreeable, and moreover very cheap place of residence.

Because, notwithstanding all this, it seems to be but little known to the English; and according to the Police Reports, is less visited by travellers generally than many other towns which cannot lay claim to half the interest.

Because, with the exception of a notice in Murray's excellent Guide Book, there has hitherto been no description of it published in England.

And, above all, because it is hoped the foregoing considerations will be deemed sufficient to justify its appearance.

Thus it is humbly laid at the threshold of the English Public, the Author trusting they will not think he has made an ill use of the kind reception given to a former volume, as, by it, to have been encouraged to entreat their favour towards the present.

NUREMBERG,

*December, 1848.*

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## NUREMBERG.

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### CHAPTER I.

AN OPENING CHAPTER, ON PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE PROSPECTS.

IF you take a map of Europe and trace upwards with the fore-finger of your right hand to  $49^{\circ} 27' 28''$  north latitude, while your left is employed in the same way on the line of east longitude to about  $28^{\circ} 45'$ , you will, or ought to have under them at the point of intersection, the name of an old town now belonging to Bavaria, which, in its historical interest, its former importance both political and commercial, its arts, sciences, and manufactures, its picturesque appearance, the style of its buildings both civil and ecclesiastical, and the numerous well-preserved remains it presents of times long gone by, yields to few others in the map now lying open before you,—this is Nuremberg.

It is necessary to be thus particular in the

description of its character and whereabouts, because, although still a place of some existing importance, it unfortunately lies on the road from nowhere to nowhere, judging from the track usually pursued by the English, who for the most part content themselves with running round it in all directions, but seldom think of visiting a locality which appears to be regarded as a sort of *terra incognita*. It is therefore with a view to your becoming better acquainted with this comparatively unknown region, together with its interesting old town, fortress, and many other lingering relics of the middle ages, that the following chapters are undertaken.

First, for a very brief sketch of its history.

Its origin, like that of most German, and many other towns, is lost in the dim shadows of tradition, and there is no such thing as ascertaining how it obtained either its foundation or name; of course, where mystery exists, tradition is rife, fancy lively, and fiction audacious. Those who delight to magnify its antiquity, refer them to Nero, but facts, those exceedingly troublesome opponents of such old chroniclers, seem to assert that the Romans never were here, and that therefore, so far from owing its origin to him, it might with as much propriety be ascribed to Confucius, both the one and the other having had about an equal share in it.

As it is better to disseminate truth than uncertainty, I will not trouble either myself or you by noticing here the numerous inventions, which, with more or less probability, endeavour to account for its existence, and etymology: indeed, since whole books have been written upon the subject, even to glance at them all would occupy much more space than can be afforded; it therefore becomes advisable to close this part of the story, as it must inevitably be closed, after groping together through many dark passages, by repeating here the sentence with which we set out, viz., its origin, like that of many other towns, is lost in the dim shadows of tradition.

One thing however is quite certain: like some of its ancient and wealthy burghers it arose from very small beginnings; and herein we may defy the contradiction of any authority, at the same time bringing in support of our own, the Lang-Regesta—Top. Noribergensis—Lochner's Jahrbücher—Von Murr, and others equally honest and trustworthy, which assign to it an historical existence of about one thousand years, asserting moreover, that at the time circumstances obtained for it the rights of market, custom, and coinage, (A.D. 1039,) its extent was very circumscribed, its population small, and its position in other respects comparatively inconsiderable.

Notwithstanding this, it was destined soon to swell into importance like one of the before-mentioned old worthies, whose increasing corpulency rendered necessary an extension, both of belt and doublet; accordingly, in A. D. 1100, its boundaries were enlarged, and its walls strengthened, but its still increasing bulk rendered this again and again necessary, till in about three hundred years afterwards it received its final extension, its defences were then completed according to the most approved method of the time, and as a place of immense strength and immeasurable loyalty, it had the honour to be charged with the custody of the imperial regalia, reliques, &c., which were deposited in the Church of the Holy Ghost, and remained there till the dissolution of the German empire, when by some means or other they found their way to Vienna.

In its earlier days it became possessed of the rights and privileges of a free city, and as a consequence, its prosperity increased more and more. Commerce, industry, and the arts flourished, and at length it grew so wealthy and powerful that the emperors themselves were wont to reside there, and to regard it with especial favour, on account, as it is said, of the aid it was enabled to afford in the shape most acceptable to belligerent powers, of arms, soldiers, and sums of money; but having a profound respect,

almost amounting to veneration, for the old town and all belonging to its history, I prefer to think both parties, in the connection thus formed, were actuated by far higher feelings and purer motives, than the above conclusion would lead us to suppose as belonging to, at least, one of them.

Although the government of the town and the various emperors understood each other pretty well, it seems to have been then, as now, impossible to agree with everybody; during the progress of its moral and physical development, many causes of perplexity arose, which, in spite of its desire to live peaceably, compelled it to take up the cudgels, and Nuremberg found itself at times involved in war. But the consequences were always sustained with such a doughty, burgher-like strength and courage, that whatever glory and benefit could possibly arise under their quarrels, always appeared to accrue on the side of this little republic, for such at length it became, and the political events incident to the period, and its own position, only operated to strengthen and ennoble it.

But the state of fermentation passed for awhile away, and its ingredients being at first sound and wholesome, it by and by settled down into something substantially excellent, till in the latter end of the fifteenth century, it may be said to have attained its

highest point, or, as the Germans say, the sun of its glory was in the “ Mittag” quarter.

At the time of which we are speaking, it was the brilliant centre of all that could in those days conduce to the glory and wealth of an empire, and while it drew into its ample bosom much of the produce and riches of other lands, it was the frequent residence of the German emperors; it was also the theatre of fêtes and Imperial Diets, the focus which held and reflected with the utmost splendour all that could add to the lustre of the imperial Court, and to crown all, its affairs were administered with both energy and dignity by men of the most eminent character, formed by education, travel, and the experience of foreign Courts, who knew how to conduct the manifold relations of this *imperium in imperio*, and who brought as nearly as possible to perfection its legislative policy and finances. Its unprecedented prosperity under their government, is the best proof that they well understood how to extend and to preserve the interests over which they were called to preside; nor were the moral advantages of the city forgotten, they made use of their influence also to establish foundations, having for their object the advancement of religion, charity, and public instruction, the good effects of which are felt down to this very day in the institutions

bequeathed by men, some of whom seem to have lived but to advance the general prosperity, and to promote the welfare of their own and succeeding generations.

Now look once more at the map, and you will perhaps discover another cause of its well-doing—which was, not only that the emperors for five hundred years made it more or less a place of residence, nor did it spring alone from the privileges they granted it, nor was it on account of the Diets being frequently held there,—but principally, its geographical position. At all times commerce and industry were the sources of its prosperity, as they have been and are of every people possessing them, while its own good government strengthened and confirmed this; but doubtless the first great cause of its well-doing was a natural one, and is to be found in the advantageous position it occupies on the map.

But as in the moral world our greatest enjoyments sometimes give occasion to our greatest sorrows, so here, the very position in which it once gloried, became afterwards the source of its greatest disadvantages.

Prior to the circumnavigation of the Cape of Good Hope, all merchandise from the East was obliged to travel overland into Europe, and came for distri-

bution by way of Germany. Nuremberg then naturally became the chief entrepôt. It had commercial relations with the towns on the Mediterranean and Adriatic, together with Bruges, Ghent, Antwerp, and many others of contemporary importance; but towards the middle of the sixteenth century its riches began to make themselves wings and fly away,—or rather its commerce took to the water; and as Nuremberg could not very well follow it to the sea, nor the sea very easily reach Nuremberg, the latter began to find itself much in the condition of a vessel abandoned by the receding tide; its business declined, and with it the wealth, influence, and celebrity it once so conspicuously possessed.

Long had it witnessed days of splendour, but its days of darkness were now to come, and of those not a few. With its commerce had declined also the prosperity and power of the burghers; the government then degenerated; the senate became enfeebled, the patricians corrupt, the people demoralised, and all betokened its speedy downfall, when religious intolerance lighted up the torch of discord, and war came in, amongst other evils, to exhaust its remaining resources, complete its calamities, and hasten its destruction. The Congress of 1649-50, to settle the peace of Westphalia, exhibited the last dying embers of that pomp and splendour which shone in bygone

days from this ancient city. An age of inactivity, an increasing debt, and lessened means of payment, led to its dissolution (as well as that of the empire, of which it had once formed so important a part); hence it became more and more impoverished, its administration was paralysed, and its final bankruptcy at length involved the whole in one common ruin.

Such was its condition in 1806 when its annexation to the kingdom of Bavaria was regarded as a blessing, and attended by the most beneficial consequences to the town. Its debt was recognised by the state, who while it extended in some degree the rights of the citizens, naturally took into its own hands the executive, and regulated or re-organised the whole *économie publique*. From that moment the town again began to thrive, and although the days of its high prosperity can never return, still industry, commerce, manufactures, and the arts, have given signs of renewed vigour. It has already participated in the importation of colonial produce, and has opened relations with England, Spain, Portugal, France, Turkey, and America; of late years, also, under the Prussian system of general customs, it has again become what its distinguished position must always secure for it, the entrepôt of commerce between the north and south. The

important transactions of its bankers still connect it with all the principal towns in Europe, while the canal uniting the Danube and Rhine, together with the railroads finished and in progress, radiating in various lines from the town, afford the best assurances of its future welfare, as the increased value of property of every description does of its present prosperity.

And now after this rapid sketch of its doings, let us look around and consider how not only Nuremberg, but all Germany, breathing something of the spirit of the times, is awakening to a new existence. What though her movements be awkward, slow, and at first restricted! It is the naturally cramping effect of her long confined position. Other countries have had a freer course, and obtained their various points of culmination. France has reached hers, Italy also under the Romans, Spain hers; England is fast attaining hers, and long—long, may the bright star of her glorious destiny be preserved in the ascendant by Him whose honoured instrument she is. But I find nothing in the past history of Germany to show that she has hitherto attained hers. On the contrary, I believe it is yet to come. Her record for ages has been a record of suffering; her beautiful land has been desolated by war; strangers have devoured it in her presence; death has gathered its bleeding victims from her fields;

swords have reaped her corn, and spoiled her vineyards, and long has she sate disconsolate and a widow ; but her resources have not been exhausted, though her energies have slept,—dormant, but not dead,—she is now rousing herself like a giant after a long and heavy slumber ; shaking off by degrees the lethargy which so deeply oppressed her ; and as soon as her kindling eyes are enabled to sustain the full lustre of the mid-day beam, she will again exhibit herself to Europe in more than her former greatness and glory, a mighty, renowned, and prosperous nation.

## CHAPTER II.

SHOWING THE POSITION OF NUREMBERG, ITS GENERAL APPEARANCE AND  
HEALTHINESS; ITS STREETS, HOUSES, AND THE CAPRICIOUS PRANKS  
OF ITS RIVER; AND HOW PLEASANTLY ITS FORTIFICATIONS ARE AT  
PRESENT MASKED AND OCCUPIED.

NUREMBERG stands upon a variety of small hills or slopes, rising from a somewhat undulating sandy plain, which, though originally producing little beyond wood, heather, and cranberries, cultivation has within the last thirty years persuaded to change into a kitchen-garden, and to yield, from a soil as fine as if it had passed through a sieve, its tribute of herbs, fruit, vegetables, tobacco, and every kind of grain.

There is something unusual in the look of the country lying immediately around it. The remains of a vast forest, broken at intervals, encircle it on every side, but upon which the industry of the peasant has been gradually encroaching; so that, between it and the town, immense tracts of cultivable land now interpose, which were formerly desolate, heathy,

or comparatively unproductive. The villages that freckle the plain are of a picturesque character, and mostly clean, and the châteaux, of which there is generally one in each, with gabled fronts, latticed windows, and turreted angles, surmounted by weathercocks, overlook them in all the prim repose of old fashioned dignity.

The strata upon which the town is built—sand and gravel—and its altitude above the level of the sea, nearly 900 English feet, render its sanatory condition undeniably. Though from its open and elevated position, it is freely exposed to the air, the changes of temperature are not generally sudden or violent. Storms are not often attracted towards it, and snow seldom lies long in the neighbourhood. Endemic disorders are comparatively unknown, and epidemics rarely make their appearance, and then but for a short time. The cholera has never visited it.

The first view you get of Nuremberg, approaching from Ansbach or Würzburg, gives a favourable idea of its extent and importance; and its numerous old grey towers of every form, its domes, spires, and pinnacles, are seen all blended together in picturesque confusion; above these, the venerable fortress, whose walls are discoloured and crumbling with age, rears itself in sullen pride, as if disdaining aught that

might offend the air of its ancient nobility. Its attitude is one of complete repose; it appears to look down upon all with a feeling of the most perfect self-complacency, and as though impressed with a deep sense of its own dignified antiquity, seems to say—I have a right to be here.

In the interior as well as the external appearance of the town, it bears that peculiar character which great age can alone impart; the many ancient wall towers yet remaining (about 110) as well as the deep moat, bastions, &c., prepared also for its defence, recall to mind the wars of early times, by which it was not unfrequently endangered.

You enter it by the Spittler Thor, over what was once a drawbridge, and having crossed the fosse and passed the battlements, you are soon in one of the principal streets. The general aspect of the interior is highly imposing; most of the houses are very large, of a massive style of architecture, adorned with fanciful gables, and bearing the impress of the period when every inhabitant was a merchant, and every merchant was lodged like a king. Their form and shadows harmonise well with the fountains, numerous figures, public monuments, churches, and other buildings, rich in the mouldering sculpture of former ages. Many of them are beautifully carved, both

inside and out, and the air of bygone magnificence which pervades the whole, tells many an interesting tale of the wealth and splendour of other days.



Das Spittler Thor.

With the regard towards these things that every well-educated Englishman may be supposed to possess, you will be glad to know that the King of Bavaria takes all possible care to protect from modern invasion so complete a specimen of the middle ages; and he has given orders, that alterations of every kind, and even the colouring of the houses, shall only be permitted in a style of conformity therewith. As a consequence, the whole is in good keeping, and presents to the eye much that is deeply impressive in

this ancient and well-preserved stronghold of German architecture, arts, and commerce.

I entered the town at the close of a fine autumnal evening, whose declining beams lighted up here and there the various points and angles of the highly pitched and turreted roofs. The sounds of the day had nearly ceased, save the lumbering of two or three primitive-looking country waggons, drawn by oxen, the faintly swelling shouts of a few groups of boys, and the tolling of the evening bell of the Lorenzo Kirche, whose sun-gilt pinnacles seemed to pierce the serene vault of heaven. As I rambled through some of the dusky streets, the sounds of merriment had gradually died away, the bell ceased to toll, the storks were flapping heavily homewards, and by the time I reached the ascent to the castle, evening had closed in, and silence asserted her reign over all. The season, the hour, the place, were all fitted for quiet meditation. Although in a crowded city, the world and its tumults appeared to be shut out, and while contemplating this mingled picture of glory and decay, it was like going back into the dim regions of antiquity, or wandering awhile amongst the dusky shadows of the olden time.

Subsequent researches enabled me to discover, that this reverend old town is perforated with schutes,

gässlein—you must excuse the English plural—hofs, elbows, little alleys, holes, corners, and turnings, like an old worm-eaten kleide-schrank,—enough almost to baffle the zeal of the antiquary, and at the same time well to reward his most diligent searchings. It is divided into two parts by the intervention of a certain river, called the Pegnitz, a discoloured, and at all times unprepossessing, but nevertheless very useful little stream, whose busy efforts greatly assist the health and industry of the inhabitants. It once formed part of their means of defence, but as its aid that way is no longer required, it humbly contents itself by sweeping away the produce of all the drains in the neighbourhood, by irrigating and fertilising the lower meadows, and by turning, I don't know how many different kinds of mills, which for a moment frequently arrest the course of its waters. Above the town, dyers, laundresses, and others make use of it—men, women, boys, horses, and pigs bathe in it—the light boats of the various millers occasionally traverse it—whole squadrons of ducks and geese find a paradise on its bosom—and altogether it is a very active, fussy, and useful little stream. I therefore hold the remark which has been applied to it by some people,—viz., “*L'ennui l'avait rendue tout hypocondriaque, et qu'elle ne continuent à couler que puisque c'était*

l'usage," to be a most outrageous, unfounded, and ungrateful defamation of its exemplary character for past services and present utility. But hypochondriacal ennui has not so far disabled it, but that it can at times be excited to a somewhat disagreeable revenge upon those who venture to undervalue or malign its efforts. Accordingly, it has now and then been known to rage, swell, and get angry, and not content with walking out of its own bed in the middle of the night, it occasionally climbs up to the first floor windows, and compels some of the nearest inhabitants to do the same. But its resentment never lasts long, and after having exacted a satisfactory amount of consternation, marvel, wet feet, and such like homage, and called out a forced guard to attend its presence and departure, it goes suddenly off to bed again, laughing at all the botheration caused by these endeavours to make its doings more respected.

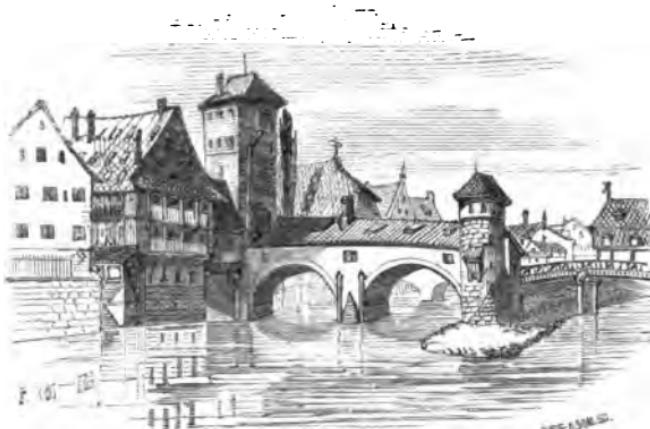
Were it not that one detests punning, I might say how little surprising it is that this gentle stream, amiable and obliging as it generally is, should sometimes get angry, seeing it is so often crossed; for it has no less than fourteen bridges within the limits of the town. Of these, seven are of stone; one, the Fleischbrücke, erected by Stromer in 1596, is after

the plan of the Rialto, and, like its renowned model, cruelly steep. Besides these, it has a chain-bridge, of which it boasts as being the first of the kind that was seen in Germany—an assertion that no one who regards its construction will discover any reason to doubt. It possesses also six wooden bridges, which go over it at convenient intervals, and whose good offices this way it sometimes rewards by going over them in return. When angry, however, it has been known to dismiss two or three of them from their attendance somewhat suddenly, and as the inhabitants thought, without any good reason. It is remarkable also that the town authorities always reinstated them in their appointments, and therefore it is presumed there were sufficient grounds for the continuation of their services.

Its sides are embellished with many quaint and picturesque-looking old dwellings, of every form, colour, and character, whose projecting roofs, carved ends, high gables, ornamental chimneys, and overhanging balconies throw out broad rich masses of light and shade in the most attractive contrast that the eye can desire.

The two divisions of the town, which the before-named river has so obligingly separated, are called after the names of the two principal churches—

St. Sebald and St. Lorenzo, containing together about 50,000 inhabitants, occupying about 3,500



Der Henker Thurm, or Hangman's Tower.\*

very large houses, and divided into sixty-two districts ; to these access is gained by the Spittler Thor, Frauen Thor, Laufer Thor, and Neuen Thor ; and by the smaller gates of Haller, Wöhrder, Thiergärtner, and the Vestner Thörlein. The four principal gate-towers received their present form in the middle of the sixteenth century, at which time cannon were mounted, and gave out their thunder in times of war or festival. Their appearance is striking, massive, and of immense strength ; they are cylindrical, and resemble

\* In the small tower at the end of the bridge formerly dwelt the public executioner.

an old-fashioned enormous mortar, standing on end, the upper opening, which in some is circular, representing the touch-hole. The larger gates remain open all night; the others are closed at eleven o'clock.

The smaller towers, bastions, and covered ramparts, which, with the ditch, 50 feet deep and 100 feet wide, form the fortifications, though redoubtable enough in days of yore, are, it is apprehended, at present but of little importance to the town in point of defence, notwithstanding it is by others still considered as a place of some strength. The batteries thrown up in 1632 by Gustavus Adolphus are still preserved and maintained, though probably more for the sake of the antiquarian than the soldier. The numerous old towers which garnish, at short intervals, the walls encircling the town, are of the most picturesque description, various in form, roofed to a very steep pitch, and mostly covered with long, narrow, and highly convexed tiles. These, together with the time-stained tints they so richly wear, impart to them a character that would delight the artist and deeply impress the antiquary; but the use of these fortifications has long since passed away. The ditch, though preserved in form, has blossomed into a garden, studded with fruit trees, and the

apertures through which cannon once bristled and blazed are now curtained by the trim wallflower and trailing bramble, amidst whose tangled companionship the chaffinch, linnet, and wren build their tiny dwellings, in all the happy peacefulness of conscious security.

### CHAPTER III.

WHICH COMMENCES BY PROMISING THE READER CERTAIN DESCRIPTIONS, WHEREBY HE WOULD, NO DOUBT, BE GREATLY DELIGHTED, BUT BY REASON OF CERTAIN UNLUCKY DIGRESSIONS, THE CHAPTER ENDS AS IT BEGINS.

IN describing more particularly some of the many highly interesting features of the town, I shall have occasion to refer you to some impressive documents both in metal and stone, which will be found to present the most lively pictures of the zeal, genius, and science of centuries that are elapsed; and because of my great regard for architecture as the first of the fine arts, eminently thus consecrated even by Devotion itself, I shall begin with its sermons in stones, as set forth in some of the noble parish churches which adorn Nuremberg.

What is there upon earth more grateful to the eye of sentiment, philanthropy, and religion, than a church? You travel over a country, spires rise from the hills, or are seen embowered amongst the trees, each one a speaking hieroglyphic of God. What though the temple be humble, it agrees with the

homely manners of its rustic congregation; it is sacred, it is venerable. *It is a Church*; the seeds of the resurrection lie scattered around it, and a retrospection of his own life, a remembrance of his Creator, of death, and the judgment to come, are the awful and instructive lessons it brings to the mind of him who regards it aright.

Cross the threshold of some of these old churches, a solemn awe impresses the soul, much of which feeling is strengthened, if not awakened, by the speaking interior. Before you on tombs, monuments, and in the windows, are effigies with uplifted hands, as a perpetual memento to all of their absolute dependence upon God. Banners are sometimes there, and representations of helmets, corslets, and swords, telling of a loyal and brave defence of king, country, and home, and handed down and preserved there for the happiness and emulation of their children, are bright and numerous testimonies to the zeal and piety, the wisdom and honour which adorned the lives of their ancestors. But if sentiments of what God is, of the nothingness of the world, of the shortness of this life, and the eternity of another, be thus excited herein, what is the idea, what is the impression at work in our minds on contemplating the more grand and beautiful specimens of Church architecture? You look down the dim and ever

receding aisles ; the eye searches the exceeding loftiness, and the mind desires and strives to embrace as a whole that which, in its various details, seems ever to elude it. We can only reply in the words of Professor Green—words as appropriate as they are beautiful—“ It is surely the symbol of the universe ; of that whole which exists in the idea as an infinite of parts ; of that idea which language only permits us to express by a contradiction, as of a sphere whose centre is everywhere, whose circumference nowhere.” It is, in short, the architectural word for the Omnipresence of God.

And so religion becomes the parent of Church architecture, and hence one of its effects is to produce a religious abstraction of mind, which is heightened by its antiquity and mystery : the latter symbolical of the “ mystery of ” the doctrines of “ godliness ” taught within its sacred walls. In the same spirit it was that the ancient temples exhibited forms of worship, widely various, it is true, but which rendered each a hierogram of its God, or of the peculiar religious opinions which influenced its votaries. To all these feelings, however, we of purer faith superadd such an application and use, as sanctify at once both the service and the temple.

The principal churches here are devoted to the Lutheran form of worship, which, without intending

disrespect to either, may be said to possess all the apparent negligence and meagreness of the English sectarian.\* This our own (Anglican) Church wisely avoids, as well as the pomp and superstitious mum-mery of Romanism, and anxious "that all things be done decently and in order," does not despise, although she does not lay too much stress on externals. On looking back, however, upon what has been written, it is just possible that the remarks I have ventured to make about the zeal and piety of our ancestors, and the heightening effects of antiquity, mystery, &c., in much of which my heart was in England, may give occasion to those who advocate what is termed the "ancient faith," to reflect again not only upon the so-called "perversion of her places of worship," but also upon what they are pleased to term the "misappropriation" of that which to some of them is, perhaps, of far greater consequence, the "tithes and revenues set apart for the services of the Church." It is deeply important that this be rightly

\* It may here be also remarked that they do not kneel during the prayers ; that by far the greater part of their congregations are composed of women ; and that people think nothing of coming in at all times during the service. In one thing the German Protestants resemble the Romanists—they do not appear to see any impropriety in attending public or private balls, the theatre, or other amusements in the evening of the Sunday. It might, however, be well for them to consider how much the neglect of a strict observance of the Sabbath-day has conduced to the laxity in other scriptural principles which is found so lamentably to prevail in many parts of this country.

understood by all : and I shall devote a few lines to this subject, because, notwithstanding anything that may appear in Dr. Lingard or other Romanist historians to the contrary, there is no getting rid of the fact, that in her tenets the Anglo-Saxon Church, as compared with the Church of Rome at the time of the Reformation, was, like her present representative, certainly not Popish.\* A thousand years have rolled away since the Establishment became possessed of the tithes and of the greater part of the estates still belonging to her ; but those who imagine it was the " Romanist " Church as she now stands, that was so endowed, greatly mistake the real position of the case ; and this, as a glaring historical fact, cannot be too frequently and earnestly insisted upon. The English (and also the Irish) Church, at the time the tithes, &c., were assigned to them, held scarcely any of the tenets of the Church of Rome, *as since professed*, which are not still common to both. But the errors and abominations of Popery subsequently overshadowed the pure doctrines and discipline of the early Anglican Church ; so that the Reformation—the word explains itself—was not "the robbing of one set

\* The reader is no doubt aware that a Christian Church existed in England prior to the mission of St. Austin : and as to the infallible title of Pope, he may be reminded that Gregory the Great disputed and denounced what he calls " the devilish title of Universal Bishop."

of men to give their tithes and estates to another.” Neither was it “the raising up of a new religion,” but its objects were simply these—to restore our ancient Church to its original purity—to clear our ritual from the errors that polluted it—to abolish the tribute of ungodly homage exacted from England by an ultra-montane priest—in short, it was a return to the pure faith and worship of our forefathers by whom the tithes and estates were originally granted; and it necessarily follows that the claim of the Anglican Church, to have her position venerated, her property respected, and her rights regarded, remains down to this moment unimpaired. These things are said not so much for the condemnation of Romanism, as for our own vindication and defence, and as a warning to all who are endangered by her delusive attractions.

It is a proud fact for England that, in whatever part of the British dominions her Church has been planted, it has proved a bond of union between the colony and the parent country,—but it is no less true, that wherever the interests of that Church have been neglected, signal disasters have ensued; and I believe it will not be denied that the War of Independence, and ultimate separation of America, is to be distinctly traced to the neglect of establishing our Church in that country, in the fulness of power and

authority that it possesses in our own. While on the other hand, it may be asked, what saved the Canadas to the British Crown but the Protestant Church, which had been planted there, and the noble Protestant hearts, who rallied round the banner of their faith, their race, and their Sovereign ;—beat back the rebels without other aid than their own stout arms, and maintained the connection of their country with England ? We will not stop now to ask what the reward has been of the loyalty and valour which they as well as the Irish Protestants have shown, who stood faithful and true through trials manifold and terrible. These things are regarded with deep and not silent interest in this country. “Yours,”—said a German to me,—“is a Protestant government, and it is the only one which allows Protestantism to be insulted. Your writers talk of us as of a people with whom their rulers can do as they please, but what is the fact?—our Roman Catholics here in Nuremberg wished to have a procession with the Host on the Fête Dieu, and the King had sanctioned it, but the Protestants strongly remonstrated against this obtrusive parade of their religious ceremonies, which, at all events, should be confined to their own churches, and it was speedily interdicted ; and this, be it remembered, in Bavaria, a Romanist kingdom.” For us, it is true—sadly too true—Protestantism

amongst us is insulted, nay, outraged, and men in (or rather out of) their places in Parliament, and elsewhere, are allowed, unreproved, to say and do all that such men can do or say to throw discredit upon it, to misrepresent its principles, and to exhibit it as erroneous, dead, and worthless. But the simple fact, that civil and religious liberty was the growth and offspring of Protestantism is the first and greatest proof to the world that its spirit and principles are beyond all earthly value, and what are they?—as contrasted with Romanism, they are these:—

The spirit of Protestantism is the Bible; its power is the truth; its supporters amongst us are the public feeling, the intelligence, and the scriptural piety of the British empire; its doctrines — scriptural light.

The spirit of Romanism is the avowed aggrandisement of an Italian Bishop and Court; its power, auricular confession and the priesthood; its supporters, everywhere, those whom the priesthood can rule, who neither teach, nor *permit* any to think, except themselves; its doctrines *and system* are set forth in Den's Theology.

And for the support of this latter in the sister isle, the English and Irish Protestants are now paying, under the vain hope of conciliating agitators, who will, avowedly, stop at nothing short of Repeal; which,

besides effecting the destruction of the Protestant Church there, is, in the words of one of England's greatest men, and greatest ministers, "tantamount to the dissolution of the British empire, which would lower Great Britain as a state, and would convert Ireland into a savage wilderness." It is unfortunate, therefore, that any conciliation should go on against the spirit of Protestantism, and of which the fruits, like the Irishman's reciprocity, have hitherto been all on one side. And, let us ask, who are the people seeking this dismemberment of the empire? They are, principally, the Romanists, of whom it has been said, that, since the day Henry the Second landed in Ireland, they have ever pursued the object by conspiracy and rebellion. Yet history does not show that the Irish Romanist ever succeeded in any rebellious attempt, except "one midnight outrage upon the infant British colony of Ulster" in 1641. And here it may be well to pause a while, and observe what attempts at conciliation have done for us. Take a few extracts from the pages of history—history, which is nothing more or less than experience teaching by precedents; a record of men's errors and their punishment; of the sins of mankind, and God's judgments thereupon, set forth as ensamples to us, who dwell in these latter days.

Elizabeth, who, amidst many womanly weaknesses,

cannot be generally charged with showing too much lenity, pardoned over and over again these Romanist malcontents, and they as repeatedly again rebelled.

James the First favoured them, and called them to parliament, where their behaviour was so tumultuous and abominable, as to frustrate all effort and hope towards grave legislation.

Charles the First showed a disposition to favour them also; and was rewarded by a conspiracy to seize the kingdom; which, however, succeeded only so far as to lead to an attempt at a general massacre.

“ Charles the Second, and James the Second, both Papists, encouraged Irish popery in the highest degree; and what was the result? The shameful persecution of the Protestants; and when evil councils had hurled James from his throne, he found the Irish, under pretence of taking arms in his cause, were endeavouring to obtain the country for those ambiguous people—*The ould Irish*.

The House of Brunswick passed, but did not enforce penal laws. In a sermon preached by the Bishop of Dromore before the Irish parliament in 1783, he lamented that a closer watch was not kept on the motions of the Romanists, and of the neglect shown, whereby they were enabled to obtain arms;

and these evils accumulated until, by the consequent conspiracies of the *Peep-o'-day Boys, Hearts of Oak, &c.*, the Protestants were driven to form themselves, for self-defence, into a band, called the Orange Institution.\*

In 1793 recommenced open conciliation. The elective franchise was granted to the Romanists. Five years afterwards, broke out a bloody rebellion, which was repeated in 1803, and again, with almost equal violence, in the southern counties in 1823.

In 1829 was granted Emancipation; not with any view of strengthening agitation, of increasing the cry for Repeal, or of bringing on the endowment of Popery, but simply to place the Romanists in the full enjoyment of civil rights.

In 1830, commenced a *distinct agitation for Repeal*, and in 1833, the south-western districts of Ireland were in little less than open rebellion.

In 1834, a general attack was made on the Protestant Church.† Conciliation had by this time

\* The Protestants of Ireland are, it is true, only about three millions, but that is almost equal to the whole population of Scotland. If, however, the rights they actually feel themselves called upon to defend, are to be threatened, weakened, and ultimately destroyed, in obedience to the clamours of a numerical majority, there are other rights less easily demonstrable for which—the principle being thus recognised—the nobility of both countries may have to do battle much sooner than they seem to expect.

† This was, we presume, on the good old Romanist principle of persecuting heretics—a doctrine and right which Mr. Newman, in his

produced such effect, that Earl Grey, in proposing the Coercion Bill, declared the “state of Ireland to be”—what much of it is at present—“*a disgrace to the name of civilisation* ;” and during this time, five clergymen of the Protestant Church—Messrs. Houston, Goring, Dawson, Ferguson, and Whitty—were cruelly murdered, and eighty-five others fired at, intimidated, and brutally assaulted.

And thus Romanism still goes on to this day expounding its peculiar tenets in reference to the loyalty which it at times so clamorously professes towards the throne of England.

But it should not be forgotten that the English press, and English Protestantism, gave to the Irish Romanists their political position. That Protestantism is not dead: neither is she sleeping. Let them not, therefore, mistake the quiet breathings of her secure repose, lest the public opinion of England, once roused, should be led to declare—what it is fast ripening to believe—that the admission of Romanism

“*Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine*,” (1) amongst other ingenious conclusions, distinctly recognises as part of the system on which Romanism is built; and he quotes, forsooth, St. Cyprian, St. Augustin Bishop of Hippo, and others, in support of it. We had hoped and believed that some modern Romanist in a better authority would have had Christian feeling and good sense enough to disavow and repudiate so monstrous and abominable a doctrine,—a doctrine only fit for Turks and Heathens. But in vain: they silently and sullenly accept the charge, which, indeed, their own *books* make it difficult, if not impossible, for them to rebut.

to power is incompatible with the maintenance of our glorious, and only glorious because Protestant, Constitution. Meanwhile, England has an especial vocation. Her past history and present position mark her as the instrument of Providence to accomplish amongst the nations a great and mighty work. Our limited island obliges an overflowing population to seek new homes, and distant fields of employment for their accumulated wealth, while our geographical position favours the indulgence of the vagrant propensity. The English are therefore found in every country in the world, and their type of civilisation seems destined to predominate in the Americas, South and Western Africa, Hindostan, Australia, and Oceania, because they carry with them the *Light*. The necessary laws which scatter Englishmen over the whole globe in search of subsistence, science, or enjoyment, forces them also to carry their knowledge, their religion, and morals, their laws and institutions, whithersoever they go; and as by a natural law, the waves and currents of the ocean, the winds and the birds of the air, are made to carry the seeds of vegetables to the most remote and barren islands, so, by a moral law, Englishmen are God's chiefly honoured agents in carrying the germs of civilisation, good government, and, above all, a knowledge of the Gospel as taught in its simplicity

and purity through the doctrines of her Church, to all nations of the world. Of that Church we can only say—as salvation is her bulwark—God grant that perpetuity may be written upon her sacred and time-honoured walls !

For some time past, gentle reader, we have been wandering far away together. But it is so natural to go home when one can ; and “thought” so easily crosses the Channel. Then, again, this sort of excursion from a foreign country into one’s own is so pleasant to the mind, so delightful to the memory,—so everything that can gratify the imagination and gladden the heart ; but, since it sometimes rather dims the eye for other objects while recalling the scenes and impressions of passing events in England, it may be as well to close it just now, sighing fervently—if not singing—

“ My own, my bonnie England,  
There’s nought like thee beside ;  
And none know how they love thee  
‘Till seas their love divide.”

And now back to Nuremberg.

In describing some of its principal features, I shall begin with the churches of St. Sebald and St. Lorenzo, in both of which will be found much to improve and delight the student and amateur of pure German art. Not that it is confined to these alone,

for specimens, more or less preserved, are here abundant, and furnish forth many an interesting study, and, notwithstanding the alterations and deterioration occasionally to be met with, they still exhibit the clearest evidences of the different periods and style in which they were erected, and enclose within their sacred walls, monuments, tombs, pulpits, screens, and canopies gloriously adorned with sculpture, or carvings of the most costly and elaborate execution.

There are some objects, however, which it is difficult, if not impossible, to describe.

It is always a difficult thing to describe a church, sculpture, or a gallery of pictures, or, indeed, anything connected with the Fine Arts. By this, of course, is not meant the mere recapitulation of what may have presented itself to the view, as that can be easily achieved in the style of an auctioneer's catalogue; but although this may be done faithfully and technically, it is, after all, only a catalogue. Much beyond this, however, is frequently attempted, yet, notwithstanding great pains be taken to give it effect, it will probably fail (as all such descriptions that ever I read have failed) to convey to the mind one single abiding impression. The objects themselves instantly speak to the feelings; and as every work of art must be judged by the laws of its own inherent perfection,

the eye alone can be the medium of the impression it is intended to produce, and not the imagination,—that is, if other people's imaginations are like my own,—which always most obstinately refuses to second my attempts to realise any such portraiture, however vivid that portraiture may be. Therefore, they are to me perfectly useless. And after this candid avowal of my sentiments, and of the failure of far better pens than mine to convey impressions which can only be produced by the works themselves, it must be forgiven if I endeavour to avoid all such attempts, and merely tell you what is to be seen here, without betraying my own emotions, where it can be avoided, or expecting you to embrace the opinions I may have formed on beholding the various remains of German art still extant in this interesting but comparatively little explored old city of Nuremberg.

## CHAPTER IV.

BEING A CHAPTER ON CHURCHES; BUT AS THIS TITLE GIVES THE READER VERY LITTLE IDEA OF WHAT HE MAY EXPECT, HE IS REQUESTED ALSO TO PREPARE HIMSELF FOR A MEETING WITH SOME VERY QUESTIONABLE CHARACTERS, WHICH THE AUTHOR ENDEAVOURS AFTERWARDS TO ATONE FOR, AS WELL AS HE CAN, BY A DIFFERENT INTRODUCTION.

OF the many ecclesiastical edifices which adorn Nuremberg, St. Sebald's deserves the first consideration.

I do not know that the Saint to whom it is dedicated is in such distinguished repute anywhere else, but that he was thought a great deal of here, is pretty evident from the nature of the temple in which they have enshrined his tomb and memory. The towers of this church are of an elevation at once simple and bold, and are surmounted by plain spires, which shoot upwards to a height of about 270 Bavarian feet; they were built in 1462. The length is 290 feet, the breadth 97 $\frac{1}{2}$ , and twenty-two columns, about 80 feet high, serve to carry the vaulting

of the roof. The choir was finished in 1377, and is in admirable preservation.

The style of its architecture is best displayed in the chancel elevation, but the whole will at once impress the mind of the English student, as presenting much, both in outline and detail, widely different from what he has been accustomed to contemplate at home, or amidst the Gothic remains of the Norman provinces. Perhaps you will term this also the "Gothic" of the period, but with all due submission to the greatly abused appellative, I incline to call this pure German, being of opinion, that to Germany belongs the chief credit of introducing, if not perfecting, the principles of this most glorious style of ecclesiastical architecture; and the examples abounding throughout this country, and the archives of the Freemasons which have been routed out at various times from amongst the old German monasteries, seem amply to furnish both its history and its proof.

In the north entrance are represented the wise and foolish Virgins, surmounting a carved pediment which covers the ogee of the doorway, ornamented with festoons. The oldest portion is the Chapel dedicated to St. Peter, which dates in the tenth century, and is said to have been called the daughter of the Cathedral of Bamberg, founded by Henry the

Pious ; against the middle window is fixed a Christ, in bronze, of admirable design and workmanship, and placed there in 1482. In the base of each tower is a Byzantine doorway, of an evidently early period, and a high relief in stone, representing the trial of the Cross, fills the tympanum of the one towards the south. They are of the highest interest, as setting forth the advance of art at the period of its production. Under these towers, is also the subterranean chapel of St. Peter, which envelopes the most ancient mausoleum in Nuremberg, that of Conrad of Neumarkt, the founder of the Convent of St. Catherine in this town, who died in 1296. A representation of the Last Judgment, attributed to Adam Krafft, surmounts the entrance on the north side, in which the artist, who does not appear to have entertained a very sanctified opinion of some of the Church dignitaries in his day, has given to certain abbots and monks a most unenviable distinction in the descent down to Tophet. A very fine work also by this artist in high relief, representing the Passion, and bearing date 1492, fills a protected recess opposite the Rath-haus.

In the interior, beauty unites with grandeur, and a softened majestic depth of light and shade exercises the usually powerful, though secret charm, over the imagination. It abounds with sculpture, sometimes

enriched with painting and gilding, numerous niches of tabernacle work, with statues, and other elaborate ornaments of canopy and shrine. The windows, which are high and narrow, are chiefly filled with stained glass of the most beautiful colour and design, and in the tracery, spreading itself in the crockettings and finials of this and other churches, you have not to endure the appearance of thick heavy buds, almost, as it were, without any distinct form, and void, but you see the beautiful opening of a free and fully expanded plant. And it is to the devoted energy and enthusiasm of the Freemasons, and particularly those of Germany, the ever active intelligence of mind seeking after a perfection still unknown, and the constant intercourse of these fraternities in all parts of Europe, that the principles and proportions, the progress and excellence, of Church architecture is to be attributed;—of an architecture, whose living and speaking masses poetic fancy might almost tempt one to believe the growth and products of an indwelling and living energy, the “petrifactions of a vegetative life,” that with instinctive intelligence and worship had grown into self-constructed temples “of a beauty beyond what art could learn or teach”—whose very forms, as already said, embodying something of the mysteries of the faith taught therein, are, to those who own the

actual though secret sympathies between man's eye and his heart, full of deep thought and feeling, ay, and of devotion also.

I have already said, that the memory of the good Saint Sebaldus, though, perhaps, not so reputed elsewhere, was here eminently esteemed and cherished, and those who doubt it have only to look at his tomb in the church to become instant converts to this opinion. It is, in truth, one of the most extraordinary objects in the town; perhaps, of its kind in the world. It is a miniature Gothic chapel of bronze, under a richly fretted canopy, the work of Peter Vischer and his five sons, who took thirteen years to complete this masterpiece of their art. Its height is 15 feet; length 8 feet 7 inches; breadth 4 feet 8 inches. The figures of the twelve Apostles, (height 1 foot 11 inches,) which are there fixed, each in its respective niche, deservedly enjoy a high celebrity, and are multiplied in every variety of material, Plaster of Paris, wood, and alabaster. The latter, in very neat and appropriate shrines, are sold in sets at about 3*l.* each, at the shop of Mr. Bestelmeyer, whose premises partly occupy the old church of the Franciscans, and will well repay a visit. These figures are surmounted by the forms of the Fathers of the Church, and seventy-two other statues of fanciful and elaborate representation serve to give

character and ornament to this curious work of art. It finishes above in three divisions, and a figure of the Infant Jesus occupies the highest place. Below the sarcophagus, 5 feet 10 inches long, 1 foot 7 inches wide, sculptured in 1397, and overlaid with thin plates of gold and silver, are bas-reliefs representing scenes taken from the life of St. Sebald: the relics of the saint are still there, enclosed in an oaken chest encased with silver.

This superb monument was begun in 1506, and bears the following inscription:—"Peter Vischer Bürger in Nürnberg machet dieses Werk, mit seinen Söhnen, ward vollbracht im Jahr, 1519. Ist allein Gott dem allmächtigen zu lob und St. Sebald dem Himmelsfürsten zu ehren, mit Hülf andächtiger Leut von dem Almosen bezahlt."

The high altar is a creditable modern erection from the designs of Heideloff, the town architect, and author of some most interesting illustrative examples of the middle ages. Besides this, there are other altars, which, according to the ancient custom, bear the names of the different families contributing them, also several pictures by Albert Dürer and other artists, and a beautiful old baptistery, or font of metal, which was discovered in the Chapel of St. Peter already alluded to, and used at the christening of the Emperor Wenceslaus in 1361.

The effect of this beautiful interior is completed by the splendid examples of stained glass of every variety of colour and drawing with which the windows are filled; particularly those of the choir by Hirschvogel, Krinnberger, and other great masters in this princely art, which was here brought to the highest degree of perfection, both in finish and design.

Near this church on the south-west side is the Presbytery, formerly the residence of the priors: it was built in 1318, and partly consumed in 1361, at the time of warming the water for the baptism of the above-named emperor. The principal choir, however, which will be found highly interesting, still remains, and also the beautifully proportioned oriel of early date, as built by the poet Melchior Pfinzing, and in which he sate to write his "Theuerdank." To any of those architects whose faculty of application is limited to the seizing and adapting one choice little bit: after the manner of those enlightened practitioners (I beg their pardon, professors) who without mercy tear away the columns and pediment from some unfortunate Greek temple, and stick them against compositions, or rather conglomerations, that would disgrace a floor-cloth manufactory or even a barn, without considering that the human eye, though beautiful in its place, yet "torn from its socket," as Paley hath it,

becomes the most hideous thing in Nature, because it is then out of its place: to such adapters this old oriel would be invaluable, because it would coax the eye of the observer away from, or go far to redeem many other of their "little bits," and doings which perchance may happen not to be quite so choice: for this is indeed the chief object of columns, pediments, oriels, &c., when applied, as they too often are, in such inconsistent and out of the way situations.

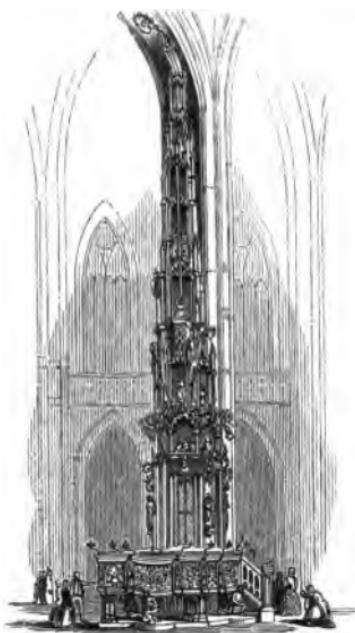
Next in order comes the Church of St. Lorenzo, with its beautiful rose windows and light gallery connecting the towers in the west elevation, and surmounting the principal entrance, about fifty feet high, which has enriched spandrels, and is filled in with some excellent (modern?) bas-reliefs. The towers are of equal height with those of St. Sebald; that to the north was built in 1283, the other about 1400, in a somewhat different, though not abruptly dissimilar style. The square portion of each, and the elevation of the span or gable between, is crowned by a light and beautiful open parapet. The style of architecture here adopted is more decorative than in the first-named church, and although perhaps in some parts not so pure, its exterior appearance is, to my mind, far more impressive and striking as a rich specimen of ancient German art. The colour

of the stone of which it is built, and the thin coating of moss which has gathered upon its hoary walls, impart to it the sombre tone of antiquity, while the silent dilapidations of time, observable in the disappearance of the sharp touches of the artificers' chisel, and the gradually mouldering tracery, present something touchingly beautiful amidst its very decay.

Like the other, it contains within its cold and silent vaults the tombs of knights and high-born dames, and the congregated ashes of many ancient and noble families. The walls are occasionally encrusted with monuments of various periods and character. The light pours in a softened stream through windows dappled with armorial bearings gorgeously emblazoned in stained glass, and on every side the eye is met by some proud memorial of aspiring mortality. The chief altar and pulpit of stone are modern, from the designs of the town architect, who also restored the celebrated pendant piece of sculpture, by Veit Stoss, known as the Salutation, and seen in the vaulting of the choir.

Many of the smaller altars are embellished with carvings of wood, and various pictures and old views of the town are to be found here, together with some amusingly illuminated ancient missals, evidently done when the reverend illuminators were in a very merry mood, and which are to be seen in the sacristy.

But the most interesting and beautiful ornament of which this church can boast, is that of the Sakraments Häuslein, wherein formerly were deposited the elements of the eucharist previous to consecration. It is the work of Adam Krafft, in



Das Sakraments Häuslein.

1506, and engaged him five years to complete ; it is, and it is not, *élancée*, for the spandril of the vaulting of the choir, which soars above the situation assigned to it, compels it, at the height of about eighty feet, to bow its beautiful head, like the snow-drop on its stem. It represents the history of our Saviour, in

several compartments, supported by kneeling figures, portraits of the master and his companions. Of picturesque form and daring in execution, the minute elegance of this wonderful carving would lead to the belief that it must have been cut entire out of some light material, instead of being what it really is, one of the most elaborate specimens of sculptured stone. In design and workmanship behind nothing in the world, it stands confessedly one of the most celebrated efforts of the age in which it was produced. It terminates in a pendant flower, and one cannot but fancy, while admiring this pious exertion of emulative \* art, that the very stone has been purified of its density, mounting, as it does, airily upward, in all the beauty and finish of filagree, from the hands of these cunning workmen of the olden time:—

“ *Hoc opus aedicule, nulli fortasse secundum  
De genere hoc operum, niveo stat marmore fultum  
Vegrandi pede, quam subitus nituntur atlantes  
Tres, velut incubat moles ruitura, nisi ipsi  
Sustineant, mox copta basi consurgit ab ima,  
Celsa Pyramidos turris simulata figuram ;  
Quamquam stricta magis, longeque simillima virgæ  
Ardua convexæ testudinis ultima tangat.  
Marmore tota nitens, tota exactissima miro*

\* This beautiful work was projected in a friendly spirit of rivalry towards the celebrated master-piece of Peter Vischer, already alluded to, in the Sebald-kirche. It will, perhaps, remind some of my readers of the tabernacle in the Church of St. Pierre at Louvain, but this is nearly *twice the height*, and of far more elegant proportions.

Ingenio artificis, variusque, et lumina fallens  
 Ordo columnarum, quas circum perque supraque  
 Textile surgit opus, tamquam si marmora flexu  
 Curventur, flexusque sequacia fila moventur.  
 Non secus ac ramis sese textura recurvis  
 Implicit ac mutata loco nova fiat, ita omni  
 Arte columellæ variant, semperque renatae  
 Consurgunt aliae, quas inter mille reluent  
 Signa, velut vivum spirantia, dixeris ipsi  
 Infudisse animas lapidi qui fecit, ubi autem  
 In summum jam crevit opus jam contigit arcum  
 Fornicis excelsi, nec jam super ulla relicta est  
 Crescendi ratio, tum se de vertice summo  
 Tamquam obstante sibi testudine fracta recurvat,  
 Quæ si cuncts aliquis miranda putari in ære  
 Quod fundi fingique potest, flecti atque reflecti,  
 Cur non hoc potius miretur, marmora frangi ?  
 Dura modo, ut manibus videantur posse reflecti ?  
 Cætera, quæ dicenda super mihi plura fuerunt  
 Admirata operis splendorem Musa negavit."

There are many other churches in this ancient town which I should be glad to describe, but this book is not being written especially for architects, and the descriptions must of necessity bear to other eyes a similarity that might render them irksome. I shall, therefore, forbear any such attempt upon your patience, and content myself by conveying all the information that has to be offered in such wise as to aid, and it is hoped, to interest you, without becoming tiresome. Having said this, just put your arm in mine, and let us walk to the Frauen-kirche.

This church belongs to the Romanists, and was built by the Emperor Charles IV. in 1361; but I don't know why emperors should have all the credit

of these things—and since the west elevation is a florid and particularly beautiful example of its period, I have been at some pains to put you in possession of the names of the architects, whom emperors are very apt to use and then fling them like worthless weeds away, as some people in these days do their lawyers. With the treatment of these plants in the legal garden I have no quarrel, as I firmly believe *that* soil yields far more thorns and thistles than wholesome fruit or pleasant flowers; besides which—but no—they are dangerous, prickly fellows—and notwithstanding the recent admission of “justification upon the record” in cases of alleged libel—unless you know well how to handle them you had better let them alone. Their temptations, moreover, to do wrong are great, the conversation and example of many of those amongst whom they serve their articles is such as too often to undermine their principles, rather than to strengthen them in their resistance of evil. Then the pocket; it is a dangerous casuist! and against all these things the human heart is seldom proof. But let them go;—yet, before we dismiss them, we will beg these remarks may be considered as applying only to those who, under a pretended and clamorous zeal for their clients, act principally with a view to the expenses which they intend for their own pockets, and under

the broad shelter afforded by the statute book, forgot the operation of *the moral law*,—*the infallible judge*,—*and world of witnesses*, before whom their own actions will one day be tried.

But to return. As I have before stated, I have been at some pains to discover the names of the architects of this church; for, since the names of incendiaries are to be delivered to *execration*, I see no reason why these should not be also handed down, for the *admiration* of posterity. It was then a joint-stock production of the brothers, Georg and Fritz Rupprecht, and the celebrated stone carver, Schonhofer, who erected it on the site of an ancient synagogue of the Jews, where it still stands. Though the niches have long been despoiled of the statues that once adorned them, and, as may be supposed, it is otherwise somewhat the worse in appearance, after having weathered nearly five hundred winters, its venerable elevation yet presents an interesting and beautiful specimen of one of the most beautiful styles of Christian architecture.

This also possesses its pictures, relievos, tombs, monuments, altars, fine glass windows, and sculptured niches. It has also an extraordinary old clock, fixed in a highly ornamented tabernacle, which rises over the rich and massive portal, and terminates below the apex of the west elevation, called by some the Choir of

St. Michael. It is generally, however, said to represent the Pope, who, seated in a comfortable sort of arm-chair, was formerly accustomed at a certain hour to raise his sceptre, and summon the representative figures of the twelve Apostles, who accordingly used to make their appearance, and do obeisance. That time, however, seems to be gone by. The latter, after a while, became tired of the ceremony, refused their mechanical homage, and, St. Peter himself, it is said, setting the irreverent example, they began to reject the uniformity required in their evolutions. One went one away,—another, another,—and a third wouldn't go at all—till, as you perceive, they have at length made a dead stand of it, and treat the motions of their would-be commander-in-chief with the most shameful inattention. But let them look to it, for there is serious talk in the higher quarters of a little tinkering to be done in order to put all these matters to rights again, whether hidden or open; so they had better take care, and mind what they are about, in time.

Then there is the Church of the Holy Ghost, where the Imperial jewels were formerly deposited, remarkable, besides its interior and style, for a very distinctly speaking clergyman, and for one of the most attentive and full congregations I ever witnessed either in this or any other town.

There is also the Church of St. James, which, according to certain old Teutonic archives, existed here prior to 1200. It has been neglected, restored, and neglected again; but with all this, the exterior remains almost intact, except part of the gable. But in the last restoration in 1824, the interior, before dark and ill-adapted for worship, has been remodelled, and rendered worthy of its destination. It is remarkable, also, for its altar; the original one being still here; but it has been filled in with modern statues of Mary Magdalene, Joseph of Arimathea, Nicodemus, and others. Many statues in the choir and chapel were brought here from St. Maurice, and other churches now no longer used as places of worship.

St. Maurice, which stands on the north side of the Sebald-kirche, is a good and well-preserved example of the very earliest portion of the fourteenth century, and otherwise only remarkable as containing about 150 pictures, with few exceptions of no great merit or interest, except their age.

Besides these, there is also the Church of St. Claire, and the Chapels of St. Marguerite and of Vaubourg, now used as a place of meeting for antiquaries, and wherein are deposited many valuable curiosities. Nor must it be forgotten to name the interesting old Chapel of St. Croix, originally built as an hos-

pital for pilgrims, and where a few years ago they discovered ten curious old paintings by Michael Wohlgemuth, the master of Dürer; and whose altar is from the chisel of Veit Stoss. Neither must the Chapel of St. Martha be passed over; nor the Church of St. Chartreux; the latter a well-preserved ruin, and now used, or rather abominably abused and desecrated, as a place of stores for the cavalry regiment stationed here. To this, another must yet be added, that of St. Elizabeth, with its portly dome, begun in 1785, as a place of worship for the Romanists, and still remaining unfinished.

But I have not yet done, and for one very shameful omission I have to beg pardon of the most fashionable church in the town, St. Giles (Egydienkirche), of all its congregation, particularly of the many handsome and well-dressed ladies who so devoutly attend the Sunday morning service, and of all the "employés" and other gentlemen who collect together at the foot of the hill to stare at them as they come out. This church is 200 feet long—there is nothing like being particular in dimensions—and 54 feet wide, with a beautifully carved interior, and a Tuscan elevation;—comprising, on the west, the usual adaptation of triglyphs and pediments, sustained by two three-quarter columns; eight pilasters, and four half ditto to correspond; it

has one clock and two towers, the latter surmounted by cupolas. Cupolas! No, that won't quite do—they are not cupolas either. I never look at them without being carried back to the home of my childhood. It may seem an odd confession, but they always forcibly remind me of two old china jars that stood on the sideboard of my father's dining-room! Perhaps you were unacquainted with him. Well, he was one of a good old school, by which I mean he was old-fashioned enough to teach his children to believe the Bible, to "*Fear God, and to honour the king.*" But, as you did not know him, you probably were never in that dining-room; so that I shall be none the nearer now in what I want to describe. Yet, before we go on, something must be said about that room. Never in my life sat I in any other containing, to my mind, half the comfort of *that*. It was not large, neither was it smart, but somehow or other, it was such a *happy* room! It had its quiet-looking chintz curtains and snow-white blinds; thick, soft carpet, broad rug, and old, dark cherry-coloured mahogany sofa, chairs, and tables, all shining like the broad mirror that hung over the sideboard, whose jars or rather lids tempted me to this digression. It had, moreover, its warm oak and painted work, and a door, one of the finest specimens of its kind, every

knot and line of whose grain I can distinctly remember, as well as the papered and bordered walls hung with pictures, some of mine amongst the rest. Then to see, in the season of frost and snow, its up-piled blazing fire, reflecting its blessed sunshine on the many happy faces—for we were a large family—gathered round the old grey marble chimney-piece. And to think of the music we used to perform, and the songs we used to sing there, when the pianoforte was wheeled into its winter quarters, against the opposite wall. And, above all, to recollect the heart-felt sympathies and endearing charities of that home and time. O reader, reader! they *were* happy days! But they are passed away, and it is of no use now to tell you of the large garden, nor of the many beds of tulips, ranunculus, pinks, and carnations; nor of the dark morella cherries that grew along the wall; nor of the “big Windsor pear-tree;” nor of the lawn under it; for those days are fled—gone for ever—and all in the hands of strangers. The key-stone of the arch was taken away, the spandrels bowed themselves, and the building fell in. The leaves from the parent tree were roughly separated by the wild and stormy winds of life, probably to be brought together again no more.

One of my sisters and myself used to keep an agreeable pot-pourrie in those jars. It was always

powerful; but positively I had no idea it could at this distance of time and place affect one's nostrils and vision so strongly. Notwithstanding I declare to you I can smell that delicious odour at the very moment of penning this digression! Just the same now, as then. It may be a weakness—perhaps it is—but . . . excuse me . . . may I offer you a pinch of snuff? . . . Let me see—all this while, however, nothing has been done towards finishing my comparison in reference to St. Giles's towers, and the better way now, perhaps, will be to shorten it,—as was evidently the case here with the architect's design,—and merely say that almost any ornamental and not too fat Elizabethan bracket, inverted upon any bold cornice to represent that which projects above the belfry windows, will convey the best possible idea of their sectioned outline and form. To speak of this church as not in the worst style of Bernini is probably no very great amount either of praise or blame; but, in Nuremberg, it is about as much out of place as an old burgher of the town in his Teutonic hat and fanciful garb would be in some upstart square of modern erection in England. The three side chapels, however (particularly that of St. Eustasius), in the Byzantine style of architecture, are in the highest degree interesting. This church stands on the Egydien Platz (St. Giles' square) whose verdant,

though paved, slopes afford much pastoral encouragement to multitudes of uncultivated chickens, and other species of romantic poultry. Lately, two flocks of geese and divers fuzzy-buzzy-looking little goslings have been added to the community; so that I cannot help fancying the town council has this year endeavoured to increase its revenue by letting the grazings.

Much more might be written over the foregoing, and numerous other ecclesiastical remains in Nuremberg, but if enough has been said to awaken your interest towards these old buildings, I am content. The rest may be left, in order to afford you the satisfaction of making discoveries for yourself, and which, in that as well as other departments, cannot fail to be such as will amply reward your most diligent and careful researches.

## CHAPTER V.

WHICH IS THE ONLY ONE IN THE BOOK THAT POSSESSES THE DISTINCTION OF BEING ALLOWED TO EXPLAIN ITSELF.

AFTER a Chapter on Churches, it seems only natural that one on Churchyards should follow; so here it is, exactly in its place, and you shall now be told to what you are indebted for it.

I had been turning over the pages of an old German book, wherein St. John's was casually spoken of as a noted burying-place in Nuremberg more than five hundred years ago, and coming down to later times, much eulogised the beautiful design and execution of the bronzed escutcheons adorning the tombs and monuments of that most interesting cemetery. My curiosity being further excited by a few inquiries of some of the inhabitants: I will go, said I, and see this wilderness of tombs—this ancient region of the storied dead, whose names and doings the metal archives have through so many generations enduringly proclaimed, and are yet bearing proudly down in wondrous

perfection for the benefit and admiration of future ages. Laying the book aside, therefore, and the morning being perfectly fine, I started off as directed in quest of "Pilate's House," for a reason which will appear hereafter.

I took no commissioner with me, not liking those functionaries, and having already, in a former volume, stated my objections, they need not be repeated here. I wandered alone then, up one street and down another, till, availing myself of the kind directions of a very pleasant-faced woman, to whom on that account I addressed myself, the object of my search was at length discovered. Whatever you do, always in such cases apply to women. Some German author gives similar counsel; and having for a long time past tested it by the most satisfactory proofs, I cannot do better than put you in possession of this advice, for which it is expected you will soon find reason to be thankful.

Having thus reached the House of Pilate, whose whereabouts shall be presently mentioned, I turned my face westward, and walked towards the cemetery by the gardens, in the Suburb of St. John, known as the "Dolorous Way," in consequence of some alleged points of similarity between it and the approach to Mount Calvary from Jerusalem. This discovery seems to have been first made by one Martin Kötzel, who had

undertaken a pilgrimage to the Holy Land in the year 1470, on which occasion he ascertained the number of paces between the Hall of Pilate and Golgotha, determining upon his return to erect here, at certain intermediate stations, pieces of sculpture, commemorative of some of the latter events in the life of our Saviour. But, alas ! when he got home, and felt in his pockets he found—not the measurements—but that he had lost them. Nothing daunted, however, in his purpose, and his exemplary piety not permitting him to illustrate the “qui facit per alium,” &c., in the following year he joined the retinue of Otho, Duke of Bavaria, who fortunately, for him, fancied it at that time necessary to visit Palestine ; and upon this occasion, taking better care to secure the object of his pilgrimage, he succeeded in carrying out his intentions, and accordingly set up the relievos, still to be seen here. They are the work of Adam Krafft ; but time, neglect, and mischief have grievously damaged some of them. It is much to be lamented, since they are no less interesting from their great age and history, than from the strength and vigour with which the artist has executed his subjects. The limits within which they are erected are the House of Pilate, where Kötzel formerly dwelt, now known as No. S. 439, near that of Albert Dürer, and embellished with the statue of an armed knight ;

and the old Church of St. John, near to which is a Calvary where are three crosses, bearing three figures in stone, which stand on a gentle eminence hard by the gate of the cemetery.



House of Albert Dürer.

I found it in a retired spot a little distance from the town, removed, as it were, from the immediate hurry and bustle of every-day life. The church itself is an ancient structure, raised by hands that ages ago have mouldered into dust. It appears to have been founded in 1307, and consecrated in 1328. The churchyard was afterwards inclosed and laid out in those narrow beds which have since received the

remains of many of the noble and mighty,—of the wise men and counsellors of the venerable town behind you, whose old towers, rising in well-disposed groups, stand boldly out to ornament the landscape.

A low wall and pillared gateway, over whose broken pediment the willow bends mournfully, mark this place of tombs. The space is sprinkled with trees, and, to the south, a verdant shelter of more stately branches opening occasionally upon the distant view, lends its shadow from the noonday heat, and increases the deep solemnity which must always breathe its hallowed impress from amidst the receptacles of the dead. For in all such places, and particularly here, there is something which calms down all earthly passion, and stills one into a disposition of quiet reverence; and though theirs is a sleep that knows no waking, we nevertheless pass carefully along, as if dreading to disturb even the silence of their inviolable repose.

Yet, though in the grave itself there is no conversation, yet may it be a faithful monitor, and a churchyard an impressive school of wisdom. Drowned in the confusion incident to worldly affairs, the gentle whispers of instruction are lost, or, perchance, pass by unheeded; but in these moments of retirement, comes serious meditation. Conscience will be heard; and what so calculated to check the undue cares and

anxieties of the mind, to regulate the heart aright, and to bring the soul to a just estimate of honour, wealth, and worldly good, as a visit to such a resting-place of the lingering relics of mortality?

“ *Mista senum ac juvenum densantur funera —*”

and the old bronze records here imbedded, tell of a mixed and promiscuous multitude who have lain down together, without regard to age, talent, or superiority; reduced to a common level; some, perhaps, even blended in the same undistinguishable dust. Men of conflicting interests and opposite views are here, once irreconcileable and sworn enemies, but now like brethren, they dwell together in unity. Death stepped in as the mediator, and, under his hand, their anger no longer burned; embittered thoughts were overcome, and their differences brought to a peaceful conclusion, as though the “ Great Teacher ” would, from out these gloomy mansions, himself admonish us that, as animosity is no longer cherished in the abodes of the dead, disagreement, and wrath, and malice, and evil-speaking, should equally cease in the land of the living.

Poets, architects, and painters, too, lie here,—men who have left to the world treasures of wisdom and of art, and golden wreaths of science and of song. Here you meet with the proudly displayed cognisance of

ancient and once powerful patrician families,—the great and noble of other days,—some of whom have filled the nation with their doings, and its history with their renown; but Death touched the bubble of their glory, and it burst, and went to nothing. So true is the olden comment, that “Man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain.”

Thus lie buried,—if not forgotten,—all the incentives to human pride; the ambition of the worldling enters not here. The haughty senator of this once far-famed republic, sleeps lowly at the foot of a pauper, and the sick, from what was the neighbouring lazar-house, as softly and as well as the rich man “clothed in purple and fine linen, and who fared sumptuously every day.” Emblems of innocence and childhood, too, are here; of those untasked, untried ones, mercifully taken away from the evil to come; who, washed in the laver of that regenerating stream shed by Him who called them to his arms, have, through his grace, received the crown for which they did not *strive*, and could not even *seek*. Side by side are those who have borne the burthen and heat of the day, and who, having passed through the storms and tempests of this troublous life, are now quiet and at rest in the regions of undisturbed repose.

Time has left his hoary impress on these ancient tombs: the dark grey stones are for the most part

discoloured by age. Succeeding seasons have clad some in a thin covering of moss, and careless footsteps have worn others almost away. But their record yet lives,—and in no faint inscription. The almost imperishable bronzes have received the charge, and shown themselves worthy trustees of the names, deeds, and armorial honours of those who have long since passed away ; and, spite of time, neglect, and careless footsteps, still do they exist in almost original freshness and glory, and exact a passing homage to the ashes that lie gathered below them. Albeit, there is a saddened feeling produced by the mingling of these mouldering stones, and still speaking emblems of “once living and breathing humanity ;” the one seeming to proclaim to the other, in powerful accents, the decay and oblivion which, sooner or later, must pass over all.

I found several of the tombs adorned with circlets of leaves and flowers, and, deposited upon others, may sometimes be seen a solitary nosegay. The former, however, appears to be not so much the poetic offering of affection, as a cold compliance with an ancient form, since the care of it is not unfrequently delegated to those whose business it has become to renew, from time to time, the customary tribute. Now, although one cannot but greatly honour all such established usages, there is, to my mind, little

that harmonises in the offering of wreathed flowers upon blocks of stone, as they appear to require for their votive altar, neither the sculptured tomb nor the emblazoned shield, nor aught beyond a grassy hillock bound with osiers. Yet care for the departed brings to the survivors a sacred anxiety to preserve in quiet



The Old Churchyard of St. John.

the ashes that lie beneath, and thus the mournful defences of stone and railing are jealously set up, lest perchance a heedless footstep should disturb one hallowed relic of those we loved. True, much of the poetry is thereby dissipated, and nought save the cold reality remains to us. But why do I say cold?

The heart warmly cherishes the recollection of those whose memory is indelibly impressed on its own fleshly tablets,—and affection's freshest blossoms are ever there,—inwardly offered in fondest tribute to those we have lost, and the outward and visible appeal becomes no longer necessary.

As when some bright star, in the silence of night,  
All surrounded by clouds sheds its silvery beams,  
Its beauties withdraw not themselves from our sight,  
But lovelier still in such moments it seems ;

So round the departed will memory fling  
A halo which only endears them the more,  
And the heart's warmest feelings more closely will cling,  
To that which seems lovelier now than before.

But while sitting here, the sound of the passing bell tells of another exit; and yonder is the newly-made grave which is soon to receive its approaching tenant. The sombre train draws near, chaunting a mournful melody over the departed, whose bier, adorned with a chaplet, and preceded by females bearing lemons and flowers, is now entering the church. The singing has ceased for a while, to be renewed at the grave while the flowers are strewing. But the still speaking “iron monitor” seems to call us to a serious contemplation of our own future reckoning, and of the utter nothingness which Providence, for our learning, has here legibly written

upon all earthly things. The remains even of nobility are no more than an embrowned escutcheon, a withered wreath, and mouldering ashes. It calls to us to have our loins girded, and our lamps burning, like those who watch for the coming of their Lord; and admonishes us to secure our title to that heavenly crown, that one only heritage, incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.

Other sounds, however, break upon the ear, and occasionally disturb the scene. The sharp ring of the rifle from the neighbouring ground; the lumbering waggon and lowing oxen; the distant roll of the drum; the bustle of the town; the shouts of children; and the cry of the peasant to his team, amidst which contemplation takes wing. We are again recalled to the sense and duties of active life, and our feelings of meditation are for a time dispelled by the tide of busy existence, whose murmurs float over these mansions of the dead.

I arose, and turned my steps homeward, deeply revolving in my mind what I had seen; and which, together with the reflections then awakened, have been related to the reader in the hope that he will not think the time has been spent altogether without some lessons of profit during the visit we have made to that singularly interesting and impressive burying-place, the old churchyard of St. John.

## CHAPTER VI.

SETTING FORTH SOME OF THE CURIOSITIES OF NUREMBERG, AND THE  
WONDERFUL PRODUCTIONS OF THE SCHÖNE-BRUNNEN.

AMONGST the many interesting things to be found in this old town, one is grievously puzzled which to select as coming next in order of distinction, and on sitting down this morning to resume the book, I found myself much in the perplexed and uncertain condition of a child in a toyshop. On reviewing the whole, I am brought at length to agree with my worthy friend Dr. Cornelius Klopfer, to whom by and by I hope to introduce the reader—that the castle, the Heathen-tower (der Haidenthurm), and the history of Casper Hauser, the Rath-haus with its dark dungeons and still darker doings, the many picturesque private dwellings in the town, its peculiar and interesting old grey towers, its manifold remains of the middle ages, its collection of paintings, carvings, and curious relics, its artists, poets, sculptors, and the exhibition at Albert Dürer's house, near the

street where his beautiful bronze statue stands ; its famous old library, books, buildings, and manuscripts ; its splendid remains of ancient stained



The Heathen-Tower (Der Haidenthurm).

glass, and its present renowned manufactory of that luxurious material ; its exquisite toys, lead pencils, and looking-glasses ; its Cerulean "blue," as famous all over the world in these days as its

Witz "eggs,"\* and other works were formerly; its railroads, cauliflowers, baths, and beer; its Rosenau out of the town, and its Schlosszwinger, Hornzwinger, and all the other "zwingers" in the town; its storks, pigeons, and jackdaws; and the many ugly grey cats that sit and look at them; its history generally, and its chocolate in particular; its bratwürste,—nachwürste,—and even its delicious Leb'kuchen!—all sink into comparative insignificance, before its eminently remarkable, memorable, and wonderful spring, known as the Schöne Brunnen!

The celebrated Brunnen which stands at the north-west corner of the principal market, forms one of the chief lions of the town, and is justly famous as a work of art. It is a niched and tabernacled monument of stone, upon an octagonal plan, and tapering at intervals to the height of about sixty feet, when it terminates in an apex of foliage. The compartments are filled in with an odd assemblage of statues, placed in almost Christian spirit of toleration, without any regard to name, country, or creed. Those in the upper divisions represent Moses and the Prophets;

- Der Venediger Macht,  
Der Augsburger Pracht,  
Der Strassburger Geschütz,  
Der Nürnberger Witz,  
Der Ulmer Geld,  
Gehen durch die Welt.

it is strange they should be suffered to occupy so high a position, seeing the Jews were ever much disliked in this neighbourhood. The inferior division of this chiselled canopy contains the figures of seven electors, together with Charlemagne, David,



Der Schöne Brunnen.

Alexander, Godfrey of Bouillon, Clovis, and Hector, Joshua, Judas Maccabeus, and Julius Cæsar; it was

formerly in part painted and gilt, but having been removed, buried, or otherwise lost sight of during the periods of commotion, which so fatally disturbed this country, but little or no trace of this ancient embellishment remains. It was subsequently discovered, repaired, and restored, as it at present stands, to charm the eye with its elegant form and beautiful proportions. It is surrounded by an ornamental iron railing, cast in 1586, by Paul Kon, and on which the *lamb mobile*, the once proud cognisance of Nuremberg, is still to be seen.

Wells, springs, and fountains have ever been notorious gossiping places since the days of Abraham's celebrated embassy to the city of Nahor, in Mesopotamia. This character is brilliantly sustained by most of those which meet the eye of the traveller in this country, particularly by that whose merits in every way it is here undertaken to proclaim. It possesses many valuable attributes, and amongst others, that of being the principal oracle of news, scandal, and events of every kind in this old-fashioned town. Ask where the last weather prophecy came from?—or the report of the last betrothal?—or the newest piece of scandal?—or the account of the last robbery?—or where it was planned?—or the best place to buy sucking pigs, and the fattest pigeons?—where the best roasted bratwürste are to be got on market-

days?—where the news of the last mishap came from?—where such a girl found a sweetheart?—where such another lost one?—there can be but one reply. In short, all things, good, bad and indifferent—subjects of joke and earnest, of sorrow and of joy—news of pleasure and of pain, of merriment and of misery—reports, evil and good—of virtues and of sins—of births, deaths, and marriage festivals—of things past, present, and to come, as well as of others which are not to come—of things that have not been, are not, and never can be; all these, together with smiles, tears, and the very best water, flow from the manifold and active sources of this extraordinary spring: and to crown all, when the inquisitive children inquire of their parents where their last little brother comes from?—the answer is still the same, “*Es ist ein Geschenk von dem Schönen Brunnen!*” —It is a present from the Schöne Brunnen.

By this time you are probably convinced that the variegated treasures in the pocket of Peter Schlemihl’s old friend in the grey coat, are as nothing compared with the inexhaustible productions of this fruitful spring—and it is much to be lamented that Peter himself, when in his “seven leaguers,” never once thought of visiting this miraculous shrine,\* for had

\* This expression is not altogether inappropriate. It has its priests and priestesses; many vessels especially consecrated to its service; and before it smokes whole hetacombs of sausages.

he done so, no possible doubt can be entertained but that he would have found a shadow, or something else that might have answered his purpose equally well to accompany him.

No wonder it is so highly celebrated and so much frequented. Many and many a loving couple have I seen at the still evening hour, when the damsels go to draw water, sauntering together hand in hand, the long filled pitcher borne by the "Schatz," who performs this and various other little offices of love for the chosen fair one, whose arms might well be tired with the weight of the large cruses they sometimes carry. Difficult, however, as the task appears, it is astonishing with what diligent and creditable precision it is fulfilled; at a certain hour the girls may be seen issuing from the houses in all directions, and solemnly making their way towards this Brunnen with an earnestness and devotion that one could only have imagined to stimulate the Pagan worshippers of old, or the modern Hindoo in his visit to the sacred Ganges. At first I could not at all understand the reason of this exactness towards an ever-flowing spring; but at length I discovered it to possess one peculiarity—the water runs very slowly, and notwithstanding the number of jets, it is often necessary that each damsel should wait long for her proper turn, which is regulated according to her

arrival. It is doubtless provoking, but they seem to bear it very contentedly, for their patience, though oftentimes sorely tried, is, I have every reason to believe, wonderfully sustained and strengthened by the files of youths, who after the hours of labour considerably place themselves around the brink to aid them in the exercise of this and the many other little virtues which they are said to possess.

\* \* \* I have been sitting for some time, turning my pen round and round between my fingers, *now* looking at the black end, and occasionally nibbling the other, with a determination far beyond what such an occupation might seem to demand; but, in reality, all the while thinking most earnestly on what more remained to be said, and likely to interest you, connected with this subject. I believe there is nothing beyond the fact that, although there are many other springs and fountains in the town, this is *the* spring—the one which your maidens will alone eulogise,—the one to which they will always go; and in spite of any preconceived notions of your own, you will assuredly find yourself coaxed or compelled to use, for most purposes, the interesting, prolific, and softly-flowing water of the Schöne Brunnen.

It must not be omitted, however, to mention the

beautiful bronze fountain, by Wurzelbauer, 1580 ; a work of art not easily equalled in these days. It stands by the Lorenzo-kirche, nearly opposite the highly picturesque old red-stone building, known as the Nassau House.

## CHAPTER VII.

ANTICIPATION IN PERSPECTIVE, AND ITS REALISATION; MANY MEN,  
MANY MINDS; A DEEP LOAD OF PHILOSOPHY; AND SOME GOLDEN  
RULES OF LIFE.

IN writing a book of this description, it would be no difficult matter, in respect of such an old town as Nuremberg, to render the chapters incredibly long, and the volume incredibly large; especially when one has predetermined to be so pleased with a place, as I had, with this. For the truth is, I always had a great desire to see it; and, even when a boy, had made up my mind, if possible, to visit it at some time or other, were it only to see the dungeons, and eat some of its famous "eggs," without being then aware that the "Nuremberg egg" was the same kind of vegetable novelty as the "English turnip;" and, moreover, little dreaming that my first examination of it would be, in order to ascertain how far it might be adapted to the views and educational requirements of an English family, of which I should have the honour to be the head. As this place offers some of

the best schools in Bavaria, and we are the only English family residing here; and as you may, perhaps, be desirous of availing yourself of the advantages for yours also; it is possible that, amongst other objects, my views upon this subject may transpire somewhere in the course of the present volume.

It is astonishing how unruly one's imagination becomes at the idea of visiting any interesting and long-thought-of place. The approach to it, its semblance, and environs, are all settled comfortably enough in the mind, and together form a sort of ideal panorama; in the contemplation of which we are oftentimes led to indulge, until we believe it impossible that the actual appearances can be any other than those which our fancy has been pleased to represent. It must be confessed, fancy frequently has the best of it; and that reality dispels a much pleasanter picture than it gives in return for the visit that is made. The contrast is mostly odd enough, and at times one is led to lament the exchange. I cannot say, however, that it was so with respect to Nuremberg, and it will be enough to declare, that its ancient, impressive, and picturesque character far exceeded all my anticipations,—egg-eating apart! And if, while remaining here with me, you are no more wearied than myself, we shall have every reason to be mutually satisfied.

Not that it will form any part of my purpose to go into a long detail of the objects to be met with here, but I shall endeavour merely to point out those of more prominent interest, in order to induce the travelling English to visit this stronghold of ancient German art; being convinced that, comparatively, few amongst them know anything about it, nor how rich it is in such remains, and, therefore, till now, knew not the extent of their loss in omitting to explore it.

And yet, after all, as the musician said, “the fiddle and fiddle-stick are of no use, if I do not also give you my fingers.” Truly, I have at various times both met and accompanied men who were very differently impressed by a ramble here and elsewhere to what I had been; much depends on the tone and temper of the mind, and the bias of one’s observation. They have drawn comparisons between England and Germany, without reflecting that it is impossible to do this fairly. Where one has been struck by the fine appearance of some public building, or private residence, they have seen only the “horrid kennels,” nuisances, or rubbish, which is occasionally to be met with in the gardens or portal; where some had been amused by a diversified group of peasantry, they appeared only to have sought the hideous aged, the squalid sick, or the dirty pauper; where others had

been charmed by balconies filled with flowers, and occasionally delighted by pretty faces, they have only seen goître or cretinism, which are to be found in almost any Continental town, or they have been disgusted at inhaling the fumes of a dram, fried sausages, or garlic. So differently do men pass through the same scenes. True it is, gardens, at times, give noisome weeds as well as pleasant flowers; but, if you will only seek the latter, they are to be found, notwithstanding all that may be alleged to the contrary by those fastidious persons, who deserve to starve, while others, finding much to enjoy in a wide and variously spread table, contrive to make an excellent meal, in spite of the peculiarities attaching to some portion of the cookery.

I think this would be the very place to introduce a disquisition upon human happiness, and certainly should do so, could I but persuade myself that any speculation or inquiry, ever yet written with this object, had conduced to increase its collective amount. To tell you what constitutes my happiness would, perhaps, do but little towards convincing you, that aught deserving the name could be found in any of those objects valued by me. For, since no two men think exactly alike on the same subject, it would be idle to suppose you would agree with me in this, especially as the argument refers to what, though

often talked about, is seldom seen, and trustworthy evidence, therefore, so difficult to obtain. Each one, however, fancies he is following the course prescribed by that phantom mistress of the ceremonies, who leads not all by the same route in the shadowy dance of life. Hence, no wonder if the misapprehension between us should be mutual.

And here, though it is of no use being disquisitorial, it may not be so void of good to become admonitory. But in venturing thus far, pray believe that I do not suspect your weakness more than I do my own. By various paths, Aristippus, Socrates, Epicurus, Anthony, Brutus, Cæsar, Philip, Alexander, Napoleon, —all pursued, but none obtained her. The reason is obvious: they tracked the lofty mountain passes, while she lay quietly dispensing her favours amidst the humble cottagers of the valley below. They, as we, have sought a good thing, and the search is meritorious; and since the next thing to possessing merit ourselves is to take care that the meritorious profit by us, these suggestions are the more readily offered, under the impression that he who endeavours to assist the deserving makes himself one of their number.

*Imprimis.*—Cultivate a cheerful disposition, since, without this, life at the best is but a long winter, without any sun.

In order thereto, learn with a thankful heart rightly to appreciate *all* outward objects and circumstances, as well your own as those of other people.

In worldly matters esteem that man blessed *who can be pleased with a trifle*, for verily he will find many occasions of satisfaction, which are not unfrequently capable of being improved to the highest purposes.

Look upon the greatest privilege of your life to be that of making others happy, for herein you will find an investment returning a far better and higher interest than any railroad scheme, some of which, indeed, far from yielding happiness, have already tended to make a great many people very miserable.

As the same degree of contentment is filled by different measures, some of the larger ones being perhaps beyond your command, endeavour to limit the circle of your own personal enjoyments within the narrowest possible compass, or in other and better words than mine, "Be content with such things as ye have ;" for after all, contentment is the *Viaticum vitae* !

## CHAPTER VIII.

GERMAN CONTENTMENT; PUBLIC GARDENS IN NUREMBERG, AND DOINGS THERE. CRUELTY EXERCISED TOWARDS THE CHILDREN. MIXED SOCIETY AND ITS PLEASANT FEATURES. THE DANGERS OF STARCH. THE ROSERY, FROGGERY, DUTZENDTEICH, AND OTHER CELEBRATED PLACES OF RESORT, TOGETHER WITH A FEW WORDS UPON THE ALTE VESTE.

IN endeavouring to strengthen and confirm these good effects aimed at in the foregoing chapter, it may not be irrelevant to bring before your notice the result of the means adopted with the same view by many of the Germans, who in their simple recreations seem to have hit upon the best expedients to secure, or at all events to detain for a while, if not Happiness herself, her twin-sister' Contentment, which for all such purposes is much about the same thing; and although I have frequently observed this damsel in England to be pale, weak, and in a languishing condition, she here always appears to be a strong, healthy, and withal very good-looking personage.

One cannot help thinking, that the great secret of the apparent contentedness which, on all sides, greets

the eye in this country is, that each feels and strives to act consistently with his own individual position, and while at the same time there are almost no exclusive haunts of fashion and folly, there are but few aspiring ladies and gentlemen, young or old, who endeavour to make themselves ridiculous by aping the manners and customs of those whom birth, fortune, or education has placed in a higher class of life; therefore it is that the stream of society flows on smoothly, agreeably, naturally—every one is in his place—no one thinks of stepping out of it, and all goes on well; nor do I know a more pleasant sight than is afforded by the freely mixed and kindly intercourse of all orders and conditions of people in their open air enjoyments in the public gardens, during the fine evenings of summer. There are to be seen gentlemen and ladies—ay, dukes and duchesses, if they happen to be in the neighbourhood—wealthy patricians, magistrates, merchants, burghers—men and women, boys and girls, and husbands and wives in perspective, and by way of variety, at an earlier hour, some interesting specimens of “wickel kinder,”—infants swathed in the most torturing manner, with their lower extremities secured like little Egyptian mummies, upon a kind of hollow pillow, in shape not dissimilar to one of their water “butten,” out of which are seen projecting the arms

and head, the former displaying the most lively emotions, while the latter is preserved in complete repose by the comforting effects of a quantity of sugar tied up in a bag, often showily worked, and looking for all the world like a miniature Christmas pudding. This is thrust into the child's mouth, who instantly begins to draw in its cheeks, and stare at you most dismally. After a while its countenance settles into a profound state of humorous stolidity, which the poor little creature retains as its characteristic expression all the while it is made to undergo the infliction of this sugary martyrdom. Besides the danger of suffocation, and the sinful misapplication of colonial produce, which in this country is not cheap, there is yet a worse feature in this hideous custom,—viz., that by it the child is subjected to the misery of a *second weaning*. Let their mothers say what they will about the quieting and comforting effects of the "rag," it is neither more nor less than an unjustifiable piece of cruelty both present and prospective, and no more necessary in Germany than it is in the similar editions of suffering humanity published occasionally in England. Others are to be seen drawn about by the housemaids in pretty light covered waggons of wicker-work. Just lift up that green tasselled curtain, and look inside. There lies another victim, of whom you can only see the

great round head with the pudding in its mouth. Poor thing, how red it looks, it is evidently in a state of fusion, for all its other members, and the body to which they belong, are smothered, hot as the weather is, under a huge bag of feathers, and this (*in German*) is called “giving the child an airing !”

But cast your eye round the gardens, what parasols, what colours, what a rainbow display of rich mantles and gaudy shawls, what fluttering of ribbons and tassels, white pocket-handkerchiefs, broad lace, and bright linings. There you see some young gentlemen in very wide-tailed brown and blue coats, of a cross-breed between the full dress and surtout, with bright figured buttons, and blazing chain-cabled waistcoats, fond of narrow shirt collars to turn down,\* and broad wristbands to turn up, and of cultivating beards to the size and appearance of birds’ nests, very much after the manner of our own “Byrons of the desk and counter.” Out of the

\* This depressive custom seems to have become general in consequence of a frightful accident said to have occurred to an officer on his return home after a long absence. His son, who was the first to greet him, rushed into his arms. Alas ! his collar was high, the ends were sharp, and the starch was strong. The two points entering the two eyes, pierced the brain of his venerated parent, who fell the victim of a dangerous fashion, rendered still more terrible by the overwrought zeal of the washerwoman. From this circumstance these appendages derived the name of Vater Mörder, or Father Murderers ; and overpowered by the weight of parricidal disgrace which rests upon them, they have never been able to hold up their heads since.

way, or we shall be run down by those three young ladies who are chasing each other in the prettiest and most playful manner imaginable, to the great edification of the aforesaid young gentlemen. Yonder is a group of junior officers, seated with stretched-out legs in an attitude of very devil-may-care admiration, staring about them in all the self-complacency of the same order in England. At a little distance to the left is another and quieter group, with sterner faces, and collars more deeply striped,—these are some of the *vieux-moustache*, who know better. There sit some noisy Frenchmen, drinking wine, most of it deucedly bad in this place. Here are some Italians enjoying chocolate. Now we are passing a party at tea, principally ladies, all of whom are knitting and talking with equal grace and rapidity, neither tongues nor fingers are for one moment idle. There are some thorough-paced Nurembergers, doing all they can to assist the funds of the hospital,\* by drinking the Bavarian beer, renowned throughout Germany, and which, indeed, forms a principal

\* This noble building, which stands beyond the walls near the Spittler Thor, has been lately erected at a cost of 25,000*l.* sterling. The money was advanced by the corporation, and is in course of repayment by a beer tax of one pfenning (one-twelfth part of a penny) per maas (quart) on Nuremberg and the surrounding villages, by which means are raised annually about 30,000 florins (2500*l.*) The institution does great honour to the town, as well as to all those kind and charitable people whose efforts are so zealously directed towards assisting the *liquidation* of its debt.

beverage of all classes of the inhabitants of this town. See ! they are beginning to light the coloured lamps. The music gets more energetic, and in its pauses the conversation more lively. Visits are paid to each other's table, and many interchanges of formality or of kindly greeting take place in these gardens, where even tea or supper parties are sometimes given. Near the orchestra stands the Crown Prince of Hesse, son-in-law of the King of Bavaria. He is talking in the most familiar way to a tall man there, in a straw hat and fanciful cravat, who, although one of the long guns of the town, is certainly not one of the great ones. Close to him, in gayest attire, sits the man of whom you bought your boots this morning ; he is ringing his glass with his knife by way of calling for another supply. At the next table but one beyond us is the tailor who mended your coat ; he is not alone, he has got his wife with him, two children, a servant-girl, a little half-shaved, but not half-starved, poodle-dog, and a large cane, highly polished, and bearing two silk tassels, and a broad silver mushroom-shaped top ; his hands are garnished with several rings, and a broad paste brooch confines the ends of a "tie," marked with flashes of lightning ; but with all this he has no desire to be taken for anything more than he is ; neither have those of a higher class any fear of being mistaken for what they are not.

Each is quietly enjoying himself in his own way, without fearing or shunning the other ; all are polite, contented-looking, good-natured, and sociable. Those who please to afford it sup in the gardens. Those who do not, or whose arrangements render it unnecessary, avoid giving the “wirth” that trouble, for which I dare say, the “kellner” is very much obliged to them ; and when the music, which of its kind is often excellent,—always good,—is ended, all go quietly and happily home. So easy, polite, and well-ordered is the conduct of most people here, that, without a little close observation, it is at times almost impossible to distinguish the “gentleman” from the “tailor ;” but I will give you one or two rules which greatly influence my opinion in this particular ; and although it is true I have sometimes erred, they are nevertheless of tolerably safe application. Besides not being perhaps quite so highly dressed, a gentleman will never pick his teeth with his knife or fork ; will always have his face and hands clean, and the latter especially free from the broad ebony tips which unfortunately are so often found to terminate the dingy-looking digits of the other.

Some of the most celebrated places of resort for the Nurembergers, are the Hornzwinger, the Schlosszwinger, and the Rosenau, in and near the town, and the Hummelstein, Dutzendteich, Schmaussenbuck,

and Alte-Veste, at various distances beyond its walls. The first two are on the town fortifications, and occupy the site of the Horn and Castle Bastions, as their names severally imply. The former is a long narrow slip of ground, the latter more extensive and irregular. The first enjoys the reputation of giving the best music, the second the most extensive prospect; but in these respects, as in others, both are agreeable enough places, and under the shadow of their trees one may pleasantly sit and enjoy the refreshing breezes at the close of a hot summer's day.

The next in succession is a prettily situated garden, of considerable extent, tolerably well laid out and kept; it bears a somewhat romantic appellation (Der Rosenau), the Rosery,—which, however, as we shall presently see, is not fully borne out in its existing attributes. In the first place, there are but few, if any, roses there now; trees there are, and too many. The approach leads down by a quick descent to the island, on which the more frequented part stands. The banks on three sides slope towards the stream which encircles it, and the acacia, poplar, willow, and sycamore, thickly garnish its margin. You cross a light Moorish bridge, and soon find yourself under a well-designed and ornamented circular pavilion; beneath, beyond, and partly around this, are the usual accompaniments of chairs, tables,

bowers, benches, and orchestral arrangements, found in all German and most Continental gardens. It contains, moreover, a very good auberge, from which everything you may desire will be well supplied; you will frequently hear the performances of the military band, one of the best in Bavaria; and that is saying a good deal for it, which, together with your supper into the bargain, will not cost you more than about sevenpence English.

But as the Germans say, “*Man kann nicht alles beisammen finden;*” and this place possesses some few drawbacks. At certain times of the year frogs and gnats abound; and their efforts to be entertaining may not possibly add more to your comfort than they do to mine. The position of the place fully accounts for their presence; and hence, on looking back, it becomes necessary to correct a misstatement. I have said it is “*encircled by a stream,*” that implies water active, in motion, running. So the term will not do here, for this water runs not. On the contrary, it is passive and motionless, except when disturbed by the fantastic gambols of some humorous carp, or the aquatic evolutions of certain pretty gondoliers, who occasionally of an evening thus amuse themselves. At all other times it is still and dead-looking, and on its sleepy surface there lies a dark scum, which amidst

these nautical disturbances sends up rank and noisome effluvia ; and I believe the best thing that can be said of this pool, is, that it is an excellent carp pond, and affords a capital and well kept area in winter for skating. The situation of the gardens is low ; they are at times also damp ; and therefore no very favourite evening resort of mine ; indeed, poetry apart, I have been led to consider desirable a change in its name ; proposing, instead of *Der Rosenau*, “the Rosery,” to call this portion of the gardens, *Die Fröschenau*, or “the Froggery.”

The *Rosenau Proper* comprises the grounds and dwelling above you on the left, as you enter by the Moorish bridge, which belong to the same proprietor, who has in this, his residence, displayed most correct taste in carrying out the style of building he has chosen,—the Saracenic. The forms, enrichments, colours, &c., are carefully adapted from the Alhambra. The arrangement is altogether good ; not like some of the modern drawings to be seen in this character, whose designers, like the idler in the *Facetiae* of Hierocles, might carry a brick to market as a specimen of their house. It has a centre and two wings appropriately furnished, with all the appliances of Oriental luxury, and it is courteously shown to strangers. The gardens here contain plenty of roses, and the whole stands out to view under the bright

influence of a summer sun,—of its kind a perfect gem. Then there is the Hummelstein, situated about half a mile from the Frauen Thor; and rather more than double that distance, on the Regensburg road, lies the Dutzendteich, or twelve lakes in the midst of a pine forest. The principal one, which abounds with wild fowl, and affords excellent shooting, is in front of the house, which is at times greatly frequented; and in truth it is a very agreeable place; plenty of boats await your orders; wine, coffee, milk, or beer, your refreshment; and fish, your appetite. Here you may see the burnished carriage and sleek pair of the wealthy merchant, drawn up side by side with the seedy “lohnkutsch,” or peasant’s car, whose various owners are hard by, doing their best to enjoy the passing hour; the one without any feelings of pride or undue superiority; the other without the least obtrusiveness, ill-behaviour, or servility: and it is to this blended intercourse, this daily opportunity of witnessing the good example and quiet bearing of the better orders of society, that this country generally owes much of the peaceful and well-conducted manners of its inhabitants.

Beyond this place to the left lies the Schmausenbuck, whose auberge is situated on a prettily wooded hill, from the summit of which an extensive and rich prospect is obtained of the town and its

environs. It was formerly the property of a merchant, who spent an enormous sum in laying out the ground, and in fêting his majesty the King of Bavaria, who condescended to partake of the entertainment, shook hands, bade him good-bye, and shortly after saw the name of the projector in the list of those well-intentioned but mistaken people who have imprudently ventured beyond their position and means.

The Alte-Veste, whose simple (modern) tower, eighty feet high, rising from an embowered height, may be seen for many miles round, is situate near to Fürth, whose inhabitants, as well as those of Nuremberg, have a great predilection for this picturesque place of resort, especially on Wednesdays, when you will generally find a band of music, and plenty of company. From the elevated position of the hill whereon it stands a good view is obtained of the whole surrounding country, and its appearance recalls to mind many events of interest connected with that most fatal period of German history, the Thirty Years' War.

It was round this old fortress, whose whereabouts is still indicated by the few broken remains yet existing, that Wallenstein cast up his entrenchments, part of which may still be traced, when menacing the rich city in the distance, for which he probably

destined the horrible fate of Magdeburg. But the old town found a protector. Gustavus Adolphus threw his forces into it, and thence defied the raging threats of Friedland's fierce Duke, who had not courage to attack in his stronghold that renowned champion of Protestantism. Indeed each seems to have had so great a respect for the position and prowess of the other, that some time elapsed without any offensive movement being made. At length, however, the patience of the Swedish commander becoming exhausted, and the town distressed, he marched out his soldiers (amongst whom doubtless was Captain Dalgetty) in order of battle, twelve times making a fierce assault on these now old and ruinous defences, and being as often repulsed by the battalions and artillery of Wallenstein. It speaks much for the courage of the Swedish commander that he attempted to storm this camp without artillery, as the weather had rendered it impossible to bring up his guns. Night put an end to the combat without deciding a victory, the troops meanwhile preserving their respective military positions, till on the 13th September, 1632, Wallenstein finding a convenient opportunity to break up his camp, quitted it by night, leaving his watch-fires burning, and marched away by the Erlangen road; while the Swedes, too fatigued and exhausted to pursue them,

withdrew by the way of Windsheim and Neuestadt to Aisch. I find by some old records, that the artillery which Gustavus had with him at this time, was the same which had so highly contributed to his victory over the ferocious and blood-thirsty Tilly at Leipzig. It is called "Leathern Artillery," and was invented by one Captain Robert Scott, of Bawtry, N. B., who was in the service of Gustavus. For a full and interesting account of this see Harte's "History of Gustavus Adolphus."

If it should be any pleasure to you to strengthen your recollections of an impious, cruel, and apostate soldier, they will show you the stone on which, during his occupation of this place, Wallenstein was accustomed to dine. A pleasanter remembrance shall close this chapter. In 1824 a solemn service was celebrated here by 20,000 soldiers, who were assembled on the plain below, men of both confessions, freed from the animosities arising from differences in religion, and affording, in that interesting and affecting demonstration, a foretaste of the happy time when ploughshares shall be formed from swords, and pruning-hooks from spears, and war, with its demoralising tendencies, its scientific desolations, its bloody records of suffering and crime, be learnt by the nations no more.

## CHAPTER IX.

THE CASTLE. THE HEATHEN TOWER, AND ITS SARACENIC CHAPEL. THE PRINCIPAL COURT, AND THE OLD LINDEN TREE, SAID TO HAVE BEEN PLANTED THERE BY THE EMPRESS UNIGUNDA IN 1045. AN ACCOUNT OF THE EMPERORS WHO HAVE RESIDED HERE. THE FIVE-CORNERED TOWER. THE FREYUNG, AND THE WONDERFUL LEAP ACROSS THE CASTLE DITCH ; WITH OTHER MATTERS, EQUALLY INTERESTING.

HAVING taken this much notice of the old fortress, whose walls once sheltered Wallenstein, it seems but right to say something about the castle here, which was at the same time occupied by his rival Gustavus, and whose solemn and dignified appearance, already alluded to, first greets the traveller from whichever side he approaches the town.

It bears distinct and interesting traces of the age in which it was constructed, and though the alterations of later times have in some degree impaired the effect of certain portions of the structure, its general appearance is as picturesque and impressive as a thousand years can make it. The last and principal innovation is of no very recent date, having been

made about the end of the fourteenth century, and its present features are much the same as represented in the engravings of that period.

The access to it is by the Burg Strasse, and passing under the ancient gateway by the Himmels Thor, you find yourself in the outer court, where the first object that strikes you is the Heathen Tower, a sketch of which is seen at page 72. It is the most ancient of any yet remaining, and has been attributed,—though with what truth or even probability cannot now be known,—to the eighth century. The lower portion of the building is encrusted with various dilapidated images of Pagan worship, brought here by nobody knows whom, and from nobody knows where; but they are believed to have been the penates of some of the ancient Saxons.

In this tower, situated one above another, are the interesting, old, and somewhat Moorish-looking chapels of Ottmar and Marguerite; and beyond this, passing on through the gateway (embellished with various weapons of ancient warfare), seen between the trees in the distance, is the inner or principal court—grass-grown and silent now, where erst the tramp of the war-horse resounded, and mailed knights with gaudy plume and polished casque moved proudly to the outburst of the glad trumpet-note. One remnant, however, of those days still flourishes here,

an enormously large linden tree, whose branches formerly spread their broad and verdant shelter over the whole extent of the quadrangle; it might serve as an emblem of the Republic itself, but its fate keeps pace with the broken fortunes of the fortress it has for so many centuries adorned, and time has told upon it, as upon all, a heavy tale of dismemberment and decay. The statue of the warrior seen here is said to represent Gustavus Adolphus.

This castle seems to have been for a long period a favourite residence of the German emperors; Frederick Barbarossa, one of the most renowned amongst them all, enlarged its boundaries to their present extent, and after the pacification of Germany from the troubles raised in it by Henry the Lion, Duke of Saxony, whom he divested of his dominions (1180), he chiefly resided in it during the four following years. And here, at the same time that it will serve to show the ancient importance of Nuremberg, it may not be uninteresting if we discover to the reader the high opinion apparently formed of it as a place of abode by other crowned heads at different periods:—

Henry III. . . . .	A.D. 1050-1
Henry IV. . . . .	1061, 73-4, 77, 79, 80, 97
Henry V. . . . .	1108, 10
Conrade III. . . . .	1138, 40, 42, 46-7, 50
Frederick I. (Barbarossa)	1155-6, 58, 66, 70, 74, 79, 81-4, 87-8

Henry VI. . . . .	A.D. 1190, 93-4, 97
Philip . . . . .	„ 1198-9, 1200-1, 5-8
Otto IV. . . . .	„ 1208-9, 12-3
Frederick II. . . . .	„ 1214, 16-19
King Henry . . . . .	„ 1225, 29, 30, 33-4
Conrade IV. . . . .	„ 1239, 40, 51
Rodolph I. . . . .	„ 1274-5, 78-9, 81, 84-5, 88, 90
Adolph of Nassau . . . .	„ 1293-4
Albert I. . . . .	„ 1298-9, 1302-6
Henry VII. . . . .	„ 1309
Louis XIV. of Bavaria . . . .	„ 1315-6, 18, 22-5, 31-46
Charles IV. . . . .	„ 1347-50, 55-6, 60-1, 71, 76
Wenceslaus . . . . .	„ 1376, 79, 87
Robert (Palatinate) . . . .	„ 1401, 7
Sigismond . . . . .	„ 1412, 22, 31
Albert . . . . .	„ 1438-9
Frederick III. . . . .	„ 1442, 44, 71, 74, 87
Maximilian I. . . . .	„ 1491, 1500-1, 17
Charles V. . . . .	„ 1540
Ferdinand I. . . . .	„ 1541, 43-4, 58
Maximilian II. . . . .	„ 1570
Mathias . . . . .	„ 1612
Ferdinand II. . . . .	„ 1619
Leopold I. . . . .	„ 1658

It seems to have been built during the latter end of the ninth or beginning of the tenth century, and was afterwards enlarged, strengthened, and otherwise improved, according to the views either of security or convenience entertained by the Emperors who successively inhabited it. It has, however, been handed down to our times, undefaced by any very violent inconsistency of parts or character, and presents you with much that will recall the days of casque and corslet—when wardens paced its dark towers, and the flames of the great wood fires blazing

in the wide chimneys of its hall, were glinted back from axe, helmet, plate-jack, and the various other implements of war hung around its walls.

The limits of the castle formerly enclosed several towers, of which these only remain—the Heathen Tower, the Hasenburg, and the five-cornered or Nero's Tower, from which the name Neroberg, and (by that easy kind of etymology known only to old chronologers) Nuremberg—Nürnberg,—was at length derived. From the ramparts on the south side you may obtain an impressive view of the town, whose broad masses of ancient masonry, glorious old churches, dark towers, rath-haus, spires, and pinnacles, offer to the eye an interesting panorama of the period of the middle ages, since which, according to the oldest representations now extant, its general appearance has undergone but little, and its chief features no alteration. From the south side (*Der Freiung*) you have an extensive view across the plain, sprinkled with neat and pleasant-looking villages, some of which can date an existence of nearly a thousand years. The prospect before you is bounded by a line of low hills, and to the west of the more elevated range of the Hans Görg, the Rothenberg crowned by its ruined fortress, the Hohenstein with its old château, and other interesting points of scenery, forming together a beautifully broken horizon to the general land-

scape. On the breast-wall here are still to be seen the hoof-prints of the horse belonging to a certain Count Eppelein von Gailingen—a name famous in story—who once upon a time took a leap hence across the castle ditch, and left behind him these impressions in memory of the feat. Some people are found unbelieving enough to doubt it; but the ditch at the time he sprang over it was not more than fifty feet wide, and the Count, besides being a bold rider, was a most accomplished magician. Then he had manifold transactions with his Satanic majesty, who is said to have been a near relation of his, and to have considerably presented him with this celebrated steed, the better to facilitate the various little errands with which he had entrusted him; so that with an animal who had the devil for its dam, and a fiend for its rider, I do not see anything so much to be wondered at in the matter.

A modern staircase leads from the court to the principal rooms, some of which are used as a picture gallery, where a few paintings, interesting as being the productions of the early German masters, are still to be seen. His most gracious Majesty the King of Bavaria has, however, with his usual good taste, and consequent voracious appetite for the arts, taken praiseworthy care to remove the best to Munich.

The large buildings near the Five-cornered Tower

are converted into granaries, connected with which one fact deserves to be recorded. The town authorities generally hold in reserve an immense stock of corn. And for what purpose do you suppose? As a speculation?—for profit?—or monopoly? Neither. Guess again;—but probably you would never guess, and so I must tell you. The price then of bread will sometimes rise even in this cheap country; for the peasant proprietors are as ready to take advantage of a questionable season, and are as adroit in putting on the screw, as the Mark-lane merchants; so that occasionally the corn reaches what the government considers to be an unfair price. When this is the case, the Nuremberg sliding-scale is put into requisition, the town granaries are opened, and the contents disposed of upon such terms as the season demands, and as are sufficient to allow a reasonable remuneration to the growers; whereby the whole affair is in some degree regulated—government has done its duty—unfair prices are prevented, while at the same time the interest of the agriculturist is duly protected—peace is preserved—the poor supplied with bread, and any very dangerous tampering with this necessary article of food rendered difficult, if not altogether impossible.

## CHAPTER X.

THE RATHHAUS; ITS DOINGS AND DUNGEONS. THE TRANSFORMATION OF AN OLD DOMINICAN MONASTERY INTO THE STADT BIBLIOTHEK; ITS CURIOUS CONTENTS, AND THEIR WRETCHED INSECURITY.

IN walking about Nuremberg, it is impossible not to feel deeply impressed by those dingy evidences of its ancient importance which meet the eye on every side,—in its large mansion-like houses, its schools, convents, monasteries,—its buildings, civil as well as ecclesiastical,—and the many other institutions of support or instruction which here abound. One of the most interesting remains of those days when its merchant princes ruled the commerce of the world, and supplied Europe with the varied treasures of the East, is the Rathhaus, or Town-hall, which was the heart of this trading Republic, and whose pulsations, deep and powerful, once made themselves felt throughout the whole Germanic empire. Its elevation ranges itself over against the chancel end of the Sebald-kirche,—a site unhappily chosen, inasmuch as the gigantic proportions of its opposite

neighbour partly deteriorate the effect of this beautiful edifice. It is in the Italian style, and has retained and inclosed as much as was possible of the former Rathhaus, whose remains were modified and adapted to the plans of the present structure by the architect, Holzschuber, in 1616. Its façade



The Rathaus, or Town-Hall.

is about 290 English feet long, with three Doric portals, ornamented with sculptures of Julius Cæsar and Alexander, Truth and Justice, Ninus and Cyrus: these are all of colossal size, and—should it be interesting to know the value of art in those days (1617)—you may be informed, that for each figure the sculptor received 100 gulden, or £8 6s. 8d., English, including the price of the stone; in these days, scarcely the value of the material.

In the court-yard, or quadrangle, stands a bronze pillar, supporting a dolphin and child, and together forming a fountain. It is well preserved, and offers a good specimen of casting in the above-named period. The principal staircase leads to the Great Hall, or Council Chamber ; it is 85 feet long, 30 feet wide, and occupies the height of two stories of the building ; the ceiling is vaulted and panelled, and the walls are partly decorated in the arabesque style. They were formerly nearly, if not entirely, covered with paintings, amongst which were several by that first star in the heaven of German art, Albert Dürer. It, however, still, amongst others, incloses three pictures by this artist,—viz., a triumphal chariot,\* in honour of Maximilian I., a

\* These paintings deserve an especial description ; and, as the works of this extraordinary man carry with them so much interest, it is believed the reader will not find unacceptable the following attempt to make him understand the artist's intention :—First for the Triumph—the car in which sits the Emperor Maximilian, richly attired, is drawn by twelve horses : the four wheels are inscribed MAGNIFICENTIA, HONOR, DIGNITATES, and GLORIA. Above the car is the sentence—

QUOD . IN . CELIS . SOL . HOC . IN . TERRA . CESAR . IST.

VICTORIA holds a laurel wreath over the Emperor, and on her wings you read—

GALLIS . UNGARIS . ELVETIIS . BOHEMIS . GERMANIS . VENETIAS.

Figures representing TEMPERANCE, FORTITUDE, and other Virtues, support the Emperor ; in each hand they hold wreaths, with the words CLEMENTIA, VERITAS, AEQUITAS, BONITAS, CONSTANTIA, LIBERALITAS, &c. The driver is RATIO, and the reins are NOBILITAS and POTENTIA. The first pair of horses are led by MODERATIO and PROVIDENTIA ; the

group of musicians, and a Judgment, full of animation and life. There are also several works of G. Weyher, 1620. A beautifully wrought chandelier is suspended from the ceiling; it was finished in 1613, and was, at the time, richly gilt. Various other pictures adorn the smaller hall. They are of unequal merit, though all are interesting in character and period. It is impossible to enumerate many of them here; but amongst them may be mentioned the entrance of Attila into Rome, by Paul Juvenel; the Judgment of Brutus; the Horatii and Curiatii; Marcus Curtius; Coriolanus; Mutius Scævola; and others, more or less remarkable, by unknown artists of the same period, who have chosen similar subjects. It must be said, however, that the best of the pictures of the old German school have, by the kindness and care of the king, been removed to the

second by OPPORTUNITAS and ALACRITAS; the third by VELOCITAS and FIRMITUDO; the fourth by ACRIMONIA and VIRILITAS; the fifth by AUDATIA and MAGNANIMITAS; the sixth by SOLERTIA and EXPERIENTIA. Behind the car are musicians. Over the principal door is painted a judge between IGNORANTIA and SUSPICIO: on the right hand you read—

“Nemo unquam sententiam ferat priusquam cuncta ad amussim  
perpenderit.”

And on the left—

“Ein Richter soll kein Urtheil geben  
Er soll die Sach erforschen eben.”

Before the judge, kneels INSONS; behind, CALUMNIA, FRAUS, INVIDIA, INSIDIA, FESTINATIO, ERROR; then POENA, POENITENTIA, and VERITAS. The figures are about three feet high.

Munich galleries. The Nurembergers long and sorely lamented the deportation of their favourites, and feared greatly for their health, amongst the notorious fogs which infest the Bavarian capital. But his Majesty has had them so comfortably lodged, and appears to take so much interest in their welfare, that I cannot believe they will suffer any serious constitutional damage by the change of air which has been forced upon them.

On the soffits of the corridors, you find some old plastic work by Abraham Grass, 1619, forming twelve subjects from the Mythology in very bold relief; and similar relieves decorate the chimneys,—all which are deserving the attention of those who find amusement in tracing the history and progress of German art.

But besides what has already been related, the old Rathhaus presents other and very different objects of interest to the curious traveller. The history of Nuremberg, as well as every other history, has its shadows, and some of these have been, indeed, very dark ones,—whose impress is yet strong and abiding, though the palmy days of her commerce and glory are only remembered as a dream. This town, rich in monuments of the arts and piety of the Middle Ages, preserves also others, which serve as memorials of the hard and cruel feeling of those

times, in which punishment,—even that of death,—was considered incomplete without the refinement of rack and torture. And here it will not be altogether out of place to give some account of the government by which the affairs of Nuremberg were occasionally regulated.

Though a free town, it was always called “The Town of the Emperor,” and, in his absence, a Burggraf, to whom he delegated his civil and military power, acted as vice-regent. These Burggraves were formerly the Counts of Zollern, from whom sprung the present house of Prussia. After them, ranked the financial and law functionaries, generally chosen from amongst the nobles; then followed the senate, who exclusively framed the laws, superintended their just administration, and took charge not only of the executive, but regulated also the foreign relations and policy. These were selected by a majority of voices from amongst the people, and were called Consules. At first this distinction was conferred indiscriminately on the burghers as well as patricians; but corruption flowed in, and, after awhile, it became not only restricted to the patricians, but even, amongst themselves, to certain families; each of whom had previously enjoyed the privilege of nominating one, some two, and others three, members to the senate! This assembly

consisted of two councils,—“Der Grosser” and “Der Kleiner Rath,”—from which the Burgomasters were in such wise selected, that the honour could be shared by all in rotation for four weeks annually. During that period they made the most they could of their dignity ; even their wives and children styled them “My gracious lord,” and whithersoever they went, they were preceded by lictors bearing fascines, &c., after the manner of the Romans. While the government remained mixed, all went on well ; but the undue influence of the oligarchy tended to fetter the resources, cramp the energies, and, finally, to hasten the ruin of the town. The stream of corruption thickened ; influence in the Senate was purchased from without, and many of its leading members became mere tools in the hands of others. Meanwhile, the ranks of the privileged increased ; the trade by which they had been ennobled was renounced ; offices were created for the nobility, and which only nobles could obtain ; the stipends were raised by taxation ; frequent tumults amongst the people testified their dissatisfaction, and their vengeance was sometimes as terrible as it was sudden. The struggle continued, amidst various successes, till the accession of Charles IV. The people of Nuremberg had declared against him ; but the Senate espoused his cause, which

eventually triumphed: and when the Emperor afterwards assembled the Diet here, and, in the presence of all the princes, bishops, abbots, and the deputies of the Imperial cities, established the famous constitution, called the Golden Bull, he, at the same time, in return for their advocacy, strengthened and confirmed the power of the Senate in all the dangerous fulness of abused authority. War and peace—levies and supplies—liberty and property—life and death—were in their hands;—party animosities were indulged at the expense of the community, and private revenge, whose lengthened grasp had become both powerful and deadly, gratified itself often, on pretended public grounds, by the most atrocious acts of secret cruelty;—acts which rival, if they do not exceed, those which disgrace the darkest pages of Venetian story! Notwithstanding repeated efforts to bring about a better order of things, all this went on, beyond control or opposition, till the evil was past repair,—and, combining with exterior causes, produced at length the dissolution and ruin of this once formidable, wealthy, and renowned republic.

Amongst those who were secretly tried, sentenced, and put to death here, many were brought from afar, but into the nature of the proceedings against them, or others, the public eye never penetrated; all

was darkness, all was mystery. The *reasons of government* were enough, and they were always kept private, the accused was often unheard, and seldom confronted with witnesses. The condemnation was as secret as the inquiry, and together with the punishment remained undivulged. The poor wretches who were consigned to the subterranean prisons of the secret tribunal, gave up with the light of the sun, every hope, and had only to pray for a speedy death at the hands of their gaolers. Let us visit these dreary cells, there is the entrance; passed and re-passed daily, now as then, by the hurrying footsteps of many a passenger, who, in pursuit of pleasure or daily occupation, little dreamt how closely he had approached the entrance to the chambers of death. The guide is already opening the heavy though small doorway, which, while he throws it backward to admit us, creaks sullenly as though unwilling to disclose the long-sealed secrets of this prison house. We must each take a candle and follow him down the narrow stone staircase. Guard your light, for the draught is strong, and mind your footsteps, because here and there the stairs are broken \* \* \*. We have reached the bottom, and here is a range of dungeons, some higher and larger than others: but all cold, and dark as the grave. Yet even in such places the

cruelty of those times has chosen to sport itself. Over the various entrances, are, amongst others, the following symbols. The horse, the stag, the hare, the dog, the stork, the camel, the cock, and the cat. No one seems able to say what these hieroglyphics denote. The distinction however of the dens is better understood.

Enter one of them,—keep the light above your head,—there you may still behold the beams to which the miserable occupants were secured, the irons that fettered them, and many a memento of those hard and fearful days. Now pass along this passage, we are in a space both wider and loftier; go on gently, and not too far, lest you pay the penalty of broken limbs for your curiosity. Just beyond you is hollowed out a deeper and more horrible dungeon,—raise your candle a little,—see, the rings and hooks still remain in the walls, besides screws and other indications of its cruel purpose,—you are in the torture-chamber, there sat the judges.—(Die Blutrüchtern, (hideous name !) Here were their barbarous attendants, and yonder is part of the frightful apparatus to which the doomed victims were bound. Not a sound could escape beyond these thick and vaulted boundaries. Far removed from human sympathy as from human aid, the deep and bitter shrieks with which they filled their doleful prison

never reached the day ; and one cannot but imagine their fate to have been more miserable, because unknown, and their cries more deep and bitter, because unheard, and unavailing. A circular opening on the inside above the entrance marks the place behind which, in the council chamber, sat the person who took down the prisoner's confession while under the torture.

A little further onward is the entrance to a passage now greatly obstructed by masses of fallen stone, in parts cut out of the solid rock, and in parts dangerous by reason of the general insecurity of the masonry ; this passage leads beyond the town to a distance of nearly two miles, and ends in the forest by the Dutzendteich. It was constructed for the purpose of sending away envoys, and also as a means of access to, and escape for, the senate in the troublous times of the republic.

Advancing, we come to another opening in the stonework which winds its dreary way below the streets, and then by an easy ascent to the castle ; we will emerge for a while on this old bastion ; (the Schlosszwinger), and if your feelings agree with mine, you are delighted to visit once more the abodes of living men, see again the blessed sun-light, and freely breathe the pure air of heaven. The old castle seems to have grown out of the very rock on

which it stands, and just now possesses more than ordinary interest from its evident connexion, quiet and unconscious as it looks, with the underground doings in the cells from which we have lately emerged. We can sit here a short time. Before you is an agreeable prospect across a fertile plain, and on the platform behind you are the strains of pleasant music: but it comes ill-timed now; the mind is out of tune and refuses to enjoy it. The world within, and the world without, do not reciprocate after the scenes we have lately left. And yet there is an actual, though secret pleasure in the association of ideas, and in the power of conjuring up, as it were, persons and images connected with scenes immediately around you; all must have felt it, though we may labour in vain to define it, and from it undoubtedly arises travel's greatest charm. Indeed, he who could visit such cells and dungeons as those we have just left, and see where the prisoners sat in darkness and in the shadow of death, fast bound in misery and iron, without his imagination filling them again with their woe-stricken occupants,—who could stand on the now solitary field of Waterloo without seeing his gallant countrymen opposed to their fierce assailants,—who could visit Constance or Prague, and not think of the burning of Jerome and of Huss, or be unable to bring before him the forms

and doings of their blood-thirsty murderers,—who could pass the Rubicon without beholding the cohorts of Cæsar and their daring leader ;—travel is not for him,—let him keep to his counting-house, his polished mahogany desk, and morning paper, for, assuredly,—travel is not for that man.

But while we are talking here, our guide is getting impatient, and as we have not yet seen all these objects of saddening interest, we must prepare again to follow him; we now descend and traverse the inner side of the town wall ; here and there you may perceive holes in the wall to admit a faint light to the darksome passages constructed below them. Already have we walked a considerable distance from the Schlosszwinger, and must now enter this grating which leads beneath yonder old tower. Here are some lucifer matches now, light your candle again, and pass cautiously on through the next five massive doorways into this dungeon. Do you see any thing?—Look once more. The strong masonry and carefully secured entrances speak of a safe and jealous guard. This was the secret prison of the senate, and hither, underground approaches led, both from *their own tribunal*,\* and *their private*

\* The tribunal of the Senators or Vehme-Gericht, as they termed it, was held in a hall now used as a warehouse in the Pannier Gasse. The *doomed*—were *destroyed*!

*residences.* There is before you a deep and dismal abyss, which in other days has received the mangled remains of those prisoners, mostly of rank, whom the Senate had vowed to the Virgin,—not to her whom the tender and poetic bigotry of Crashaw so enthusiastically worshipped,—this was no “heavenly maid!” but one of earthly form, and devilish invention, and well deserving the name applied to it of “*Die verfluchte Jungfer.*” He, upon whom *doom* had been passed, was either beguiled or forced into the embraces of a female figure formerly placed opposite; which, grasping him with iron arms, pressed the wretched victim crushingly to its bosom, where secret springs thus acted upon, thrust forward a series of blades both sharp and long, and pierced him through and through with many wounds. The arms then relaxed, not for his escape, but only to precipitate him, a mass of ghastly laceration, into the pit below, where his body was received upon sharply pointed bars of steel placed vertically at the bottom, and wheels armed with knives, and other fearful instruments, soon completed this inhuman work of secret destruction.

From this tower passages lead round the town by the ditch which encircles it; we have no occasion however to follow either of them at present; so we will emerge from these horrors, and return once

more to the abodes and atmosphere of living men, contented not to be obliged any longer to dwell on the appalling vestiges, yet extant in these dark and dismal regions of relentless cruelty.

The Nurembergers, are proud and justly so, of their fine old town ; they are proud of its antiquity, and history ; they rejoice in its art, and will talk to you delightedly and long about its ancient doings, and renown ; but here they no longer smile, their pleasure is turned into heaviness, and they sigh to think of the multitudes who have gone down into these horrible pits. But all histories have their shadows, and if that of every country and kingdom, of every town and individual, were fairly and faithfully out-written, vanity, even amidst the best of us, would not find much reason for congratulation amidst the disclosures that would be made to the world. Let us turn, however, to pleasanter objects.

On the east side of the Burg-strasse stands an interesting, though sadly dilapidated, ancient building, which assuredly, in so Romanist a country as Bavaria, ought to be held in higher reverence, inasmuch as the doughty old friars, formerly inhabiting it, were the first to anathematise, the strongest to resist, and the last to yield to the progress and power of the Reformation. It is most ungrateful treatment, and one cannot wonder that this shamefully ill-used

piece of antiquity should look so cold, grave, and solemn, as it does. It appears, in the humble judgment of the writer, to adapt itself but badly to its altered circumstances. It *was* an old Dominican monastery ; and its ecclesiastical appropriation is still easily traceable. But how changed now in its destiny and attributes ! Instead of benighted monks, you will find illuminated manuscripts ; instead of ignorant devotees, you find the votaries of literature ; worm-eaten books instead of holy brothers ; and the selfish and stupid Prior, of the olden time, has yielded up his place to the learned and warm-hearted Town Librarian. It is *now* the Stadt Bibliothek (Town Library).

Though not exactly a book-worm, there are but few idle amusements which I more enjoy than rummaging amongst the old and dusty volumes of an extensive public library ; and if you happen to be infected with the same weakness, you will not be displeased to ramble with me a little through the rooms, and learn something of their contents. The interior of this ancient cloister, like the outside, is dark and gloomy ; but the visitor finds himself greatly cheered by some edifying scenes, both in distemper and glass, from the life of the blessed Saint Dominic. It is an old straggling place, but it is impossible to withhold from it a certain degree of respect. Indeed,

antiquity brings with it associations and sentiments which must ever awaken something more than this ; and it is not too much to say, that I regard all these old buildings, whatever their destination may have been, with a feeling of deep veneration, that leads me to lament the necessity, so often pleaded, for their removal by the utilitarians of modern innovation. Nor can the destruction of any ancient edifice be looked upon otherwise than as a loss of, at least, one letter from the architectural alphabet.

The library was founded about the time of the Reformation, and owes its origin to Jerome Pamgaertner, the friend of Luther and Melancthon ; who caused a collection to be made of the books from the various convents, and, together with those already forming the library in the Scotch cloister of St. Giles, removed them to this, then already old, building of the Dominicans. Senate and people vied with each other in its augmentation, and it now includes about fifty thousand volumes ; amongst them are some valuable and highly interesting works, manuscripts, and Incunables. For instance, there is half the autograph copy of Albert Dürer's work upon the proportions of the human figure. If you wish to see the other part, you must go to Dresden, where, in the Royal Library, you will find it. No honour, however, can accrue either to that library, or its royal owner, from the

possession of a fragment, which good taste and right feeling alike demand for Nuremberg. Dresden is rich enough without it ; and the name and works of Dürer being inseparably connected with this, his birth-place, it ought to be instantly returned.

There are many curious manuscripts in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, together with others in Syriac, Arabic, Persian, Armenian, Turkish, and Chinese, of very early date ; there is also a Hebrew codex of the Old Testament (1291), in seven volumes, folio ; the two famous codices of Ebner, of the 16th century and a Gospel, in Greek, beautifully written, in the early part of the 12th century.

Among the Incunables you will find the Decameron of Boccacio (Mantoni, 1472); Durandi, Rat. Div. Off., 1459, Mayence, printed by Just.\* Here is also a Florentine edition of Homer (1488). One of the most interesting manuscripts is that of Hans Sachs, the Cobbler Poet of Nuremberg, and very popular at the time of the Reformation. The subject of this is principally satirical, and refers to the wars of the inhabitants of this place with a certain Markgraf, Albrecht von Ansbach, a very pugnacious knight, whose doings in those days caused the Nurembergers

\* When it is considered that at this time the Art of Printing was only nineteen years old, the beauty of the type will greatly surprise you.

some trouble, and much distress ere they could put him down.

While the burghers were fighting against him, Hans Sachs was busy in lampooning him in various ways. I subjoin a few extracts in a somewhat graver style :—

Hans has gone comfortably to bed—fallen asleep—and begun to dream—

“ Als man zalt fünfzehundert Jahr  
 Und Sibn und fünfzig als gleich war  
 Januars der Sibends tag  
 Als ich zu Nachts gar Munter un bette lag  
 Und bedacht auch hin und her  
 Weil man hört so viel böser mer.”

A Genius makes his appearance, and begs Hans to accompany him for the purpose of seeing how the soul of a blood-thirsty warrior goes to heaven :—

“ Ich will dir zeigen ein Kriegsfürsten  
 Den allezeit hart nach blut ward dürsten  
 Welcher schier das ganze Deutschland  
 Mit Krieg erweckt—hat durch sein hand  
 Wollanf rund kom bald mit dar  
 Schan wie sein sel gen himmel far.”

The Genius shows him the Markgraf, who is conducted along in a somewhat uncomfortable, if not terrified condition. Behind and around him cry the soldiers whom he has not paid for their services; and the citizens and peasants, with their wives and children, whom he has robbed and ruined, form long files,

through which he must pass—and during his progress they thus salute him :—

“ On ursach hastu uns verdorben  
Weib und kinder hungers gestorben  
Jetzt must du auch vor gerichte gohn  
Und einnemen verdienten lon.”

The Cobbler’s “spiritual” attendant conveys him to another place, where he sees the *Markgráf* in what is apparently a battle-field (for it is covered with bodies mutilated, dead and dying), whose bleeding victims cry against him that they were also condemned because he had forced them to murder the innocent and helpless :—

“ Zu hand der blutige hauffen schrie,  
We we uns ewiglich und dir,—  
Im würgen seynd wir erwürget worn,  
Und nun ewig mit dir verlorn.”

After this it is not difficult to form a conception of the beatitude to which he is about to be consigned, and the reader will probably not be surprised to find the cruel *Markgraf* shortly afterwards enjoying the common fate of all such tyrants in the heaven of Nero, Heliogabalus, and others of equal merit.

Old Hans, if he has not in this and other of his poems evinced how much greater freedom of the pen existed for his countrymen in those days than at the more recent period, has at all events shown more than a Cobbler’s courage in writing thus against a

fierce and desperate soldier, into whose hands he was not unlikely at some time or other to fall. While here, I must be allowed to dwell a little on the subject of German poetry, because I honour and love the practice of song everywhere, particularly in Germany; above all, by the German Minnesänger, many of whom sang here at the court of the Emperors; and since we are at this moment in a somewhat infectious atmosphere, it will be excused if I rummage out a few other and better specimens. Should it even appear to be what in reality *it is not*, a digression, you must confess that the dreamy quietness of an old German library is, of all others, the very place for it!

The Minnesänger! The very name has Music in it; and Love and Poetry too. A moral also is there. It carries us back to those times and events wherein may be observed the first and almost shapeless beginnings of a new and nobler frame of society. Old institutions were falling to decay, and society was about to be reconstructed on their ruins. Chivalry and poetry lent their aid; each sustained and glorified the other; and being thus inseparably connected, became the sources of pure and gentle feelings, taught men to respect themselves and each other, and scattered the germs of civilisation and refinement throughout the world.

It is not necessary to take into account the comparative deficiencies of language at the time the Minnesänger wrote. Although principles were imperfect and undeveloped, the current of feeling was both deep and strong ; and nothing can breathe more clearly the sentiments of pure, innocent, and tender affection than many of their little poems. True, the dreams of chivalry appear at times wild ; and the poet's sudden exaltation of women into goddesses, and endowment of female loveliness with something approaching to the All-powerful, seems to be little short of moral idolatry. But it must not be forgotten that the feelings thus awakened were so many bonds of contract for those who knew no other law. They opened, moreover, that mighty and important social revolution which changed, improved, and fixed on a firmer basis the destinies of one-half of the human family. The voluntary bonds, moreover, thus forged, betokened no ungentle thraldom. Men were humanised thereby ; they were refined and improved, and thus poetry exercised a powerful influence, and became a mighty agent upon society for the production of good.

In much of their poetry you see, as in a mirror, the existing state of that society. The poet's worship clothed the object with an angel's form ; read his destiny in "the starlight of her eyes ;" avowed his

passion to the wood, plain, rivers, and flowers ; and made them the witnesses and partakers of his joy. Admiration of his lady's perfections, delight in her smiles, grief at her frowns, and anxiety for her welfare, are expressed by him in the beautiful accents of simplicity and truth. The meadows and the groves, the breezes and the flowers sparkle in the song, and it has been truly said, "one cannot but enter into the joyous hilarity with which they seem to revel in the charms of Nature." Hear for a moment Von Buwenberg in all the fulness of his own fond heart :—

" Say what is the sparkling light before us  
O'er the grassy mead, all bright and fair  
As the Spirit of Mirth were wantoning o'er us !  
Well, well, I see that Summer is there :  
For flowers are springing, and birds are singing,  
And animals playing :—and lo ! the hand  
Of Nature her beautiful offspring bringing,  
All ranged in the Seasons, at her command !  
May Heaven complete thee, then, thou fair creation,  
For such pleasures as these are joy's true foundation !"

What though the trees be stripped of their leaves, and Old Winter be at the door ! We can almost forget it in the sweet imagery thus awakened. The head reclines gently backward, the eyes close of themselves, the better to enjoy the beautiful vision, and we *feel* that the sights, and sounds, and Spirit of Summer are there !

Here is another by Count Conrad of Kirchberg, in Suabia, who sang some songs in Nuremberg in the latter part of the twelfth century. It breathes all the odours and delights of Spring :—

“ May, sweet May, again is come !  
 May that fills the land with bloom !  
 Children, children, up and see  
 All her stores of jollity !  
 On the laughing hedge-row’s side,  
 She hath spread her treasures wide ;  
 She is in the greenwood shade,  
 Where the nightingale hath made  
 Every branch and every tree  
 Ring with her sweet melody.  
 Hill and dale are May’s own treasures ;  
 Youths, rejoice, in sportive measures,  
 Sing ye, join the chorus gay,  
 Hail this merry, merry May !

“ Our stalwart youths, where are they now ?  
 Bid them up and with us go  
 To the sporters on the plain ;  
 Bid adieu to care and pain.  
 Now, thou pale and wounded lover !  
 Then thy peace shalt soon recover.  
 Many a laughing lip and eye  
 Speaks the light heart’s gaiety.  
 Lovely flowers around we find  
 In the smiling verdure twined,  
 Richly steeped in May-dews glowing.  
 Youths, rejoice ! the flowers are blowing !  
 Sing ye ! join the chorus gay,  
 And hail this merry, merry May !”

He then goes on to sing about his love, desiring her presence, and promising to weave a garland for that “changeless, spotless one” who is “better than the

best," "purer than all purity," and concludes with the usual couplet :—

" Youths, then join the chorus gay,  
And hail this merry, merry May ! "

Some of these gentle poets could, however, handle other subjects with at least equal ability ; and certain old volumes in this library seem to testify that several of the Emperors of Germany attached the greatest value to the influence, which through their means they were enabled to exercise as a counterpoise both to the superstitious ignorance of the period, and the secret machinations of papal enthralment.

Of such, perhaps, Walther von Vogelweide was the most celebrated. He likewise, during his wanderings, visited and sung in this old town at the Court of Frederick II. ; and we need not be surprised that the poetry and romance of these countries were so widely diffused, notwithstanding the many apparent restraints on free communication, when we hear him tell us, "From the Elbe to the Rhine, in Hungary, from the Seine to the Mur, from the Po to the Drave have I travelled, and learned the manners and morals of mankind." In his poems he exposes the cunning policy of the See of Rome ; gives some valuable and far-sighted advice to emperors respecting the consolidation of government ; and

on all occasions stands upright, manfully, for his nation's interest and honour. Several of them, moreover, are devoted to the inculcation of moral and knightly virtues; are often highly liberal and philosophic, and not unfrequently of a devotional character. He made, according to the custom of the time, a pilgrimage to the Holy Land; and the feelings with which he afterwards revisited the scenes of his earlier days are pathetically expressed, and will reach many a saddened and sorrowful spirit:—

“ Ah, where are hours departed fled !  
 Is life a dream !—or true, indeed ?  
 Did all my fond heart fashioned  
 From Fancy's visitings proceed ?

Yes—I have slept—and now unknown  
 To me the things best known before :  
 The land, the people, once mine own,  
 Where are they !—they are here no more !

My boyhood's friends all aged, worn ;  
 Despoiled the woods, the fields, the home ;  
 Only the stream flows on forlorn ;—  
 Alas, that change like this should come.

And he who knew me once so well,  
 Salutes me now as one estranged ;  
 The very earth to me can tell  
 Of nought but things perverted, changed.

And when I muse on other days,  
 That passed me as the dashing oars  
 The surface of the ocean raise,  
 Ceaseless my heart its fate deplores.”

He died, after a useful life, in 1240, aged about fifty

years, and was buried under a linden-tree, near the Minster, at Würzburg, where, should you travel that way, and your taste lead to further inquiry, you may learn other interesting particulars connected with the appearance and transit of this bright star of early German poetry.

Nuremberg is said also to have been visited by Henry of Meissen, the last of the Minnesänger, who was buried at Mayence in 1318. He was surnamed Frauenlob, from the especial praise he bestowed on the ladies ; and well might they lament, as they did, his departure ; for in his tomb the spirit, not only of German but all poetry, made its bed of repose, until again called forth by the powerful wand of Avon's Sweet Magician.

After these sons of song came the Meistersänger. But what a falling off was there ! These were throughout degenerate ; ever anxious, but all unable, to clothe themselves with the fallen mantle of ancient glory. From the time of Frauenlob the cultivation of poetry devolved almost exclusively on them ; but it thrrove not. It had a singular misfortune. Their treatment of it curiously illustrates the spirit of the town and time. *It was put on a level with the high mechanical arts*, and at last—oh, ye ghosts of Minnesänger and Troubadour !—it positively became one of the *incorporated trades* in all large

cities! At this time Nuremberg was the very Athens of German poetry, and the Rathhaus the Athenæum.

The poems of the Meistersänger, being always lyrical, and sung to music, the most stringent rules were given for their formation. These were as follows:—A poem was to be called a *bar*, and divided into three, five, or more “gesätze” or stanzas. These again into three “sätz.” The first was called a “stole;” the second an “abgesang;” the third a “stole,” and these again of different rhymes too numerous and troublesome to transcribe. The *Incorporated Poets* were cruelly prohibited from employing sentences which people could not understand! — or words without meaning! Which rules, together with others equally unfeeling, you may see fully given in the fourth and fifth articles of the Nuremberg Tabulatur.

Amongst the Meistersänger, Hans Sachs, the Cobbler, and Hans Felz, the Meistersänger and Barber, who shaved and sung here in the early part of the fifteeenth century, are the most celebrated. None, however, could vie with the first. He was born in the year 1494, and after picking up a little Latin and Greek at one of the free schools, he learnt the art of shoemaking. During this time he was instructed in the rudiments of the Meistersänge, and in his twentieth year, having composed what he

calls a godly song,\* he was decorated with the usual silver chain and badge, representing King David playing on the harp, and thus admitted to share in the honours to which he had so long aspired.

Hans was very partial to narrative poetry, and poetry satirical. But his renown was founded upon his plays and farces, some of them in seven acts, which speaks much for the exemplary patience of the Nurembergers. In the seventy-seventh year of his age he *took stock*, and found that his works filled 30 folio volumes, all written with his own hand. They comprised 4200 mastership songs; 208 comedies, tragedies, and farces; 1700 fables, tales, and miscellaneous poems; and 73 devotional, military, and love songs. Total, 6181 pieces, great and small! He died full of years and honour in the year 1576, having spun out more rhyme than was ever produced by any other man, Lope de Vega alone excepted. The grave of Hans is to be found in St. John's Churchyard, No. 503. He is gone, but his fame has outlived him, faded, and revived again. Reprints, extracted from three massy folios, published in 1558—1560, have even within the last few years been made of some portions of his works. His humour is far from contemptible. He laughs, and will make

\* This song is subscribed by himself thus: "Hans Sachs Schuh-Macher und Poet dazu."

you laugh too ; and as far as verse can be compared with prose, his style is not unlike that of Rabelais. Less grotesque, perhaps, but at the same time (though coarse enough) less coarse.

This Chapter has somehow or other spun itself out much farther than was intended, and we have lingered long in this old library. But the truth is, I like old libraries—I like to wander amidst dusty shelves of venerable books, mouldy manuscripts, and black-looking portraits of ancient authors. I like the stillness. I like the solitude. I like to handle the reverend old books in some of those “half-dreamy mirrors of mind” when one steals away from the care and confusion of every-day life to indulge his reveries and build his castles undisturbed. Our present stay, however, must not be much longer protracted. Yet ere we take leave you must devote a few minutes to the manuscripts. Amongst them is an order signed, in a fine bold hand, by Gustavus Adolphus ; and a letter, of an amusing kind, from the celebrated Ritter and Reformer, Ulrich von Hutten, who wrote so powerfully against the Popish doctrines at the time of the Reformation. In this he is merely congratulating an abbot on the comfort he will find in having renounced celibacy, and taken unto himself a wife ! There are others by Luther and Melancthon ; of the latter also, in two thin

volumes, his works "De Anima" and "Doctrinæ Physicæ." You may likewise see here a copy of the Theuerdank by Melchior Pfinzing (the latter part of the fifteenth century).

The book, however, to which the greatest actual value is attached is a very large Hebrew manuscript, written on vellum, and called "Machsor." It contains about 1100 pages, and comprises a full collection of Jewish prayers, hymns, and various religious ceremonies up to the thirteenth century. The date of the MSS. is 1331.

The Jews were expelled Nuremberg in 1499, at which time this volume was taken from them. Since then many offers have been made for its repossession, as the world contains but one other copy, and that is at Amsterdam. These two books are said also to comprise an account of all the execrations and cruelties practised by them against the Christians. But never having attempted to amuse myself by reading Hebrew, I am not prepared either to confirm or to contradict the allegation. One thing is, however, certain, viz., that a hundred such volumes would not contain the still blacker-looking account of the cruelties on the other side of the question as exercised by Christians (?) towards this despised and persecuted people. As I have already said, they much desire to repossess themselves of this

old manuscript, and have made various overtures for that purpose ; the last was to purchase it at the price of about a guinea per leaf. There appears, however, but little hope that it will ever be restored to them, unless, indeed, his Majesty the King of Bavaria were inclined royally to illustrate a too frequently forgotten principle, and order the free return to them of a volume apparently so precious to the Israelites,—to himself so useless,—by which most gracious example the heart of the King of Saxony *might* peradventure be moved to return the other half of Albert Dürer's work, now at Dresden, to the library at Nuremberg.

Amongst the various odds and ends contained in this old building is a black silk cap, worn by Luther, which was found, with other effects belonging to him, in a chest at Cobourg, where it had been left, and for a while forgotten after he quitted the Castle there. Here is likewise a drinking-cup, given by him to his friend Dr. Justus Jonas ; upon which you see the portraits of both, together with the following inscription :—

“ *Dat vitrum vitreo Jonæ vitrum ipse Lutherus,  
Ut vitro fragili similem se noscat uterque.* ”

Old furniture, engravings, maps, pictures, and various relics, more or less curious, are too numerous here

for me to think of enumerating them ; but perhaps, after all, the object which an Englishman will regard with most attention, as awakening many an association in connexion with some stirring times in the history of his own country, and which will be found more interesting to him, because unexpected, is a Prayer Book, beautifully prepared, exquisitely written, and splendidly illuminated. On opening it, you perceive inscribed therein :—

“ La Liver du Roy de Franche Charles  
Done a Madame le Roigne D'ngleterre ; ”

which Queen could have been no other than Isabella the wife of Richard II. (1396), or Catherine the wife of Henry V. (1420), both of whom were daughters of the French King, Charles VI.

You will also find here an interesting globe, made by John Schoner, professor of mathematics in the Gymnasium here, A.D. 1520. It is very remarkable that the passage through the isthmus of Panama, so much sought after in these times, is, on this old globe, carefully delineated ! It has been said in reference to sculpture, “ the figure is already in the stone ; the sculptor only has to find it.” So of the long-desired passage. According to this ancient relic, it is already there, if one could only discover it ; but that in each case seems to be the chief difficulty,

and the ancients would appear to have excelled us in both. For the latter perplexity it is hard to account, seeing that its course is here distinctly laid down. What can have become of it? Alas, it is a question more easy to ask than to answer, except upon geological principles, wherein, to our exceeding comfort, much scope is allowed for "accidents." Perhaps one of these hitherto unexplained causes may have led to its temporary disappearance. In this case we may reasonably hope some other vagary of Nature will again disclose it to us. Meanwhile, it seems useless to speculate; all we can say,—and to which declaration we find ourselves especially moved by our devout faith in this old *Globus*,—is, "*Fuit Ilium.*" It was, but exists no more, or, in other words, we can no longer find it!

I shall be strongly disappointed if you do not agree with me in attaching considerable value to the curious contents of this old worm-eaten edifice; and just in proportion to this will be the anxious regret we must experience at finding them huddled together in so unworthy, inconvenient, and dangerous a locality. The lower parts of the building are filled with the deal-framing of the booths used at the fairs, portions of other wood-work, boards, and various indications of something very like a carpenter's shop. Above these, on the library floor, timber partitions, &c.,

abound, and the whole is neither more nor less than a train of combustibles most advantageously disposed for conflagration, and requiring but the end of a rejected cigar or the ashes of a carelessly emptied pipe to set the whole in a blaze. The attention of the authorities ought to be drawn strongly to the subject, and something done to preserve these things more worthily, as their present location is a disgrace to the spirit and enlightenment of the town. But what is "everybody's business is nobody's business," and it is greatly to be feared matters will be suffered to remain as they are, till some wretched catastrophe of the kind alluded to shall prevent the trouble of their further preservation, and abolish the office of Public Librarian by destroying for ever the Public Library.

## CHAPTER XI.

HOUSES, RELICS, CABINETS, PICTURES, AND VARIOUS CURIOSITIES OF  
OLD GERMAN ART.

NUREMBERG may be aptly enough compared to a curiosity shop, in which models and pictures, carvings in wood and stone, jewels of silver and jewels of gold, old furniture, glass, coins, tapestry, books, manuscripts, trinkets, implements of wood craft, things appertaining to the gentle art, and fragments of ancient armour are all mingled together, amid the varied productions of Nature and Science which combine their aid to lend interest to the collection. Although it is not pretended herein to attempt any very detailed description of the things, new and old, which are to be found in this treasury (which would carry me far beyond the prescribed limits), still something must be said about certain of the ancient and quaint-looking houses. I will begin with one which stands in the Hirschel Gasse, No. S., 1304, and from the peculiarities of its architecture,

and beautiful state of preservation, will not disappoint the expectation or interest of those who may be induced to inspect it.

As, however, in matters of this kind a sketch can convey so much better an idea than many pages of description, I prefer so to exhibit it, in the hope that it will not interest you less than it did myself. The building dates about 1505, and belongs to the family of the Tuchers, by whose ancestor, Hans Tucher, it was erected, *after his return from Palestine*, in the latter end of the fifteenth century. Several of the windows are still emblazoned with stained glass of exquisite colour and design. The rooms are characteristically decorated, and embellished with verses of Scripture, curiously carved wainscotings, quaint tapestry, and indeed you see everywhere much of the deep artistical feeling and rich workmanship of the olden time, since which it has undergone but little alteration.

Many of the ancient houses of Nuremberg were constructed by architects who had studied in Venice, and the peculiarities of that style are to be seen in every direction. Modern innovation however has swept much away, and the Nurembergers are actually said to be so tired of their antique buildings, that were it not for the interference of the laws enforced by the King, still more mischief would have been done. This is mercifully prevented by his salutary

regulations, and the old town, which has stood so long an almost intact specimen of its times, is not, it is to be hoped, likely to suffer much more from the savage Vandalism of utilitarians. You enter beneath some of the heavy portals of these ancient places, and soon find yourself in a large quadrangle, with its open winding staircase, and broad projecting balconies, filled in with various carvings, often



House of the Krafts.

grotesque, always beautiful. Here is one belonging to the Krafts, which may serve as a fair specimen of the style and arrangement. The general effect is both picturesque and impressive, and one almost expects to see the apparition of some old burghers in ruff and doublet start up before him while exploring

the various holes and corners of these their former abodes.

These old houses are of almost every variety of character and style, and afford pretty good examples of the wealth and taste of the times, in which they were erected. This one stands in the Adler Strasse, and though a mixed order of building the expression is good, and the feeling German. One of the most beautiful however of all the houses in Nuremberg is to be seen at No. S., 763, on the Egydien Plats, near St. Giles's Church, and is known as Das Pellersche Haus—it was built about the year 1600 in the Venetian style of architecture, with a richly carved façade. Amongst the figures which adorn it is that of St. Martin, dividing his garment with a poor naked man. On the summit of the gable stands the figure of Jupiter; in one hand he holds the lightning, in the other a sceptre; a crown is on his head, and before him is the eagle, and the inscription, *CUM DEO.* The court, rooms, galleries, stairs, &c., are of the same character, and so costly were the enrichments, that a comparatively recent possessor sold nearly enough of the interior carvings and fittings to pay for its purchase! But a volume might be filled over these old remains—and we must proceed to other subjects. As I have already stated, the crown, jewels, sceptre, and various regalia of the German

Empire were formerly preserved at Nuremberg, and their depository was the *Spital Kirche*; amongst them were the swords of Charles the Great and St. Maurice, the spurs of gold, the girdle, gloves, and shoes, all of which were used at the coronation of the emperors. This town was, however, in former times full of other relics, some of which, from their immense celebrity in the miracles wrought thereby, brought hither crowds of pilgrims from all parts of the Continent, “to the great honour,” as one of the reverend monks hath it, “of God and Saint Dominic;” and when you read the list of these religious excerpta it is impossible to doubt that they all went away greatly edified, if not enlightened. First, There was “the *true* holy spear, and one nail brought from Palestine in the year of grace, 630,” by, I forget whom, but that is of no consequence—there they were; and as the same old chronicler says—“Millions have seen and handled them, to the great health of their bodies and souls,” and no doubt to the, at least, equal improvement of the pouch of the blessed Saint Dominic, had the pious old chronicler only condescended to say so. Next to this, in the register, stands the “piece of the true cross,” and a “strip of the towel wherewith our Saviour was girded when he washed his disciples’ feet,”—“a portion of the table-cloth used at the Last Supper,” and five thorns “from the

thorny crown." In the next section stands, Imprimis—"a tooth of John the Baptist,"—"this (I am copying verbatim) is a cutter tooth," but it will scarcely be credited; so you shall be indulged with the original—"Dens de mento S. Johannis\* Baptiste, Sup'rtatino." From its alleged size, however, the owner must have been of the antediluvian race of giants. Near to this hung a piece of the raiment of camel's hair, which covered him. Then follows "the real arm-bone of Saint Anna," which naturally leads to the sad inference, that she possessed but *one*, a circumstance much to be lamented, seeing that so "many marvels were wrought thereby:" and, not to mention others still here—"three links out of the chain wherewith St. Peter, St. Paul, and St. John the Evangelist were secured in prison." On this "holy treasury" much has been written. The first section has been already discussed in twenty-seven volumes! and the second in thirty-five volumes! all of them large—many of them folio size! and as I do not believe I can contribute anything that may add to the information or interest therein conveyed, I will bring this part of the chapter to a close, wishing to all who may honour the relics with a visit, or the books with a perusal, as much faith

\* The curious reader may study a learned dissertation upon this relic: "Santa mentum Maxilla." "Kiefen." Du Freane: Latin, vol iv., col. 1015.

and patience as are necessary under their trying circumstances.

Many of the inhabitants of Nuremberg possess valuable cabinets of various curiosities, some of which they have themselves formed, and others have been handed down through successive generations, and are preserved with a care little short of religious. Amongst these collections, perhaps, the most choice are the following, which, for the sake of easier reference, are arranged alphabetically, and with the addresses of the owners; whereby you may be saved the expense and officious botheration (if nothing worse) of those garrulous and disagreeable appendages known as *valets-de-place*, guides, commissioners, or by whatever other name they may be designated.

**BOERNER**, S. 35, *Winkler Strasse*.—This is a collection of engravings and woodcuts, ranged in “schools;” also, ancient and modern medals.

**V. BIBRA**, *Burg Strasse*.—Old engravings, etchings, coins, and armour.

**CAMPE**, L. 798, *near the Post-office*.—Paintings by the old German, Italian, and Dutch Masters; engravings, and many ancient albums and autographs.

**FORSTER**, S. 19, *Principal Market*.—A particularly interesting collection of antiquities and art; commenced in the latter part of the sixteenth century, and considerably increased by the present proprietor. It is rich in the various artistical

productions of the above named period ; and possesses also some of the ivory carvings by Zick ; bronzes by P. Vischer ; rare paintings, books, manuscripts, medals, and coins, of which those formerly struck at Nuremberg are particularly remarkable.

FÜHRER, *Wolf's Gasse*.—A small collection of exquisite etchings, woodcuts, and engravings, by Albert Dürer, and others of the same celebrated school.

GEMMING.—Historical monuments, and remains of ancient times and people, chiefly of the Egyptians, Carthaginians, Greeks, Romans, and Byzantines ; illustrations of the archæology and natural history of Bavaria ; various antediluvian remains : arms and utensils of the old Germans ; local chronicles ; portraits of renowned men, in medal and wax ; and a good library. Many of these objects are to be seen, with others, in the Vaubourg Chapel on the Freiung (near the Castle) and another part at the house of the proprietor, near the *Fleischbrücke*, L. No. 2.

HALLER, S. 758, *Egydien Platz*.—Here is a collection of about 30,000 engravings, of which many are by the most celebrated old masters, together with some remarkable autographs.

HERTEL, S. 1518, *near the Wöhrder Thor*.—Art and natural history in all its branches ; valuable old paintings ; some beautiful silver work ; castings ; carvings in ivory, wood, and amber ; Chinese curiosities ; armour ; crystallisations ; rare fossils ; glass paintings ; and a geological collection. By no means to be lightly passed over.

HÖLZSCHUHER, S. 781, *Egydien Platz*.—The principal object here is the portrait of Jerome Hölzschuher by Albert Dürer. It is *one of the finest paintings by this celebrated artist*, who was his most intimate friend.

LÖFFELHOLZ (Anglice, wooden spoon), S. 770, *Egydien*

*Platz.*—To form so interesting a collection, however, shows him to have been no “spoon,” unless, indeed, a “golden” one, for some of the best specimens of armour, arms, and local curiosities of which Nuremberg can boast, will be found here.

**MERKEL**, J. S. 97, *Wine Market, near the Bayerischer Hof.*—Objects of ancient art, amongst which must be particularly noticed the celebrated service in silver of Jamnitzer, inimitable of its kind. I do not remember to have seen any other specimens of the same period so exquisitely wrought as these. Rothschild of Frankfort has offered a great sum of money for the candelabrum alone, but the owner refuses to part with it.

**MERKEL**, S. L. 95.—Mineralogical and pharmaceutical. The latter very complete.

**REINDEL**, S. 776.—Director of the artistical school. This comprises a series of old designs and engravings, and the album consecrated by the German artists to the memory of Albert Dürer.

**SCHEURL**, S. 606, *Burg Strasse.*—Various objects of ancient and modern art; here you can also see the chamber of the Pfalzgraves, as they were called in other times.

**STRAUZKY** (Baron), *Garden before the Wöhrder Thor.*—Ancient and modern art, particularly some large engravings.

**STURM**, S. 709.—Natural history, particularly insects.

All these are highly interesting, and together with many others that might perhaps be equally so to the readers, could I only find space for their insertion, are courteously shown to any one who may wish to inspect them. If a party visit the collection in the Freiung, they should give the attendant who is

always there not less than half a gulden (10d.) The rest are free; but do not go between twelve and two o'clock, as the "lions" of Germany, unlike other lions, are nowhere to be seen at "feeding time."

Besides the ancient globe mentioned a few pages back, in the collection at the Town Library, there is yet another still older, having been made in 1492, by Martin Behaim, and which you will find in the house of his descendants.

It will be recollected, that America was discovered about this period; and it is remarkable, that although nothing was *known* of the existence of another Continent at the time this globe was projected, you perceive thereon delineated a supposed island of considerable magnitude, called Antilia. On investigating this subject, I learnt that Behaim, though a native Nuremberger, resided for many years in Portugal, and constructed this globe while Stadtholder of the island of Fayal, in the Azores; an appointment which he held for some time. He is also said to have made many voyages on and from the western coast of Africa; he has even been charged with having already anticipated Christopher himself, but although a good Christian, it is believed he died without acknowledging this atrocity. He is celebrated in the Portuguese archives as a great mathematician, astronomer, geographer, and navigator.

It is, moreover, certain that he intimately knew Columbus; and that his opinion and counsel were inquired of by the King as to the proposals and intentions of that great discoverer.

But amongst all these curiosities of ancient science, I must not forget to do my part towards immortalising the remembrance of one exhibited here in the year 1658, and no longer in existence. This was a gastronomic specimen,—one of a class in which this country seems always to have excelled; it was an enormous black pudding or German sausage, about 300 feet in length, and weighing upwards of 700 pounds, which was decorated with various coloured ribbons, and borne through the streets by the butchers of Nuremberg on the yearly festival of their guild. In the old picture wherein this is represented, herds of pigs are seen taking to flight, open-mouthed, in all directions; their countenances express the greatest terror, their tails are curled most distractedly, and their whole mass of blood appears evidently turned at the sight of this fearful procession.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE STORY OF CASPAR HAUSER.

As the history of this mysterious individual, who so much puzzled the German world about sixteen years ago, belongs peculiarly to Nuremberg, and as it is just possible, notwithstanding the partial translation of the work of Herr von Feuerbach, that you may not have read it, and as the subject has been again recently revived in Paris and Germany, the principal incidents shall be here recapitulated as related by Herr von F., and as gathered from others who had had equal opportunities of witnessing the conduct, habits, and character of this forsaken, unjustly censured, and much to be pitied victim of an extraordinary cruelty.

The story is one of surpassing interest, and in some points of view may be of importance, as serving to supply facts in place of conjecture, and evidence instead of speculation, upon the intellectual nature of man, his feelings, sensations, and perceptions when

destitute of the acquirements of education, and in childhood and youth excluded from that intercourse with his fellow beings which others enjoy.

In the year 1828, a resident in this town had taken a walk toward the Dutzendteich, and in returning perceived a lad in a peasant's garb, who was standing at a little distance in advance. But his posture was unnatural, his movements like those of a person in a state of intoxication, equally unable to stand upright or to govern the behaviour of his legs. It was the 26th of May, which in that year had the honour of representing Whit Monday,—a day as religiously observed here as in England, by the universal refusal of the lower classes upon it to do any manner of work. The day is thus entirely set apart by them to the care of the soul in so far as relates to the preservation of its more immediate connexion with the body. Considering, therefore, the grotesque movements of the stranger proceeded from a mere excess of this kind of devotion, the citizen was for proceeding without further noticing him, but on his approach the other extended a letter addressed to a military man in Nuremberg, and in supplicating murmurs and signs besought assistance. The Nuremberger passed him not by; it is true, he could not understand the poor boy's jargon, but his pale face, eyes filled with tears, and a countenance expressive of great pain, as

he pointed to his feet, were language intelligible enough, and like a good Samaritan he conveyed him to the house indicated by the address. When the servant opened the door, he again held out the letter, and muttered something like these words, "Ae sechtene möcht ih wähn wie mei volta wähn is," which, indeed, was the only answer to every question put to him. Hunger spoke in his face, and they offered him meat. He hesitated a moment, though he eventually tasted it, but he shuddered dismally, exhibited spasms, and spat it out with the greatest disgust. There was the same aversion to beer and wine. Bread and water, however, he swallowed with the most greedy satisfaction. Though his manners were quiet and gentle as childhood, he was at first regarded as a kind of savage, and as the officer was from home, he was conducted to the stable, where he soon fell asleep on a bed of clean straw. It was with difficulty he could be awakened, and then for the first time showed delight and surprise at the glittering buttons and bright colours of the captain's uniform. He clapped his hands, and repeated "Reuta, Reuta," —which, with the former sentence, were the only articulate sounds he uttered. But it was afterwards discovered they were the common expressions of all his feelings and wants upon every occasion, and that to none of them could be attached any particular

signification. Beyond these his language consisted but of tears, moans, gestures, and mutterings, which were perfectly unintelligible to all.

The communication merely stated, “That the writer was a labourer, and had ten children. That the bearer had been left at his house on the 7th October, 1812, and till then had never once been suffered to leave it. That he had been taught to read and write, and wished to become a trooper. That the writer could no longer afford to keep him, and had therefore consigned him to the protection of the captain.” To this letter there was a Latin postscript, stating “he had been baptised, and desired his education till his seventeenth year, and that he should then be sent to the Sixth Light Horse Regiment, to which his father, then dead, had belonged.” The whole was manifestly designed to mislead, and concluded with this inhuman remark,—“If you do not keep him, you may put him into a lottery, or get rid of him in any way you please.”

The Captain was far from being flattered by the preference thus shown for his protection, and speedily handing over both letter and bearer to the police, left to them the solution of the mystery.

To the questions put to him at the guard-house, he replied, as usual, “Reuta wähn wie mei volta wähn is,”—which was construed to mean, “he would be a rider as his father was.” He neither showed

fear, surprise, nor embarrassment at anything, but rather what might be called the dullness of a brute, leaving most external objects unnoticed, or giving them, without thought, a passing stare. His distressed face,—his awkward demeanour,—his childlike tears and whimpering, excited universal compassion; for, notwithstanding his age, which then was sixteen years, his conduct and manners were those of an infant. The police, who, here as in all other countries, are the great revolvers of such kind of riddles, were divided in opinion, whether to consider him an idiot or a savage, and some of them expressed most sagacious doubts whether, under this appearance, a cunning deceiver might not be disguised. One of the magistrates determined to try if he could write, and accordingly placed writing materials before him for that purpose. The boy appeared pleased,—took up the pen, a little awkwardly at first, but presently wrote, in large and tolerably legible characters,—Caspar Hauser. The letter which he bore to the Captain distinctly stated he had been taught to write; but the proof that he could do so, was considered by the Solomon to whom he had afforded it, as quite conclusive of his being an *impostor!* whereupon he was, for the time, consigned to an old tower, used then as now for the immediate confinement of rogues and vagabonds. The distance is not

far from the police bureau, but as he rather staggered than walked, and every movement appeared to be attended with great pain, he frequently sank down by the way, and was at length obliged to be carried to his place of imprisonment.

He soon became an object of intense curiosity, and numberless visits were paid to him. By day, he sat, with outstretched legs, upon the floor ; and by night, lay on his bed of straw. His food was simply bread and water, as the mere smell of most other articles of food disagreeably affected him. The least quantity of wine or coffee, secretly mixed with the water, occasioned shuddering, cold sweats, vomiting, or violent headache, and was obliged to be discontinued. Like an infant, he sought to lay hold of every glittering object, and cried when he could not reach it ; a lighted candle greatly pleased him, till he unconsciously put his fingers in the flame ; a looking-glass was held before him, and no sooner had he observed his reflected image than he looked behind for the person whom he supposed to be there. They exhibited to him a naked sabre ; he examined it with pleasure. They raised it against him with feigned cuts and thrusts, but he sustained all without flinching or manifesting the least alarm, either by eye, voice, or gesture ; nor did he imagine any danger in handling a sharp penknife, till he drew it

across his fingers and saw the blood begin to flow, when he moaned and cried bitterly. Two words formed his whole descriptive vocabulary: to every object in the form of a human being he gave the name "bua," and every other animal he called "ross" (horse). He often repeated this latter word in a plaintive tone, and even with tears, which induced some one to give him a wooden horse for a plaything. From that moment, a great change was perceptible; his insensibility, indifference, and dejection, passed away; he seemed to have found an old friend, and had ample employment in caressing, feeding, and decorating it, without, however, showing any desire to change his position on the floor. Ideas of things, animate or inanimate, of nature or of art, were all strangely mingled together in his mind; he ate not till he had first held every morsel of bread to the mouth of his horse,—nor did he drink without the same ceremony; and when it was endeavoured to make him comprehend that the horse could not eat, he pointed triumphantly to the crumbs he had stuck in his mouth, and evidently disbelieved the intimation.

In a very short time, he ceased to be regarded either as an idiot or impostor. It was equally impossible to believe that one so gentle and obedient had grown up amongst the beasts of the forest.

Yet, so utterly destitute was he of conceptions or words,—so totally unacquainted with the common objects and every-day occurrences of nature ;—such an indifference did he manifest to the usual customs, comforts, and even necessities of life, and such extraordinary peculiarities in his mental, moral, and physical existence, that it remained only to suppose that he had been kept in a state of utter seclusion, if not imprisonment, during the earlier days of his life, and only now, for the first time, made his appearance on the great stage of the world ; dwelling for the first time amongst his fellow beings ; a man who knew not, and who had never known, the intermediate conditions of childhood and youth.

It has been said, and is corroborated by those who have spoken with this singular person, that the structure of his body, which was broad-shouldered and stout, showed no defect in its symmetry. When he first came to Nuremberg, his face was vulgar ; and when in a state of repose was almost without any expression save that of a brute. Indeed, by reason of the prominency of the lower features, it rather bespoke the brute than the human being. Strangely enough, however, in a few months all this was greatly altered : his countenance gained animation and expression, the lower part became less prominent, and, in a word, so complete was the

change, that it afterwards became scarcely possible to recognise therein the traces of its earlier physiognomy. His feet, which bore no marks of shoes, were well formed, and the soles soft and delicate as the palm of a lady's hand. As I have already stated, he could not be said to walk, but rather tottered onward in a manner painful to witness, and resembling the gait of a drunken man, unwilling to fall, anxious to proceed, and yet unable to keep himself upright. Hands, feet, and fingers, he hitherto used in the most unimaginably awkward manner ; he was no other than a grown infant ; he had yet to feel, to learn, to observe ; and in this state of things his education began.

His first instructor was the gaoler's son, a boy about ten years old, who was delighted to teach him,—proud of the superior information which qualified him for the task,—and soon became much attached to his pupil ; but, through the exertions of Professor Feuerbach, he was soon removed to the house of the burgomaster for daily instruction, and subsequently consigned entirely to the care of Professor Daumur, who undertook the charge of his education. He possessed a memory quick and retentive, but it is remarkable that it declined in proportion as it was enriched, and as the exercise of his understanding was increased.

It was highly interesting to watch the phenomena exhibited when his physical senses began to awaken from their long torpor. At first they feared he would die of nervous fever, or be attacked by insanity. The changes in his situation ; the manifestly unaccustomed impressions of sunshine, light and air ; the strange, and often painful, mingling of the various images which continually weighed upon his senses ; the efforts to which he was stimulated by a desire of information upon whatever was new,—and to him all things were new ; all these were more than his feeble physical powers and weak nerves could bear. Such was the irritability of his frame, that, when forcibly excited by curiosity or a desire to comprehend anything, he was thrown into strong convulsive spasms, by which his face was distorted, and his arms, hands, and whole body more or less affected.

This was remarkable the first time he heard the striking of the steeple clock and the ringing of the bells : his listening looks expressed his great astonishment, but spasmodic motions in his countenance instantly succeeded to this stare of benumbed meditation. Once, at a military parade, they placed him near the great regimental drum ; but its first booming so powerfully affected him as to render necessary his instant removal.

He was much dissatisfied at the diminished susceptibility of his physical senses after he was brought to eat meat. His acuteness of smell, however, remained unimpaired; but this was the reason of his walks and rides being rendered very unpleasant to him. The odours of fruits and flowers—to others so delightful—were to him disagreeable, insupportable, and painfully affected his nerves. Professor Daumur once asked him which of all smells was most agreeable to him;—“None at all,” was his reply. Objects, scentless to us, were not so to him; the different colouring of walls and furniture, the dye in cloths, the paints he used for his pictures, the ink or pencil with which he wrote, produced effects on his sense of smelling, disagreeable, and, at times, evidently painful; and this was the case with every thing about him, except bread, or those seeds, caraway and anise, with which most of the bread in this country is flavoured. The police were not without hope of discovering some clue to his former abode by means of the following expedient. They sent, for miles round, into every village and town for specimens of bread, trusting to his acute sense of smell, to distinguish instantly that kind to which he had been accustomed. But it was without effect,—all seemed to be alike to him, and he apparently recognised none. It may be here remarked, that

the smell of fresh meat was to him the most horrible of all ; and that what we generally regard as unpleasant smells, were by him considered less offensive than many of our most agreeable perfumes.

Then as to his sight. Von Feuerbach relates, that remembering the account given by Cheselden of the young man who had become blind a few days after his birth, and was restored to sight by a successful operation, he felt desirous of comparing his perceptions with those of Caspar Hauser. In one of his earliest visits, therefore, while Caspar was still in the Tower, he had him conveyed to the window which afforded the prospect of a beautiful landscape, clad in all the glory of summer. But he put his hands to his eyes, and threw himself backward as well as he could, with visible distress on his countenance. The professor preserved this incident in his memory, as well as the boy, and when the mind of the latter having become more cultivated, he recalled the circumstance to his recollection, he replied, “ What I then saw was ugly and painful to me ! It was as if a window-shutter had been placed close to my eyes, spotted over with white, blue, green, yellow, and red, all mingled together ; not one of which my eyes could separate from the other. All appeared distorted and out of proportion to what I see them now. Oh, they were truly shocking to look at ; and

it was long, long before I got rid of that painted shutter!"

There existed in respect to him neither twilight nor darkness. This was evidenced at night by his stepping every where with the greatest confidence, and by his refusing in the darkest places a light, though repeatedly offered to him. He saw much better in the twilight than in the open day, and has frequently after sunset read the numbers of various houses at 150 or 160 paces distant, which in the daylight he could not distinguish. It was also satisfactorily proved by Von Feuerbach and others, that in a perfectly dark room he could readily distinguish colours. The principal difficulty at first in the exercise of his vision, was in discriminating what was really angular or round from that which was only represented as such. Pictures of men and horses appeared precisely as the men and horses carved in wood, and it was not until he had frequently handled them that he could distinguish one from the other. This once done, however, he never afterwards made a mistake.

His obedience to all those persons who had acquired paternal authority over him, was unconditional and boundless, and what they said was with him a sufficient reason for doing or not doing a thing, exclusive of all questioning or considerations. Yet

it is said this submission to the authority of others referred only to what he was or was not to do, and had no connexion whatever with his knowing, believing, or judging, in so far as his then almost vacant mind was capable of this. The intuition of his senses, or some suitable mode of reasoning adapted to them, were necessary to convince him ere he would believe any assertion that was made; he did not, indeed, contradict it, but he would leave it, as he used to say, till he had learned more. When he was told, amongst other things, of the coming winter, that the fields would be white, the roofs, houses, and streets all white, like the walls of his chamber, he said that would be very pretty, but plainly insinuated he should not believe it till he had seen it. His preceptor reminded him of this when the first snow fell. He was delighted to see, as he said, the streets, roofs, and trees so well painted, and he would go down to fetch some of the white paint. He did so, but soon returned crying miserably, because “the white paint had bitten his hand.”

As his mind expanded he became less interested by playthings which had at first absorbed him. Even his love for horses was transferred to the living animal, and he soon became an accomplished rider. His connexion with Professors Daumur, Fuhrmann, and others, led him to feel his own

deficiencies, and the attention and perseverance he displayed in his determination to learn were of the most astonishing kind. Yet with all this his feelings are described as being far from pleasurable, and he at times expressed a longing desire to go back to the man where he had always been. He said when he was at home in his hole, he had never suffered so much from headache, nor been so much teased as since he came into the world. Nevertheless he said he would remain at Nuremberg till he learned what the burgomaster and professors knew, but then he must go home to show the man what instruction he had received since he had brought him away. When surprise was expressed that he should wish to return to the man who had treated him so badly, he said, "Man not bad,—man not me bad done." Against what he called "the man with whom he had always been," he never showed the least anger, nor would he ever hear that he ought to be punished until the following occasion.

On an evening in the month of August, 1829, his instructor showed him for the first time the starry heavens; his delight surpassed all description. He wept and exclaimed, "That is, indeed, the most beautiful sight I have yet seen; but who placed all those beautiful candles up there? Who lights them? Who puts them out?" He was reminded of his

Creator, and, with his head bowed low, he long stood in a posture of deep and serious meditation. This was succeeded by great sadness; and he asked why that wicked man had always kept him locked up, and had never shown him any of those beautiful things? He cried loud and long; could only with great difficulty be appeased, and then said, "The man with whom he had always been," might be locked up for a few days in order to teach him how hard it was to be so treated.

He was able to give but little information concerning the previous portion of his existence, and that appeared to confirm the conclusions at which the people of Nuremberg had arrived. There was no doubt that he had always lived in a hole, cage, or low apartment, where the light scarcely entered, and where sounds were never heard. In this place it did not appear that even in his sleep he could lay with his whole body stretched out, but sat waking and sleeping with his legs extended before him, and his back supported in an erect posture. The form of the place, or some particular contrivance, seems to have made this position necessary, and the consequence was a peculiar formation of the knees. In this dungeon, whenever he awoke, he found a loaf and a pitcher of water placed at his side. Sometimes, he said, the water tasted badly, probably from opium,

as when this was the case he could no longer keep his eyes open, but was compelled to sleep, and when he awoke he found a clean shirt on, and that his hair or nails had been cut. From this, as well as other circumstances, it seems some degree of care and attention was bestowed upon him during this period. He never was allowed to see the face of the man who brought him his food, nor heard him speak, except to utter the "Reuta wähn," &c, which he so unmeaningly repeated when found at Nuremberg. He had there two wooden horses and a few ribbons, and his sole occupation was to move them backwards and forwards at his side, and to adorn them with the ribbons in different positions. He said he had never felt the want of any thing, nor ever been sick, or felt any sensation of pain. It is remarkable, also, that he never had dreams until after he went to live with Professor Daumur, when he regarded them as real and living appearances. How long he had continued to live in this way he knew not, for he had no knowledge of time, nor had he any recollection of having been in any other place. "The man with whom he had always been," never did him any harm but once, when he struck the poor creature a severe blow with "a piece of wood," because he had been running his horses too hard, and made too much noise.

It was some time after the above circumstance

the man came one day and put a small table over his feet, and spread some paper on it. He then came behind him, so as not to be seen, took hold of his hand, put a pencil into it, and moved it backward and forward on the paper. He was mightily pleased with the black marks which appeared, and, when the man departed, commenced for himself this amusement, and was never tired of drawing the figures, as he called them, on the paper with which he was supplied. At another time the man came and lifted him up; by degrees he taught him to stand, and afterwards to *shuffle* from place to place, for he could not be said to *walk*. But during all this time *he saw not his face*. At length the man came, took him on his back, and carried him into the daylight, where it appears he fainted. He noticed nothing, remembered no object on his journey, but was only conscious that the man who had been carrying him put the letter which he had brought with him into his hand and then vanished; sometime after which the kind citizen observed him, and took him to the house described in the address.

It would appear that Caspar had at length become troublesome, if not dangerous, to those who had kept him so secretly confined. He had got restless, his powers of life grew more vivid, he sometimes made a noise, and it became necessary to quiet him by

chastisement. But why did they not get rid of him some other way? Why not destroy him? Why suffer him to survive his earliest infancy? These are questions still unresolved. It seems to have been expected he would have been lost as a vagabond or idiot in some public institution at Nuremberg. Or if the letter was attended to, that he would become a soldier in one of the regiments quartered there. But none of these events took place. He met with humane consideration, and became the object of much sympathy and universal attention. The newspapers were full of accounts and conjectures about him. They spoke of the development of his mind, his memory, his abilities, and marvellous progress; and it was at last reported he was employed in writing a history of his life. It was at this juncture, and, as was supposed with the view to prevent this, an attempt was made to assassinate him on the 17th October, 1829. He escaped with a wound in the forehead; but from the excited state into which it threw him, and the weakness of his nervous system, his life was for a time almost despaired of. He was subsequently removed to Ansbach, at the charge of Earl Stanhope, who had manifested great interest for him. There he was placed under the care of an able schoolmaster, with whom he resided. After he had been there for some time unmolested, the fear

of any further attempt on his life seems to have passed away. But his mysterious enemy had not lost sight of his victim. On the morning of December 14th, 1833, a stranger, enveloped in a large mantle, accosted him under pretence of having to make an important communication. Caspar excused himself, stating he was then going to dine, but promised to see him in the afternoon. The meeting\* took place in the palace garden: the man took some papers from under his cloak and presented them to Hauser, and while he was examining them he was stabbed twice near the heart with a dagger which the stranger had kept concealed. The wounds were not instantly fatal, he was able to return home, but could then only say in faint and broken accents, " Palace Garden—purse—Uz—Monument." The police were dispatched to Uzen's Monument, where they found a small violet silk purse, containing a scrap of paper; on which was written, in an unknown hand, " Hauser knows why I appear here, and who I am; but to save him the trouble I will myself inform you. I came from the Bavarian frontier—on the river. My name is M. L. O." The poor lad died on the night of the 17th December of the

\* I was lamenting to a person who was with Caspar at Ansbach, that he had not taken somebody with him to this meeting. He replied, " he was so accustomed to be addressed by strangers, that it had long ceased to excite his surprise or precaution."

wounds he had received. Lord Stanhope offered a reward of 5000 florins for the discovery of the murderer, but no clue to the mystery of his life and death could *at that time* be obtained.

Many subsequent investigations took place, and perhaps no event ever caused such excitement in this part of the world since the day that Wallenstein lay encamped upon the Alte Vestung. But the secret was not to be resolved ; the whole affair appeared to be inexplicable ; they could not then untie the Gordian knot, and so they cut it. The heads of the inquisition sought for motives in the unfortunate being himself. They traced little matters of falsehood in him, no uncommon thing amongst grown-up children in this country ; various inconsistencies ; some degree of vanity ; and they marvelled greatly ! His reminiscences were considered to be delusions ; his occasional excitements fictitious ; and though all had long been open to the world, poor Dr. Feuerbach was himself charged with grievous misrepresentation ! Then, circumstances were *conceived* to have been *impossible*, which had before been *witnessed, testified to, and believed*. A mass of evidence was produced and pondered, and one would have thought half of it sufficient to satisfy any person of common sense as to the truth and genuineness of all that the poor boy stated in reference to his existence

and feelings. But, no ; these wiseacres chose rather to be governed in their conclusions by their own and others' speculations as to *probability* ! and upon contradictory statements, vague notions of what "seemed to be physically impossible," "quite incredible," "highly improbable," and "very suspicious," his memory has been undeservedly branded with imposture and suicide ! Thus have they cast foul spots on their own deeds of charity.

It would fill a volume to detail the circumstances of this celebrated post-mortem investigation, which, together with its result, would not endure half an hour's examination by any junior English barrister.

I have, however, conversed with persons who were educated with him at Ansbach, who knew him here, and saw him almost daily ; with others also who had been equally concerned in establishing the truth or falsehood of the whole affair, whose judgments are to the full as clear, and opinions as valuable, as those who have pronounced a different verdict ; and these earnestly and anxiously strive, even yet, to rescue his memory from the absurd and cruel imputations with which it has been charged.

It is enough ; the grave has closed over him ; he sleeps in peace, unconscious alike of sympathy or blame ; and his secret lies buried with him. But

his story will long remain to haunt the fancy, and awaken the compassion of those, who, nevertheless, are as yet unable to pierce the dark veil of mystery which has so sadly enshrouded it.

## CHAPTER XIII.

NOTICES OF ALBERT DÜRER, VISCHER, KRAFFT, AND OTHERS, WITH  
ANECDOTES. THE LANDAUER GALLERY, ARTISTS' SCHOOL, AND  
A BRIEF HISTORY OF NUREMBERG ART.

ART, thanks to the gods! is like the air we breathe, the common property of the world at large. But whatever this most comprehensive word includes in its different branches, thrives not without encouragement and care. It requires the most diligent fostering at many hands, and is the fruit of a happy combination of talents, persevering exertions, poetical conception, judicious arrangement, and refined powers of representation. To the cultivation of these, men, rightly endowed,—for they must be born to it,—dedicate all their energies and lives, and the result is fame, enduring, never-dying fame, to those whom its possession dignifies.

Its benefits are general, nay, universal. Not only what is done for it in one country more favoured for a while, perhaps, than others, but whatever has been achieved in others, comprehends its extensive em-

pire ; and every co-operation to consolidate, extend, and glorify it, deserves the thanks and acknowledgments of all mankind.

In the history of that section called German art, the enumeration of what Nuremberg has done forms an episode both interesting and important ; and it may be asserted that what has been conceived and performed here has had no slight effect upon universal art, and as such is justly to be boasted of by the German people.

This old imperial city may be truly called the German cradle of all the arts ; such she was for centuries ; and, though under different circumstances, she still continues to be their favourite haunt. And it is no diminution of renown, that notwithstanding the artists here enjoyed not the same favourable advantages elsewhere possessed, they created for themselves, by the untiring efforts of irrepressible genius, a school of their own. Here, if they wanted at first certain advancements to aid their onward progress, they were at the same time exempted from all restraint. In this free town the masters were free ; hither many of them came from afar ; here they delighted to dwell—here they were sought and found—and from hence men were summoned, whose works spread the fame of Nuremberg, and gained for themselves a name and honour, and honour's reward.

In order, however, to arrive at a right judgment of what has been done for art in Nuremberg, one peculiarity must be mentioned.

Impelled by circumstances, the causes of which may be easily imagined, many of the Nuremberg artists aimed not so much at the grand and extended performances, which only powerful patrons are able to promote, to favour, and to pay for. Although some of them did so, others turned with delight and success to minuter things, which, by their perfection, easily captivated both the eye and the taste. Many of them limited themselves to useful and elegant objects, adapted to the wants and wishes of the times; and for these they found rapid sale, encouragement, and distinction. Many of their works in wood and ivory, in bronze, in glass, in silver, and in gold, have come down to our times, and proudly record the wondrous degree of excellence at which they had arrived.

In this department, however, works of great extent and importance were projected and achieved. The grave of St. Sebald; the Sacraments-Häuslein; the various fountains which adorn this and other towns; the castings by Wurzelbauer, Schweigger, and others of equal celebrity, are convincing proofs of their skill. The Nuremberg "Masters," therefore, need not shrink from comparison with any

others of the same period ; few, if any, were in these respects equal to them, and none excelled them. Here dwelt architects and sculptors, designers ; historical, portrait, and landscape painters ; painters, also, "al fresco," and on glass ; engravers of all kinds ; modellers, embossers, medallists, and founders, whose castings are to this hour renowned. It had also its mechanical professors, all of them, likewise, artists ; watch, clock, and instrument makers of every description ; and when the names even of the most esteemed only are reckoned up, they form a number which no other German town could exhibit, and no other town in the world excel, either in the design or execution of the works they undertook.

But art of all kinds is infectious, and in Nuremberg it was not long confined only to the circle of men who practised, and the wealthy who encouraged it. Taste, and the zeal to excel, communicated itself to all classes of the industrious citizens, and thus works were produced of the highest order known in those times, whose remains are seen and consequences felt in Germany down to the present moment. Commerce extended art, art aided and glorified commerce, and the result was to the advantage of both. What is being done in these days, by the artistic and polytechnic schools, then breathed in the spirit of the times. A deep love of art pervaded all.

One instigated the other, and each endeavoured to excel. Every ingenious faculty was at work ; every worthy invention or improvement was sure of its reward ; every one reaped the recompense of his exertions, and thus the Nuremburg school became renowned throughout the world. Its ancient witz (or talent) has long passed into a proverb, and until its pupils spread themselves abroad in other towns, and thus disseminated their skill, and diverted in a considerable degree its formerly exclusive patronage, it was the source of immense wealth to Nuremburg.

In the sketch here contemplated, it is impossible to go into full details of names and works. It may be sufficient for the present purpose to state that the list of painters, designers, engravers, and modellers, formerly possessed by this old town is of a high character, and very numerous. The above four branches were blended closely together in those times, and often exercised by one and the same master. Of the very earliest painters who flourished here, comparatively little is known, beyond the fact that some of the best of their works are distributed in private collections, and a few are found in the Munich galleries. Those in the churches here have been shamefully neglected in former times ; some even utterly ruined ; and those yet extant, are principally in such a state as to afford but little

criterion of their merits. In the churches of St. Sebald and Lorenzo are several specimens of the very early Byzantine-Cologne school, particularly the beheading of St. Catherine, two small wings of an altar, a Madonna, and a St. Barbara. But many were carried away during the wars, and found other destinations, particularly those from the cloisters of St. Augustine and St. Catherine. Some frescos, however, still remain, and other singular old paintings, apparently executed on a preparation of chalk.

The name of Michael Wohlgemuth appears in the town archives, amongst many others, in 1480, and something must be said about him, because of the connection between him and Dürer, whose master he was. Although a great painter in his time, he was fettered by many difficulties, which the genius of his pupil was destined to remove. The four large altar pieces from St. Augustine's Church, now in the gallery here, and "The Last Judgment," are amongst the best specimens of this artist. The woodcuts of this master are of a very high order, especially those illustrating Shedel's Latin Chronicles of 1493, which still continue to be regarded as master-pieces; and even in these days are perhaps rarely, if ever, surpassed. The tender esteem in which his pupil (who painted his portrait when in

his eighty-second year) held him, is honourable to both. Wohlgemuth died in the eighty-fifth year of his age.

This brings us down to the time of Albrecht Dürer, the first star in the firmament of German art. Born in Nuremberg when its school was already famous, his efforts raised it still higher, and his example, influence, and transcendent genius advanced it to the highest degree of perfection then known. His works, not only in his own, but also in other departments of art, are justly regarded with admiration;\* and, considering the period at which he lived, the difficulties he overcame, and the wonders he accomplished, with something, perhaps, almost approaching to awe and reverence.

He has found so many biographers, that it will be difficult to discover any reader who is not already acquainted with the principal facts of his life, talents, history, and death. His travels through Germany, the Low Countries, to Venice, &c., of which his interesting "Journal" so fully tells, are perhaps sufficiently known. So are likewise the extent of his patronage, his diligence, his upright mind, piety

\* This is particularly the case with his engravings, both on metal and wood, of which this old town preserves manifold examples. These, both for vigour on the one hand, and finish on the other, if equalled, can, at all events, certainly not be excelled even in the present day.

of heart, and his domestic sufferings, from the acrimony and outrageous temper of an abominable wife, who plagued his gentle spirit out of his body on the 6th of April, 1528.

It is much to be lamented that he did not live a few years longer, in order to have learnt from Shakspeare what, with all his manifold and great attainments in art, it seems he was never able to achieve, viz., the art of "Taming a Shrew." The name of this female devil, to whom, in an evil hour, he allied himself, was Agnes Frey, the daughter of a celebrated ivory carver; whose efforts to improve her temper had been as fruitless as were afterwards those of his amiable son-in-law.

What caused these frenzied outbreaks? Most provoking that one cannot explain it. Hunger did not produce them. She was always plentifully supplied with food. Agnes was, therefore, worse than the wild beasts who, under such circumstances, are less ferocious and dangerous. She appears to have been as untameable as a hyena; and it is a most lamentable comment upon the superiority of genius, that he who reformed the taste of his country, and ruled the world of German art, was unable to reform the broiling temper, or govern the conduct of that pugnacious specimen of female humanity, Agnes Frey.

That *his* disposition was no match for hers, may be seen by his portraits ; for never did the face of man yet display a more amiable, benign, and sweet expression. It reminds one of the representations of our Saviour, for which, indeed, there is good reason to believe his portrait was, more than once, painted by some of his contemporaries. Why he ever married Agnes Frey, Heaven only knows. The name ought to have been enough to frighten him. He did not want money. From *her* picture, she was evidently no great beauty ; and had ventured to box his ears soundly, even before their marriage !

It is one of those vexatious questions which are left to puzzle and perplex posterity, and must await the fulness of time for the disclosure of all such secrets. It cannot be doubted that a quarrelsome temper, ill-nature, passion, and ill-humour, as attaching to women, are amongst the worst consequences of original sin. And no one can think of the domestic misery, and early death of poor Albert Dürer, without an internal movement of great discomfort at the recollection of his association with all these in the person of that female devil, Agnes Frey.

Dürer's education was high in other respects than art, and his writings, especially his celebrated work on the proportions of the human figure, must ever

give him a distinguished place as an author, amongst men of his own time.

Many pupils who afterwards painted themselves into notice, assembled round him. Of these the greater part were natives of Nuremberg; but several came from afar, drawn hither by the reputation which the German school had attained under his talents and influence. Dürer had opened the path, and many followed this guiding star, till they attained nearly an equal degree of perfection: amongst these must be particularly here mentioned, the Nuremberg artists, George Gentz, B. Behaim, and John von Culmbach. The works of the latter are not so scarce here as those of the others; some of his best efforts are in Sebald's Church, viz. St. Maria, St. Catherine, St. Barbara, together with St. Petrus, and St. Lorenzo, St. Johannes, and St. Hieronymus. These were painted after sketches of Dürer, and in his style. John Schauffelein also became under the same discipleship an eminent artist. He lived for a long time here, and then went to Nördlingen, where he remained till his death. Many of his paintings are of a very high standard, and so nearly have they approached his master's manner and excellence, that several of them have been furnished with the monogram, and sold as the works of Dürer. J. S. Behaim, also, occupies an eminent place amongst

Dürer's disciples, but his taste became contaminated after he went to Italy. His works are mostly of a lascivious character. Dürer's mind was as pure as his love of art. His pencil therefore was never polluted; and well would it be, if as much could be said of all painters in the present day; but golden-slipped vice offers its accursed bribes; impotence desires, and Art becomes the panderer, nay the prostitute, and is bargained for and sold by her own children.

Taste formed in such a school as Dürer's, was not likely long to tolerate Behaim, and he was quickly chased away from his native town: he retired to Frankfort, where he afterwards died, 1550. In the same year died at Breslau, George Gentz, likewise a native of Nuremberg, whom a long residence in Italy and the study of the works of Raphael placed on the pinnacle of artistical perfection, towards which he had been directed by Dürer; perhaps he became what Dürer aspired to be, and which the study of art at Rome would have more than ensured to him; for the paintings of Gentz combine the pure outline and depth of the German school with the breadth, clearness, and spirit of the Italian. After the mention of Amberger, and John Holbeins, Schön and Kirschvogel, we come to Hoffman, a goldsmith, designer, and artist, whose portraits are of a very high order, and his application of flesh colouring

particularly remarkable. Job Arnmon, who resided for thirty years in Nuremberg, deserves also to be mentioned as the Landseer of his times, for his success in animal painting, the truth, spirit, and composition of his wood cuts, which are all valuable historical delineations of the costumes, character, and manner of his period, though we fancy to discover a little mannerism in his animal representations.

There are some beautiful paintings also by Nicholas Juvenel, John Hoffman, and Nicholas Neufchatel, pupils all worthy of their school, and whose works still reflect glory upon Nuremberg. But it is impossible to enumerate them all; yet, having derived much pleasure myself from the occasional inspection of their works, I cannot forbear glancing at some of the principal names. These are as follows, Frederick von Falkenberg, who died as court painter to Sigismund the third king of Poland; Herz Kreutzfelder (the Creation, in St. Sebald's Church, is by him); G. Weyer, Michael Herr, an historical painter, whose grouping, composition and beautiful outline, would do honour to the present day; Christopher Valter, Paul Kolb, C. Rupert, John Hauer, and his still more able son Rupert, Strauch, Thill, Gopp, who likewise studied long in Italy; B. Wittich, whose night pieces are natural,

(which is saying almost enough for their excellence,) and J. G. Wagner. Then comes Paul Auer; he also dipped his pencil in the sunny tints of Italy, and the artist who has an opportunity of examining his pictures will say he deserved to the full, the high appreciation in which he was and is still held. Ermel Hopfer, Neidlinger, and John Murrer, have also left behind them good evidences of the skill to which they had attained; the latter was an excellent historical painter, and decorated in this way many ceilings in the palaces at Ansbach, Bayreuth, Hildburghausen, Offingen, and the Jesuits' College at Prague. Then we have the Reisslers, a whole family of artists, some of whom lived and died in Nuremberg. The founder of this family painted much with Wilhelm von Kemmel, in whose beautiful landscapes his figures may be frequently seen; the latter was a disciple of Hermann von Sachtleren, and studied in Italy fourteen years, after which he came to Nuremberg, and executed the chief of his works on a very large scale, some of which, even in those days, were disposed of at enormous prices. Water colour painters also lived here, of whom Christopher Dietzsch was perhaps one of the earliest. This art has however disappeared from Germany, and generally speaking, their water colour drawings of the present day are miserably poor and wishy-washy things,

devoid alike of fidelity and spirit. Luca von Falkenberg, P. Lembke, and M. Weyer were painters (in oil) of little pieces after the style of Bourgignon, with whom the second studied in Italy for twenty years. The family of the Sandrarts also stood high in talent as painters, and engravers also; and many of the latter display great excellence. The very air of Nuremberg must at one time have breathed of art, since whole families seem at once to have been infected by a visit to this German Rome.

John von Sandrart must, however, be particularly mentioned. He was a painter who exerted his art under circumstances such as fall to the lot of few painters. He was a native of Frankfort, and a pupil of Gerhard von Handhorst. He was of good family, formed his mind by high cultivation, and intercourse with the great men then living in London, Venice, Florence, Naples, and Rome, to which places he travelled. He resided for a long time at the palace Giustiniani in the latter city; after again visiting Frankfort, Amsterdam, and Nuremberg, he retired to his hereditary possessions at Stockau, near Neuburgh on the Danube, where he suffered much damage by the Thirty Years War. Having subsequently rebuilt his château there, which had been burnt during that horrible period, he painted many altar pieces for the various churches in southern

Germany ; especially seven which (as well as many others elsewhere of equal excellence) may be seen at the cloister of Lambach in Upper Austria. At length he sold his possession, and came to Nuremberg, where he afterwards died, in 1688. He painted the Banquet of Peace, given in the Town Hall here on the 29th of September, 1649, which portrays the likenesses of all the guests present on that highly interesting occasion. It is however far from being one of his best paintings : it may still be seen in the Landauer gallery. He was a writer also. His greatest work is the “ German academy of the arts of architecture, sculpture, and painting ;” a heavy, yet not unamusing, but unsystematic, and very troublesome to read, collection, of useful, old, and well authenticated artistical notices ; from which the writers of the present day in this country may be found frequently making extracts, without always taking the trouble to mention the source from whence they are derived. As historical and portrait painters, notice should also be taken of J. M. Schuster, director of the academy of painting here in the 18th century, who painted the altar piece at St. Lorenzo, in this town ; also of Solomon Graf, John Daniel, and John Justin Greissler. The two latter, were both in turns also directors of the Nuremberg academy ; had studied in Italy, painted much, and formed many

able artists by the instruction they were able to impart to them. The most excellent painter of this period was John Kupetzky, who, after spending more than twenty years in Italy, and residing long at Vienna, left the latter place, when the emperor Charles the Sixth wished to retain his eminent services; and from the fear of endangered liberty of faith, came to Nuremberg. Boldness, truth, and nature, are the expression of his works, fixed on his canvas with a breadth and beauty of colouring which few are able to attain. His fame endures still, and must endure, so long as these characteristics shall command our admiration. Several of his paintings are to be seen in the town, and many more still, of still higher excellence, are scattered about the country. Gabriel Müller, who painted the drapery of many of Kupetzky's portraits, and therefore called Kupetzky Müller in the old annals, followed his master to Nuremberg, where he lived for a long while in distinguished eminence.

I have said, that whole families were here infected by love of art, which shed its holy influence over this old town. One instance just now recurs to my mind, and must be mentioned; this was the family of the Dietzsches, whose father, already alluded to as an artist, brought up five sons and two daughters as painters, which calling they exercised especially

in water colours. They lived here together, and for more than sixty years exhibited an interesting example of high talent and united affection; the endearing sympathies and kindly charities of home being drawn more closely together by another common bond, in their mutual love of art. Can you imagine a happier picture?

The foregoing are only some of the names of the Nuremberg artists, who in their day did so much for Germany, and indeed for the world, in the several branches of their profession. Never was any town more rich in these particulars than Nuremberg, and a small volume might readily be filled with names and histories, important and interesting. But as a few words must be yet said about the glass painters here, and also about the present artists' school, I must take farewell of this part of the subject.

Amongst the painters in enamel the old chroniclers mention Von Hirschvogel (strange names had some of these old fellows), Augustus Hirschvogel, Wenzel Samnitzer, George Strauch, and G. C. Eimart, who was also highly celebrated for his etchings. The artists also who painted on glass were numerous. Yet singular to say, no certainty can be attained as to those who executed several of the beautiful specimens in the old churches here. The prin-

cipal amongst them were Veit Hirschvog, Sebald Hirschvog, August Hirschvog, Job Amnon, Nicholas Juvenell, George Guttenberger, John Faber, Krinnberger, John Schapper, and Abraham Helmback. The two last mentioned lived in earlier times, but as to the church windows, it is not improbable that each of the former artists had a hand in them ; since, in those days, it was found enough for one man to confine himself to the production of one or two colours, and leave the rest to others. Thus they obtained the excellence which attaches to them, instead of as now dabbling in all, and failing in many. The present painters on glass, and who furnish some of the most beautiful specimens I have ever yet seen of modern production, are the Messrs. Kellner, who reside near Albert Dürer's old house. The haunt is still sacred. They are *artists*, not mere daubers ; form, correct detail, proportion, beauty, are in their works ; and I believe they might easily be brought into advantageous competition with those of England, whereby artistical emulation would be awakened, and the miserable, clumsy, and graceless patches of colour that too often chequer our church windows, would disappear, or at all events become less frequent, and our risibility be no longer excited by the wretched attempts made by men who never in their lives underwent the neces-

sary course of education to qualify them for the position they assume ; without this glass *stainers* they *may* become, but *painters never*.

As to the introduction of stained, or in this case, *painted* glass, into England, perhaps the “duty” might prevent it. I know not ; but, in any case, it is an abomination and disgrace that *art* is not at this moment “duty free” all over the civilised world.

Chance selections from works of many of the masters already spoken of, together with others whose names we have not mentioned, are found in the Landauer Gallery here. From these, however, as well as from the chapel of St. Maurice, several of the best have been taken to Munich. Connected with the Gallery is the Artists’ School, which was founded in the place of the old academy of painting, 1662, whose antiquated arrangements could no longer be made available. Its present object seems to be like that of our own schools of design, and is intended to introduce art, now as heretofore, into all the mechanical productions of life ; but it super-adds instruction in the higher walks of painting, and also in sculpture.

It consists of two classes, an upper and a lower one. Before pupils are admitted they must afford a satisfactory proof that they are able to understand and delineate the more simple plastic objects of

ancient art. They have daily a two hours' lesson from five to seven o'clock in the evening, and when sufficiently advanced they are drafted into the higher class, where the same amount of daily instruction is continued, and they commence modelling, carving, &c. Classes are also formed for architecture, and likewise for the study of osteology and myology, under the guidance of experienced lecturers, and aided by the necessary "subjects," skeletons, and, in short, everything that may render this delightful study more interesting to those who pursue it.

The Institute possesses a considerable collection of sculpture, casts, carvings, rare engravings, models, &c., and a valuable though not extensive library.

Any one is at liberty to attend on a small annual payment, without reference to his future destination. The object, and a high and praiseworthy one it is, being only to place the means of instruction within the reach of every one who has taste and leisure to avail himself of the privilege.

In concluding this chapter, it may be mentioned that many useful discoveries belonging to the arts of life were made at Nuremberg. Lobsinger invented the air-gun in 1550. Christopher Denner the clarionet in 1690. Erasmus Ebner found out that particular alloy of metals which we call brass, that of earlier times being of different combination (1550).

Rudolph, a machine for drawing wire (1360). The first watches (called from their peculiar shapes Nuremberg eggs,) were made here in 1500 ; and the first gun-lock in 1518, by Hele. Cannon seem to have been cast here at the latter end of the fourteenth century. About the same time playing-cards, if not invented, were at all events manufactured here ; and in 1390 a citizen of Nuremberg erected a paper-mill, undoubtedly the first in Germany, if not in Europe.

## CHAPTER XIV.

THEATRE. MUSIC. CONCERTS. MUSEUM. BALLS. COSTUMES. CUSTOMS.  
CHRISTMAS, WITH ITS TREES. PUNCH AND LEBKUCHEN, TOGETHER  
WITH A VARIETY OF OTHER EQUALLY INTERESTING MISCELLANEA.

IN the opening of this chapter some space must be allotted to the consideration of the state of musical art here in connection with theatrical representation. We are accustomed to regard Germany as the great fountain-head of all that is classical in harmony and combination. If some of the compositions of this country abound with heavy learning, they are nevertheless pure; and Beethoven and Mozart, Weber, Mendelsohn, Spohr, and other great masters of their own school, have shown them how severe harmony and beautiful melody can travel together in most felicitous companionship. With the deep regard we feel towards German music, as including all that art can desire, or perhaps teach, it was with no slight emotion of surprise we found the compositions of the Italians so deeply in favour, and of those even the worst of that emasculated

school—Donizetti! One could forgive the German his admiration of Rossini in those operas composed in all the original freshness and vigour of youth; particularly “*Il Barbière*,” beyond all compare his best effort, and fully meriting the favour which they bestow upon it. One might also excuse his delight in some of the music of Bellini and of Verdi; but if we were to seek the world of compositions round to discover specimens of all that is weak and trivial—of all that is noisy and unmeaning,—specimens of clatter, dramatic trick, and laboured failure,—all these recommendations would be found surprisingly concentrated in the work of this indefatigable and clever plagiarist.

With the treasures of music that Germany possesses,—works developing the highest order of beauty, and the strongest internal power; a power which stirs within him the spirit of the most obtuse and sluggish listener,—that with *such* works, and *so* educated, its people can sit down and calmly endure conglomerations divested both of technical correctness and vital excellence, must ever be a most perplexing fact.

But the policy must be doubted, and deplored too, which sets before an audience works notoriously deficient in themselves, and thereby calculated to mislead young hearers in forming a true estimate of

music. There are some things at which neither gods nor men can contain themselves, and this is one—that the Germans should so constantly pass by the pure wheaten bread of their own country for the crude and unwholesome mixtures of Italian confectionery.

We have been betrayed into these observations on looking over our notes of the programmes, both in concert and theatre, here and elsewhere, during our sojourn in this country, and wherein Italian music, alas! has been found so greatly to predominate. But what can the Germans be thinking of? Do they not know, or do they forget the marked difference of the schools?—that an Italian education is necessary to those who would gallop through the rambling flexibilities of Italian music? Fancy Staudigl, that classical giant of song, giving a passage à la Rubini! Entertainment there certainly might be, but musical delight there could be none. Such, also, in a modified degree, is the result when the ordinary German artists step out of their own school, where their efforts are always pleasing, often highly creditable, to attempt a style for which, both by education and, as it is still to be hoped, national taste also, they are mostly unfitted.

These objections apart, the theatre here is, under all circumstances, a good one, and may always afford

the means of passing an agreeable evening ; it has an orchestra of about forty musicians, with a capital leader, under whose direction the instrumentation has been much improved ; and their part of the business is always executed with the greatest precision and effect. The mode of testifying applause in this country is not by loud and long-continued vivas, which so frequently with us interrupt the performance. When the act is over they call for those of the *dramatis personæ* whom they wish to honour, and on their appearance earnestly cheer them. The admission to the parterre is twenty-four kreutzers, or eightpence English, and the opera is generally over by nine o'clock. Ladies can come unattended ; but in that case their servants "fetch them home." In reference to this custom an incident must be mentioned, which may possibly amuse you. One bright and lovely moonlight night, we observed three girls, each with a *huge lanthorn and two candles*, solemnly preceding a trio of ancient dames, who lived hard by our place of abode. The distance from the theatre was short, and the night was gloriously clear,—there could be no danger of their losing their way ; moreover, the personal attractions of the illuminated pair were, in our humble opinion, not so great as to induce any serious apprehension of violent abduction. Our

philosophy was grievously puzzled, and curiosity pleaded so hard to be gratified, that we some time afterwards summed up sufficient courage to ask the reason of so grave a ceremony. "It is the effect of a police regulation," was the reply.

"How?"

"That every lady who is fond of an evening ramble, must be accompanied either by candles or a cavalier."

"Why?" asked we, innocently.

"Because, in default of the latter, if she have not the former, there is no redress in case of insult."

The whole German vocabulary gives no more serviceable monosyllable than the one we made use of on hearing this explanation. It is only a little word; but by the mere inflexion of voice may be made to express almost any emotion. We could only reply, "*So!*" and the reader is at liberty to give it any emphasis he pleases. Here, then, was the mystery cleared up; and it cannot but be highly flattering to the wisdom of the "Police Regulations," that every gentleman possesses the comforting assurance that his personal attendance and influence may at any time be conveniently commuted for a couple of candles; and that every scoundrel knows where to look for, and find—impunity.

The best concerts are given in the Museum where

you may occasionally hear some of the Vienna or Berlin *artistes*, on their periodical migrations. At these times the orchestra from the theatre is called into requisition, and, of its performers, nothing need be added to what has been already said. There is a good Sing-Verein (Mozart's) established in the town, and music is much cultivated amongst the inhabitants.

The Museum is like all the other museums I have ever seen. There is a tolerably spacious entrance; smoking rooms, which, in German category, must ever come first. There is a billiard-room, a card-room (where they smoke too), and an eating-room, with a great many tables in it. There is a wide staircase, leading to a prettily decorated ball-room (where they don't smoke!), with ante-rooms, supper-rooms, cloak-rooms, and all the usual accessories. There is, moreover, a reading-room, well supplied with papers and periodicals, and the usual amount of crusty, slow-reading old fellows in it, who collect together, under a vow (which they religiously fulfil,) to retain the newest and most interesting importations as long as possible amongst themselves!—It contains, also, three oblong, green painted boxes, half-filled with white sand and sawdust, the use of which, it is not unreasonable to suppose, may be unintelligible to many Englishmen, since we observe

several, even of the Germans themselves who frequent this apartment, seem to be ignorant of their precise destination, and, therefore, profusely dispense the contributions they are intended to receive, *upon the floor!*

“*Chaque pays à sa guises;*” and some of those connected more particularly with Nuremberg may not be uninteresting. The reader, though he probably already understands something of the language of flowers, may not be aware that the people here endow, with equal aptitude of expression, grain or even chopped straw. For example:—An unfortunate youth is beguiled by the charms of a maiden, who, in the beginning, listens to his addresses, and, in the end, spite of all his cooing, jilts him. Those whose peculiar privilege it is to offer such attentions, assemble for his condolence on the morning of the wedding-day, and if the soothing strains of rough music do not lead him to forget his miseries, they endeavour to compensate his loss by sprinkling cut straw before his door, with, it is said, the good-natured intention of returning him all his chaff. On the other hand, when a youth has been lucky enough to escape the toils of some unskilful angler, only to become the victim of another more expert, oats are strewed from the house of the disappointed fair one to that of the bridegroom, by way of strengthening

her patience for further undertakings, through the opportunity it affords her of counting at her leisure the grains between door and door. Sometimes, in either case, these consolations are pleasantly varied, and a "basket" is obtained instead; whereby the Germans indicate that encouraging kind of success classically termed amongst ourselves, "getting the sack." The above are very old Nuremberg customs, and still perpetuated. If, however, the course of true love—in defiance of Shakspeare—does run smoothly, then, scattered flowers before each residence, gracefully announce, in language eloquent though silent, the united happiness of two fond hearts; while intermingled evergreens as powerfully express the wishes for its duration. This last and beautifully poetic custom is, with some little variation, common throughout Germany.

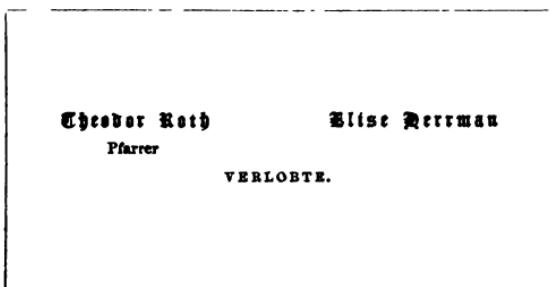
To get married, however, in Germany, is really not only no joke, but a much more serious and troublesome matter than most people have any idea of; while, as a curious contrast to this difficulty, to get un-married, except amongst the Roman Catholics, is one of the easiest things in the world. There are many men in many German towns where these regulations prevail, who are living with their second or third wife, the others not being dead, but from some often trivial cause or other, separated. The conse-

quence amongst families is, therefore, frequently painful, and it cannot be doubted that much moral evil has its origin in this light estimation of the matrimonial tie. The difficulties opposed in the way of marriages amongst the poorer classes, are absurd, —some almost cruel,—and, moreover, as impolitic as they are unnecessary. Finding it impossible to fulfil the requirements of the law, in order to obtain their marriage ticket, they live in an open state of concubinage, against which there is no law; indeed, it seems to be looked upon as the natural result of the “Police Regulations,” and the women seem to be easily prevailed upon to think it no sin. If they *can* ever get married, they *do*; if not, they die without it, and bequeath their children to the protection of their country, who, it is only fair to say, takes very good care of them. *Ut quimus, quando ut volumus non licet.*

Amongst the better classes in this country, such things as elopements are seldom or never heard of. No such thing as getting married here without the consent of parents! Certain prescribed forms must be gone through, or the marriage is null and void. The proposals being formally made and accepted, then comes the *verlobung*, or betrothal. This takes place, for the most part, privately; shortly after which, the father of the *bride* (as she is then called),

gives a dinner or supper to the families and the most intimate friends on both sides, when the fact is declared, and leave given to publish it to the world, who, however, has generally been fortunate enough to anticipate the information.

The cards of betrothal are then circulated amongst their friends and acquaintance, and as it may interest some of my fair readers to see how these things are managed in Germany, here follows one.



When the day is fixed,—and in this country they do not brook much delay,—then follows the protocolling, or whatever else they call it; and the testimonials on both sides, required by the Government, afford a beautiful specimen of ceremonious legislation. We copy from the printed form lying before us, what these certificates are expected to show, and what must of necessity be established ere a marriage-license can be obtained. The King, as a careful father of his people, does not like to have unhealthy

children. The first thing, therefore, is to prove that you have been vaccinated! Then comes the "week-day school ticket," in testimony of a regular attendance *there*; also a "Sunday-school ticket." A "certificate of attendance upon a religious teacher," and another of "confirmation" is also required. Then, a "conduct certificate," a "service book," a "wanderbuch" (this refers to the compulsory travels of their Handwerks'-burschen). An "apprentice ticket" must also be exhibited, and a "statement made and substantiated as to property," which, if not considered to be satisfactory according to circumstances, destroys the whole thing. The "permission from the parents on both sides," must be likewise produced. A "residence permission ticket," a "certificate as to the due performance of militia duties," an "examination ticket," and also one as to "business, trade, or occupation" at the time. Those in a higher class of life, besides (with a few natural exceptions) the above, have yet other things to do,—proofs to make, and cautions to give ere the knot of matrimony can be tied. As one instance, it may be mentioned that every Bavarian officer, without distinction, must deposit in the hands of Government such a capital (by way of guarantee), as, at 4 per cent., shall produce annually, at the least, four hundred florins! Without this, or the King's dispensation, which is

seldom, or now never, obtained, *the permission to marry is withheld*. The capital, once deposited, is intangible, being intended as some provision for the wife and family after his death.

Many of their general usages exhibit much kindly feeling towards the comfort, health, and well-doing of others. Here (as in Austria more especially), you cannot sneeze without receiving a volley of good wishes for your health, which, of course, you are expected duly to acknowledge. This task is sometimes a troublesome one, and many a time have we risked the rupture of a small blood-vessel in the painful endeavour to repress the signal for this complimentary explosion. At dinner-time, they are not contented with merely wishing you a "good appetite," as at Heidelberg and other less primitive places. They are well aware of the possibility of its existence, while, at the same time, there may be nothing to satisfy its cravings. "*Ich wünsche Ihnen wohl zu speisen*," is the improved compliment which will here universally greet you at the mid-day hour; followed, sometimes, by the wish for "a good digestion," when the meal is ended. On these occasions, nothing is said about the health, which they take for granted will be the natural result of such a happy combination. But good feeling stops not here: go where you will,—to a church, shop, or picture gallery,

pay a visit of formality or friendship, buy a bouquet or a pound of cherries from an old woman in the apple market,—“*wohl nach Hause zu kommen*” is ever the parting word ; and, knowing the discomforting effects of a bad night, “*Ich wünsche Ihnen recht wohl zu schlafen*” is the closing adieu with which these daily compliments wind gracefully up, to be renewed on the succeeding morning by the inquiry if their wishes towards you have been fulfilled.

Much cold, and, as it would seem, ridiculous ceremony is, however, at times displayed ; and those who have enjoyed the happy assemblage of old and young, as found in English society, will easily imagine, and no doubt compassionate the consternation experienced at our first introduction to “a German party.” The day before, a man in a gold-laced cocked hat, like a Spanish beadle, and bearing a large book, came to say we were invited. Having accepted the invitation, he noted it down, mentioned the hour, and, amidst showers of compliments, bows, and recommendations of himself, departed. At the appointed time, we rang the bell, ascended the broad stone staircase, were received in a prettily decorated *salon*, and made our bow to the host and hostess. No sooner was this part of the ceremony concluded, than all at once we saw our better-half, or, rather nine-eighths,—for truly in this case “the half is

better than the whole,"—gravely seized and conducted through a small garlanded door into a room on the left, while, at the same moment, our person was as solemnly taken into custody and marched off by a similar door on the right. On recovering from the surprise caused by this summary separation, we found we were consigned to a small cabinet, amongst certain very antique specimens of a somewhat different coinage; and not considering ourself of an age to merit any such distinguished classification, and feeling about as much out of place as a medal struck in the year 1807 could be amongst a lot of very old Roman coins, we inwardly meditated an escape; but our serjeant-at-arms seemed to guess the intention, and softly whispered that, according to German etiquette, married people were not expected to join the society of the young and gay—at all events, till the dancing began. We ventured to inquire after the fate of our wife, and were comforted by the assurance that she was only drinking tea in an adjoining apartment, and would shortly be restored to us. Another Englishman in the same bereaved condition, presently challenged us, and we endeavoured to forget our mutual dissatisfaction in a game of chess. We, as usual, had the worst of it; towards the last, a student (it was at Heidelberg), who seemed to have greater privileges than ourselves, stood to watch the

progress of the game. We looked up, and our German vocabulary not being at that time very extensive, we ventured to say—"In articulo mortis sum." "Ja wohl," said he; "and you deserve it; but I can't speak the dead languages." The game ended, we became tired of confinement, and, emulating Orpheus, determined to seek our Eurydice. We at length found her, comfortably ranged amongst specimens of far higher interest than those from which we had just retreated. To these we thankfully committed ourselves, and humbly blessing the stars for our undeserved good fortune, we made us as happy as might be during the remainder of the evening.

The ice once broken,—and the breaking will always depend entirely on yourself,—the party was pleasant enough. Like all other parties, there was music and dancing, laughing and talking, plenty of good eating and drinking, and some merriment; but the absurd separation of married folks, and the exclusion of young people from the society of the old, destroyed, to my mind, more than half the pleasure, much of the fun, and all the interest that such an assembly would otherwise have afforded. This formality is, however, fast yielding to the fate it so ridiculously deserves; and at other houses in Heidelberg, and elsewhere, and at most of them here,

these things are found on a much less restrained, and, therefore, pleasanter footing.

Old Winter is in this country a right jovial time, and perhaps particularly so in this old town. There is a good deal of visiting amongst families and friends ; there are balls, private and public, plenty of music, plenty of mirth, and punch to keep up the thermometer ! But this stimulating power differs in some important particulars from that made use of with the same view in England. We remember, for want of better occupation, during some dark days last winter, trying our hand upon certain translations of "Anacreon," a small edition of which we rummaged from an old book-stall in the Trödel Market. Amongst others, one of Odes 57 and 70, which, being germane to our purpose, we give to the reader :—

Tom ! why sit we idly here ?  
Boy, come hither ; do you hear ?  
Beg your master's pretty daughter  
To bring in some boiling water ;  
*Green tea, rum, brandy, lemons* too,  
And lumps of sugar not a few,  
In a great and mighty bowl,  
That we may quench our thirsty soul ;  
Ernest, Carl, and Fritz invite,  
For we will taste some punch to-night.  
But though we fill our glasses high,  
In friendship, or because we 're dry,  
We will neither rant nor roar,  
Nor drink till we can drink no more.

If Love walk in, we 'll not disown him—  
If Care, by Jove! we 'll quickly drown him.  
Yet, amidst the friendly bowl,  
Temperance shall rule the soul.

The Nurembergers, and indeed many of the Germans, unlike us, use neither tea, rum, brandy, nor lemons, and yet probably you never tasted more delicious punch than you find here. Agreeable, mild, perfectly innocent, and unless perchance the old pagan's maxim above-mentioned be violated, (a transgression which rarely happens in society here), no head-ache at the bottom of the bowl, or rather souptureen, in which it is not unfrequently produced. Indeed, the first time we aided in honouring this pleasant after-supper custom, it made its appearance in a huge porcelain teapot. "Tea," thought we; "it is a very unmanageable article with the Germans at all times, and they surely can never be so absurd as to think of giving us tea after supper!"—No, the jingling accompaniment of glasses close to our left ear convinced us it could not be *that*—at the same moment a grateful steam ascended to our delighted olfactories, and the accents of a gentle voice which inquired "Wollen sie punsch trinken?" soon cleared up the mistake. It was punch.—"Punch in a teapot!" "No," was the reply. "You see this is much larger—und es heiszt auf Deutsch, in dem Nürnberger Dialekt—

**Punsch Kann,"**—and when seated over a small lamp just powerful enough to keep it hot, there is no method that preserves it in better condition. We know of nothing in this book to render "*infra dig.*" a recipe for Nuremberg punch; and therefore we hesitate not to offer a translation of one, presuming that if you do not regard it as amongst the most interesting associations of this old-fashioned town, the fault will be in your own bad taste, or worse brewing. Now then, after the best manner of Dr. Kitchener—*delectando pariterque monendo* :—Take three-quarters of a pound of loaf-sugar; press upon it, *through muslin*, the juice of two or more good sized oranges; add a little of the peel, cut very thin; pour upon this a quart of boiling water, the third part of that quantity of good *old Batavian arrack*, and a bottle of hot, *but not boiling*, red or white *French* wine,—the former is perhaps the best; stir all these together, and then taste the fruits of your labour.

But, *Respice finem*, which means have respect unto the two last lines of the foregoing ode. By way of heightening the enjoyment, and filling up the conversational pauses, a round or canon is occasionally introduced. This, in default of any other that may better please you, will do; since, according to certain German authorities, who there is great reason

to believe frequently test it with every desire to discover the truth, in the words of this—

## ROUND FOR FOUR VOICES

Punch cures the Gout, the  
 Cho...lic and Pthy...sick;  
 And as we all do know  
 Is the best Phy...sick!

But alas! it is much to be lamented, that though, according to poor St. John Long, this pleasant mixture possesses high medicinal properties, its efficacy in the first named disease seems nevertheless to be questionable. In England, gout is looked upon as a gentleman's disorder, but, strange to say, it is not on that account more coveted here. Indeed, many who possess it ungraciously refuse to recognise it, and hence has originated the custom in this place of sending a diploma to those whose painful timidity prevents them from acknowledging the distinction they enjoy. As the chances are greatly against the reader having ever seen or heard of this curious

document, a translation is subjoined, in which we have endeavoured to convey something like the spirit and intention of the lively original :—

#### GOUT DIPLOMA.

*WE the Constituted, Cripple-President, Vice-President, and Council of the renowned Princess PODAGRA, (Gout in the Feet,) Legitimate Governor of all Gormandisers, Intemperate Drinkers, and other enfeebled, weak-bodied People, &c. &c.*

*To all the faithful and true Members of our Chartered Body*  
**GREETING,**

**W**hereas, our displeasure has been greatly excited on its being represented to us that divers persons, illegally and audaciously, assume and take to themselves our privileges and immunities without being *patented* thereunto : *Inasmuch* as they, under various pretexts, such as Spanish cramp, gallstones, bile, or rheumatism ; cold in the limbs, cholic, gripes, clumsy nail-cutting or touching the quick ; otherwise, of pain in the joints, tight boots, narrow shoes, spasms from wet feet, chil-blains in winter, or even bites of the crawfish while bathing in the summer ! or other alleged disorders, real or imaginary, Do, acting sometimes also under the declared influence and inspiration of the blessed Saint Anthony, **LIE IN BED** four, five, six, or more weeks during each year, amidst the greatest dissatisfaction and most abominable distortion of their limbs and faces ; and afterwards do pamper themselves with delicate meats and drinks (only permitted to us), making use, in the meantime, of felt or velvet boots, oil-skin stockings, slashed shoes, soft slippers, various sorts of sticks or

crutches, sedans, litters, or cushions ; also, of salts, and sweet-smelling waters, fresh mixed Salva Venia, Cow \*\*\* and garlic, with every successive new moon !\* as well as of cupping with certain solemn ceremonies, and swallow, likewise, immense quantities of coffee made from acorns, and other equally agreeable medicaments : *They, moreover*, are found to display the utmost impatience, irritability, anger, wrath, and malediction, in scolding, evil speaking, cursing, swearing, and gnashing of the teeth, together with loud cries, groans, and lamentations unbearable ; are averse, also, to the gentlest contact, and especially manifest the most unbecoming terror and abominable cruelty even towards a blue-bottle fly, should they see one approaching the bed : *And further*, these persons are represented to us as being, *at home*, the plague, scourge, torment, and dread of their wives and family, and, *abroad*, have been detected craftily seeking out the broad flat stones of the street upon which to walk, or otherwise contemptuously avoiding the pavement altogether, in which respects they, as hereinbefore described, usurp our privileges, and are secretly and contumaciously endeavouring to make themselves equal with us, though, by their own showing, disqualified for the same. *And though, notwithstanding*, that all these be, by right prescriptive, the privileges and immunities peculiarly attached and belonging to the Members of our Body Corporate, and are the very outward, true, and visible signs and symbols of membership, yet do the before-named crafty and evil-disposed persons *never confess them*, but rather go about secretly, silently, and in an underhanded manner, as if ashamed of our far-famed name, treating us with the most villainous abuse, and refusing to pay the

\* These last two or three savoury items refer to some favourite old German nostrums now no longer used.

customary acknowledgments, and to matriculate into our ancient,\* loyal, honourable, and widely-extended association. *Now, because* these acts and doings are totally opposed to the respect due to our most gracious Sovereign and her sister *Chiragra* (gout in the hands), as Co-Regent, who are by no means willing longer to permit or suffer any such infringements, evasions, and crafty violations of our privileges : *We, therefore*, acting according to the special command, power, and authority with which we stand invested, do solemnly enjoin all the faithful and true members of our Charter, (wherein also the tender sex can now be admitted on exhibiting proper qualifications), with a view to the conservation and extension of our honourable society, *to hold and keep* a good, true, and sharp look out and watch unto, towards, and upon, all new beginners in such cunning arts, acts, tricks, and doings whatsoever and wheresoever, so illegally practised : *To the end* that

\* Its antiquity, at all events, dates far back, as the reader may discover on turning to the pages at Lucian : "Tollere nodosam nescit medicina podagram;" and that the Poet was one of that order, no one who has ever read his celebration of its triumphs, can possibly doubt.

" Gout, whose flames the tumid ankles feel,  
 The fingers maimed, the burning heel,  
 And toe that dreads the ground ;  
 Thy pains unclosed our eyelids keep,  
 Or grant, at least, tumultuous sleep,  
 And slumbers never sound.

" Thy cramps our limbs distort ;  
 Thy knots our joints invade ;  
 Such is thy cruel sport,  
 Goddess of Gout ! inexorable maid,  
 Whom soft-reposing beds delight,  
 And flannel's warm embrace,  
 And bandaged legs, not swift in flight,  
 Nor victors in the race," &c. &c.

they, whosoever they be, may be therefore discovered, and, being reported to the proper officers, may be apprehended and dealt with according to law. *Nevertheless*, to those who are repentant, hereupon our mercy shall be extended, and we only command that they, sincerely, and without bodily reserve, do immediately pay the penalty of 10lbs. of pebble stone oil, to be by them pressed and trodden out by stamping barefooted, and without flinching, in hobnailed shoes fastened on with iron pins, and lined with hedgehog skin, and bring the same to our Cripple Chancery Court within fourteen days afterwards: *Whereupon*, the usual application being first made and acceded to, such penitents will, as members with us, be duly enrolled.

Given at Couch Castle, Liedown, in Bedfordshire.

Then follows



MARQUIS DE VOMERCLOU, *President.*

CHEVALIER LE PÈCHEUR, *Vice-President.*

SIGNOR SENSAULA, } *Councillors.*  
WALDSCHNEIDER,

&c., &c., &c.

These Presents are  
To our trusty and well-beloved  
HERR—.

MADE KNOWN  
EX MANDATO SPECIALI.

GOUREMAND, *Gen. Secretary.*

As we have already said, old winter is a jovial time in this ancient town. Some of its in-door amusements you are already acquainted with ; and for those of the out-door kind, the only one that need be mentioned is sledging. Parties of twenty or thirty sledges are sometimes formed, each holding two persons, and having a projecting seat behind, on which a servant sits astride, cracking ever and anon a long and heavily lashed whip to give notice of its approach. The horses are sometimes splendidly caparisoned ; the harness, decked with innumerable bells, which at the least motion give out their tinkling music ; the reins, frequently vermillion and white, or Nuremberg blue, are secured to highly adorned and powerful bits ; and over the driver and his companion is thrown a leopard or tiger skin, with a deep red border. It is a beautiful sight to see them gliding over the snow, the gaudy trappings of the horses, the gay decorations of the sledges, and the scarlet dresses of the outriders, lending a bright and pleasing relief to the dark foliage of the old pine woods, as they glance merrily along beneath their snow-wreathed branches. The only drawback to the pleasure is the proximity of the fellow behind you with the whip, which, say the Germans, “he must crack till our ears turn again.” When the party returns, it is usual for each gentleman to claim a recompense from the lady he has driven,

and much confusion is frequently incident thereto, by reason of the apparent disinclination of the latter to allow it. For our part, since we greatly honour all such good old established customs, we cannot but lament that there should be so much that seems like dishonesty in the conduct of the Nuremberg fair ones. It has become a right—everybody acknowledges it—they themselves expect it, and yet they resist it! It is like the stahl-mate at chess; for since they will not allow the supposition that it can be *given*, it must be *taken*. Thus they subject themselves to much gentle violence, in which muffs are sometimes trodden down, bonnets are a little bent, lace rumpled, hair somewhat discomposed, and many other atrocities perpetrated, ere the reward can be obtained. It must be said, however, that these difficulties are principally amongst the younger ones, who might be admonished to take a useful lesson from the quiet resignation of their elder and more experienced sisters. The boys have also their sledging parties. One seated on the sledge is drawn by others over the ice or frozen snow, or self-impetus glides down any declivity that may answer the purpose; and if noise and laughter be any criteria of enjoyment, they seem to find plenty of fun in it.

Towards Weinacht all the German world is pre-

paring the Christmas tree, and the markets are full of the offspring of the pine and the fir. The Christ Market, as it is called, of Nuremberg, for the purchase of toys for children, trinkets, various presents adapted to the season, and ornaments in confectionery, &c., for dressing the Christmas-tree, is perhaps the most renowned in Germany. Occasionally, people cut off the broad spreading boughs of the horse-chestnut tree, and placing them in water a few weeks previously, in a tolerably warm room, they put forth their tender leaves of beautiful green; and these boughs, if well grown, make perhaps the prettiest "tree" of any for this purpose. Sometimes they are suspended from the ceiling, at others they are fixed in strong blocks of wood, turned and ornamented, which then stand on a table. Yet though almost universal throughout this country in families where there are young children, this custom is perhaps nowhere so strenuously followed as in this reverend old town of Nuremberg, where the presents that are made amongst families and friends are often-times of a most expensive description. We have heard instances where the tree and its decorations, together with the presents beneath it, have cost from forty to a hundred pounds, exclusive of the douceurs to various employés, and of the "Christmas gifts" and "apple-money" expected by every servant in

the house. Young and old, rich and poor—every family has its tree, every house its rejoicing, and those who cannot afford a “tree” contrive to decorate a “branch.” Christmas!—it is peculiarly in this country a happy time for the young. The word itself has something enchanting in it. It brings back, in pleasant pictures, the fresh morning scenes of life, and cheers the timeworn spirit with the sweet images of untroubled childhood. The season scatters a multitude of pleasures, wreathes its hands of affection round parents and children, families and friends, and opens all hearts to sympathy and love. During this time, old Nuremberg seems to grow young again, puts on a festive dress, and pleasure and hope, mirth and happiness, are reigning within its time-honoured walls. The evening approaches, its shadows fall, and many a little heart beats high amidst the joys of anticipation. By six o’clock the streets are deserted; men who are at home no other night in the year are at home then,—everybody is at home. The last wax taper is being lighted in the salon, and joy stands listening at the door. Presently a bell rings. It is the signal of the “Christ-kind,”—that all is ready. The door opens. Parents, children, relations, and friends press through, and the still scene grows loud. The tree sheds forth its blaze of light from myriads of tapers, whose brightness is reflected in as many

beaming eyes. Gold and silver walnuts, toys, trinkets, cakes, and spangled confectionery of beautiful designs hang glittering from the pendant branches. Beneath and around are tables loaded with presents for the aged and the young. But pleasure lives not to itself alone, for the sounds of joy go on increasing, as love seeks and finds what love has given, and the voice of thankful happiness is breathed from every moved heart.

We hope the reader will accord all the credit due to our extreme forbearance and self-denial in resisting so tempting an opportunity as this affords of *enlarging* the dimensions, if not the importance of our book ! But we have no love for large books, because large books are mostly *heavy* books, and heavy books are unreadable books, and as we do not wish ours to possess this distinction, and have yet a few things to say upon other subjects, we will add no more upon this, beyond stating that Punch is drunk, and much Lebkuchen\* eaten and given away by the orthodox on this occasion.

\* Leb'kuchen, or, as it is called by some, lebbe (sweet) in the Osnaburg dialect, or otherwise Leben-kuchen, life-cake, a delicious kind of gingerbread, white or brown, for which Nuremberg is so much celebrated ; and as the gentlemen have been indulged with a recipe for the "nectar," it would be unpardonable in us to omit the same consideration for the ladies ; and, therefore, we have been at the pains to procure the necessary directions for the preparation of the "ambrosia" also. *Imprimatur* !—

Take eight eggs, beat them, yolks and whites together, for half an

On New-Year's Eve all Nuremberg sits up to bid adieu to the old year and to welcome in the new. At this time the same ceremonies are observed as to punch and gingerbread, and this no doubt greatly assists the zealous efforts of those kind-hearted people who throng the streets on the first chiming of the bells—vociferating on all sides their noisy greetings of “Prosst Neue Jahr,” (Happy New Year) which are continued at intervals until daybreak. New Year's day is most religiously observed as a Kirch Feiertag, or *Church* holiday. When, as well as on the previous afternoon, the churches are all crowded to excess, and even standing room can scarcely be obtained; a difficulty, however, which is by no means to be charged upon them at any other period of the year.

The outward observance of Sunday here, is (for a continental town) upon the whole, close and reverential. Shops are shut, and for the most part the labour of the artificer is suspended. In many other

hour, with one pound of finely-sifted white sugar. Rub into this the peeling of a whole lemon; mix it well; also, a table spoonful of ground spice, viz., one part of cloves, one part cardamums, and two parts of cinnamon; the same quantity also of finely cut candied orange peel; half a pound of blanched and roasted almonds shred in small pieces; one pound of fine dry flour—the whole to be well blended together, and spread out in convenient sizes on wafer (in Nuremberg they are always of this  $\square$  form, about eight inches by four inches), and baked in a quick oven.

towns you are compelled to keep the Sabbath in your own shut heart, for the peasant plies his team, the mechanic his toil, the merchant displays his wares, and all around you are the sights and sounds of every-day life. Here there is but little of this kind to distract you, and you may keep the day in rest and quietness undisturbed. It is true, the theatre is always open in the evening, but that lies away from the main streets; and as for the ball which now and then, *but very rarely*, takes place on the Sunday, at the Museum, why, an Englishman unfortunately cannot say much about it; since certain of the nobility in his own country are frequently found to distinguish in a not very dissimilar manner the observance of this holy day. Your views and feelings however in this respect will always be regarded by the Germans; and when once acquainted with your desire of quiet on that day, they will rarely trouble you either with visits or invitations; so that on this, as on most other occasions, it will be greatly your own fault if you find yourself disturbed.

Easter is also here, as throughout, a happy season for the young, and its holidays are associated with toys, various presents in confectionery, and eggs (*Ostereier*) gaudily painted or gilt, and sometimes inscribed with a short verse; they are hidden by the

parents in various parts of the house or gardens, and become the reward of the fortunate little finders. These eggs the children are informed are laid by the hares\* at this season, for the especial reward of the good ; and the effigy of this obliging little creature, as well as of the “ Paschal Lamb,” is multiplied in every variety of cake and colour. Indeed, in the course of the year there is scarcely any animal, and even vegetable creation, that escapes being turned into sugar, to the infinite credit of the national taste, which calls forth so much skill on the part of the confectioner.

One great evil, however, appears to be chargeable upon these Christmas and Easter customs, and to make clear our meaning, we must return for a moment to the former period. On the 11th of November, St. Martin’s day, the figure of Pelzmärtel (or Martin in the fur) makes his appearance, personified generally by one of the family, clothed in fur ; his object is to visit the children, bringing a rod for the bad, and laden with sweatmeats and other pleasant things for the good. For sometime previously the *parents* remind them of this, and endeavour to secure their good behaviour in order that they may be rewarded by the presents which

\* See the translation of “ The Easter Eggs,” Die Ostereier, by H. J. Whiting, from the German of Christoph. Von Schmid.

the *Christ-child* sends by his messenger at that time, for all who have behaved well. Pelzmärtel, having discharged his mission, departs, after informing them that the Christ-child will himself visit them on Christmas Eve, and admonishing them to act so as to merit his approbation. In this part of Germany the “Christ-kind” comes dressed in blue or white, and wearing on its head a golden crown. He speaks in praise of the good; the naughty children being at this moment excluded—and more costly presents reward those who are found to deserve his favour.

Pleasant and gratifying as these customs may be, it is impossible to deny that they tend to destroy in early infancy that sacred regard to truth, which is so essential to cultivate in its purity. The system is one of actual and dangerous deception, which is in no way extenuated by their excuse that in after years “the children understand it.” The barrier is weakened by those to whom they are taught to look for example, and how can those parents consistently punish their children for falsehood, who are themselves so much in the habit of practising it, and even taking the elder branches of the family to assist them in their deceit upon the younger? The evil consequences of this are often painfully apparent, and untruths of the most grievous kind are stated,

and unblushingly persisted in, without any seeming idea of the heinousness attaching to them. Though "*Deutsche Wahrheit*" sounds agreeably enough and may do very well for poetry, its spirit is thereby sadly diluted in many parts of Germany, not only amongst servants and children, but at times even amongst others, and more than the Germans would like to hear, or ourselves to recount.

The objectionable parts of these customs are unnecessary. The customs themselves would lose none of their pleasing and happy influences upon the children, as proved in the case of our own and others, although divested of their apparent impiety and actual falsehood.

Not far from the town, near the railroad terminus, are held the horse and cattle fairs, which are sufficiently amusing by reason of the striking contrast they afford to the same scenes in England. The breed of oxen strongly reminds one of that dun-coloured raw-boned race, fed by some of our grandfathers, and whose pictures are yet found to adorn the parlours of certain small country inns. Representing animals with immense projecting horns, narrow briskets, short girth, and long legs, qualifications which, though good enough in a camelopard, are such as would frighten any modern grazier into fits. The cattle here are for the most part brought

to market much about in that condition in which an English farmer would put them up to turnips. Occasionally, however, you would perceive a few better specimens; but the unenclosed fields, the want of a proper system with their grass land, and the soil not being prepared for the growth of turnips in any great quantity, or suitable kind, must naturally operate against the efforts of the farmer to fatten either sheep or oxen. Of horses, most of their best come from Würtemberg, whose good and deservedly beloved king, is doing all that in him lies to improve every thing connected with agriculture; and the consequence is, that the country over which he is called to preside is happy, flourishing, and very productive.

Bavaria possesses immense capabilities that way, and it is difficult to know what prevents their being developed, since by a greater diffusion of agricultural knowledge the produce might be made to double itself in a few years; but this result can never be achieved till government takes up the subject. Until that be done it must remain as it is, a fruitful, but in these respects a neglected country.

It is astonishing in these days, they here do not seem to know that you cannot conduce more to the improvement of inferior soils, than by the feeding and fattening of sheep and cattle, and thus pro-

moting the application of the manure to its increased fertility. But they evidently do not understand it, impossible though it be to overrate its importance to the land ; and so they go plodding on in their old way, losing sight of one of the most beautiful dispensations of Providence, the restoration of fertility to the soil *by the immediate means of the cattle which graze it.*

The development and improvement of the immense agricultural capabilities of his country, would be a noble work for the present King of Bavaria, who might thereby worthily emulate and even outshine the acts of his predecessor in doing as much for the promotion of agriculture, *which is the first foundation of a kingdom of wealth*, as his royal parent has done for art.

Some powerful draught horses come here from Mecklenburg : of those for the saddle, the best, perhaps, are the cavalry horses, a sort of cob, short, compact, active, and strong ; the rest are for the most part very weedy looking ; their action, though sometimes showy, is bad, and apparently unsafe ; of pace they have but little, of endurance none, for the Germans not understanding how "to go along," confine their practice to a short trot or an ambling gallop.

The clumsy singularity of their draught horse

furniture falls oddly enough upon an English eye in many parts of this country; not but that each has perceptible differences in make, colour, and appendage. Here, the heavy collars, often ornamented with the skin of a badger, or a murdered fox (which in this country is always shot), worsted balls, painted leather, and musical bells; the head-stalls and broad bridles, often scalloped and studded with brass ornaments, the rope traces, the fantastic bits, the high and heavy saddles of the "fuhrman," or driver in charge of the waggon, the metal-bound projection at the pummel and cant, together with the broad and knightly fashioned stirrups are much as they seem to have been represented (according to the old German prints) two centuries ago. Of the desirableness of an alteration in these matters no doubt can be entertained; but the disinclination of the German people to change of any sort, however visibly improvement might follow, is in some instances as amusing as it is remarkable, and forcibly recalls to mind the story of the ancient monk, who, in the service of the mass, obstinately persisted in singing *mumpsimus* instead of *sumpsimus*; and being told of it, said "he had chaunted it so for five-and-forty years, and should not change then; as he had no liking to new fashions!"

The dislike of the Germans to change is shown

also in the turnip-shaped baskets, which to this day many of the peasant women carry on their backs, as they did more than a century and a half ago. A form wretchedly adapted to its purpose—painful, and inconvenient. Another equally striking instance is observable in the apparatus used at the wells in this town, some of them very deep. Columns of stone springing from a curb, breast-high, support a beam, to which is appended an iron-grooved wheel about 12 or 14 inches in diameter, fitted with a hard thick fibrous rope. The buckets are heavy, the pressure great, and as there is no balancing power the labour is immense (for we have tried it), and in mercy to some of the sickly poor, who may often be seen “drawing” water from these wells, the town authorities ought to expend the necessary sum (about two or three florins on each well perhaps) in order to attach that simplest of all remedies, a *double acting pulley*, instead of the present abominable apparatus, which stands just as it was nearly three hundred years back !

There is one custom in Nuremberg peculiar to itself, which, although nothing when understood, is nevertheless exceedingly annoying to those who are unaware of its extent and influence. We mean the practice of “*handeln*,” or bargaining for everything that has to be bought. You go into a shop and ask

the price of any article that suits you ; if satisfied with it, you pay for it and go away ; having probably been charged one-fourth or more beyond the sum that would be obtained of the natives. These never think of giving the price demanded ; that is *the first price* they say—what is *the second* ? if that is considered too much, they then inquire *the third* ; after which they offer such reduction as they think proper ; and the bargain is generally struck at a much lower sum than is at first demanded. Unpleasant, therefore, as it is to English people, *il faut toujours bien marchander*, if they would escape imposition ; the result not of dishonesty or intention to cheat, but arising solely from the almost universal preservation here of an old and disagreeable custom, and the sooner it could be abandoned the better.

In passing along the streets of Nuremberg, you see at various points some wide-mouthed copper vessels full of water, containing perhaps eighty or a hundred gallons apiece, slung upon a kind of sledge, and kept under small open sheds, together with ladders, hooks, and other implements, so as to be ready at a moment's notice, in case of fire. The town is divided into four districts, and every worker in metal, (in all, about one hundred and fifty) is a sworn fireman ; each district has a fixed place of meeting, to which these persons repair when an

accident of the kind occurs, and then go in a body to the spot where their services are required. The means by which this is indicated, are ingenious and simple enough, when once understood, and as they may perhaps be interesting to our readers, they are subjoined. The four districts of the town, are St. Sebald, St. Lorenzo, St. Egydien, and St. Jakob. In the two first churches, are apartments (above the belfries) for the fire-watchers; that of St. Jakob's, is in the Weisse Thurm, the other, is in the Laufer Schlag Thurm; and in these chambers live the fire-watchers, whose duty it is to be on the look out, night and day. Upon the first glimmering of a fire *in* the town, trumpets are loudly blown from every tower, and if it be in the Egydien district, the bell of each church tolls at short intervals "once," if in St. Sebald, "twice," in St. Lorenzo, "thrice," and in St. Jakob, "four times;" and a lighted lanthorn is hung out in the direction of the fire. Should it be within the liberties beyond the town, each bell strikes four times, and short quick notes of the trumpet fill up the intervals: so that, on the alarm being thus given, every one who is disposed to render assistance, knows directly in what quarter to afford it. We were let into these secrets one Sunday night; it had been dark and windy, and we had gone early to bed: towards two o'clock, between sleeping and waking,

we thought we dreamt about people crying fire ; for a moment it passed by : we had again almost forgotten ourselves, when the hoarse brattling of an old horn convinced us that something unusual was going on. Recovering our faculties as well as we could without a candle, we crept to the window, and peered out ; an old looking moon struggling with the thick vapours which surrounded her, contrived nevertheless to show a faint light over two or three watchmen who were running through the streets crying out "*Feuer*," "*Feuer*," which, however different it may appear on paper, sounds when pronounced, sufficiently like our English word, to betray its import, and cause some disagreeable emotions. Their cry soon grew fainter and fainter in the distance as they passed along : presently, another individual, scarcely half dressed, came rushing by, the sound of whose footsteps, beating upon the opposite houses, made the solitary streets appear yet more solitary. The cries were now speedily echoed by others, and the heavy tolling of the bells, the short notes of the trumpets, the roll of the military drum, the clattering of hoofs, the rasping of the sledges which conveyed the great copper pails of water already spoken of, the hoarse bawling of the *still watchers* in all directions, the hurrying onward, bucket in hand, of people thickly

gathering from every part at the summons of alarm, the anxious instructions, the screamings, rattling, running, and shouting, showed that every energy was being called into requisition, in order to resist the power of that terrible element called fire; while the fitful glare, which at no great distance, occasionally illumined the dark clouds rolling above, showed the extent and danger.

The fire had broken out just beyond the town, in a house built of brick and timber, forming what we should call in England, a hazardous insurance, and perhaps even doubly so, seeing that the house adjoining contained even still more wood work. The timber framing of both was soon all in a blaze, and an intense excitement displayed itself amongst the spectators, the catastrophe being invested with a somewhat gloomy interest from an impression that it was not accidental. Two bodies of firemen had arrived, and soldiers preserved the ground; the engines began to play, the bucket-bearers to work; communication with other buildings was cut off; steam, blending ever and anon with smoke, eddied in the wind; the waters hissed, spouted, and sparkled in the blaze like a stream of molten silver: for an instant the flame vanished, and a shower of sparks succeeded; the chimney had fallen in, but a horrid glare was again for a time visible, to be again as

vigorously attacked; every one seemed anxious to lend a helping hand, and in about two hours from its commencement, small blue tongues of flames flickering at the ends of the fallen beams alone told where the fire harmlessly continued. These two houses were partially destroyed, the rest were safe: the bystanders began to disperse, and we also, amidst wreaths of smoke, made our exit from the scene of action. In order to insure a supply of water on such occasions, every licensed horse-keeper is bound to attend with a horse on the first summons of the bell, to convey the copper vessels to the spot, where they are ranged as may be convenient, and the hose inserted in one after the other, each being taken again to be filled as soon as emptied.

The houses in the town being generally built of stone and very massive, reduces both the danger and premium of insurances, which here is but trifling, but too much cannot be said in praise of the prompt arrangement made by the fire department of Nuremberg.

Although this town is well supplied with bread, you see nevertheless on market days ranges of booths in which an immense quantity is exposed for sale, to the great discomfort of the authorised bakers, who have had many a squabble in the endeavour to put down this interference with their recognised

privileges. It must be said, the bakers appeared at first to be in the right, for since according to German regulations only a limited number of this or any other trade, or profession, can establish themselves in each town, it was rather a serious matter to admit so much bread from other parts to diminish on such occasions their daily sale. But it is said, the present generation of bakers here are suffering for the sins of their predecessors, while those at Lauf, from which place the other bread comes, are rejoicing in the virtues of *theirs*. At a time when bread was scarce, and a sore famine threatened this part of Germany, these Nuremberg worthies put on the screw, and the price of bread rose tremendously; they had not yet dreamt in those quiet days of any thing like competition, and therefore expected to have it all their own way. But a feeling of charity did even more than a desire of trade, and wrought better works. The country about Lauf, a market town ten miles distant, was better supplied, and its people sent in their bread to this place, at a reasonable price, and to the great relief of the distressed inhabitants. As a token of their gratitude, they obtained a charter, or something like it, whereby they enjoy the privilege, under certain restrictions, of selling bread at Nuremberg, which both peasants and residents greatly patronise, and "Laufer Brod" is

in considerable repute all about this country. We can only express the hope, that the good people who make it, may long possess, and benefit by the privilege so deservedly and honourably obtained in days gone by.

## CHAPTER XV.

RESIDENCES, LIVING, SCHOOLS, AND SOCIETY—BEING THE MOST  
USEFUL CHAPTER IN THE BOOK.

COMFORT—that household god of the Englishman—finds but few temples in this country dedicated to his worship. His service is but little understood, and therefore few set up his image. Indeed, it is difficult to say how, or where, he could be enshrined in most German rooms, amidst the absence of those things, which, in our eyes, can alone invite his presence or stay. Large apartments, gaudy chandeliers, polished mirrors, and damask furniture, though all very well in their way, are not the offerings he *requires*, and notwithstanding his resemblance may thus appear to be here, it is only an illusion; for the clattering of your booted heels upon naked floors, have already provoked to instant flight his gentle spirit.

Then again, who can imagine comfort, sitting in the same room with a German stove? That dark and unsightly promoter of sloth and apoplexy.

That sullen, unenjoyable, inhospitable looking thing. That black mass of deformity, and unfriendliness; where neither muffins can toast, nor cheerful kettle sing !

Hippocrates declared pure fire to be the moving principle of life, and as the before-mentioned household deity is believed by the English, to bear a close affinity to that element, and therefore to delight in its proximity, he is enshrined accordingly. His throne is the chimney-piece, above and around which all may perceive the reflection of his joy-giving beams. Approach, and you feel the presence of the kindling God. But your footstep must fall over carpet and rug noiselessly; his sceptre, at least in domestic rule, is the glittering poker, his votive altar, the grate; the incense to be offered, is good temper, and kindly feelings, and the flame in which his soul most rejoiceth, which best represents his warm and cheering influences, is the ethereal essence of crystallised carbon, found in the black diamonds Lambtonia.\* The only music, are the sweet sounds of mirth and happiness; thick curtains fall around to screen the whole from the gaze of the uninitiated or profane; and the tabernacle of comfort is complete.

It is true some of the Germans have studied these mysteries in England, others have even brought

\* A district in the regions of Fossilised Flora, in the scientific exploring of which the Durham family are said to have taken very deep interest.

thence a priestess to officiate in their temples here, and it must be admitted, *their* rites and ceremonies approach as nearly as may be to *our own*. Yet, still is there perceptible, a coldness, a lifelessness, an absence of that brightening impulse which awakens sociality, and kindles philanthropy. Not but that the Germans possess in an eminent degree, the warm feelings of kindly sympathy. They have the tabernacle and the image, such as it is; the mirth, and the merriment; pure incense have they also, but alas! there is no altar whereon to bestow the offering. They want the expansive sympathies of a cheerful grate to light up the whole with its summer smile. Doubtless, Hippocrates was right: and the English too are right. One cannot see comfort, where he does not see that life-point of all home-born pleasures, the fire; and for this reason, it may be said, the divinity we speak of has not many shrines in this country.

The houses here are mostly very large, and the ranges of apartments spacious and convenient. Their extent will accommodate the requirements of every class of resident, both in appearance and price. The Egydien-platz, König-strasse, Burg-strasse, and the Theresien-strasse, are amongst the best situations. In the latter (Dritte-stock) an excellent suite of rooms, eight in number, and a small study,—cost per annum, unfurnished, one hundred and eighty

gulden, or 15*l.* English ; this of course includes all the usual accessories of cellar, wood, loft, &c.

Furnished apartments, suitable for a family, are not to be had. There is but one set that I am acquainted with, and those are beyond the walls, distant from the markets, and otherwise inconvenient. The cost is forty-five pounds per annum, and there are only six rooms. The disproportion of expense is enormous, and as furniture is not dear, and can moreover be at any time well and easily disposed of, it is in every respect better to furnish for yourself. It deserves to be said that the simple-heartedness of the people here has not yet been spoilt by dealings in this way with capricious strangers ; and therefore, though caution is here as everywhere advisable, distrust and suspicion are by no means necessary.

Having already in a former volume ("Heidelberg and the Way Thither") presented a mass of useful facts in reference to living, household arrangements of every kind, mode of hiring apartments, forms of agreements, and other information, with a view to enable strangers coming to Germany to get on more comfortably, and with less imposition and vexation than will assuredly be the case without some previous preparation ; and the advice therein offered having been founded on experience and the most careful calculations of every kind, it is not necessary to be repeated here. I will, therefore, only say, that

at Nuremberg the rent of apartments is not so high, for an equal or even better comparative accommodation. That the prices of "living" are cheaper, and the pound weight is a little heavier; the markets larger, much superior, and better supplied. "Colonial produce," as saith our Chancellor of the Exchequer, is about the same price as there stated; wood is dearer (from ten to sixteen gulden per maas), but the measure is larger. Furniture is yet less expensive than at Heidelberg, and the wages of a *good* servant do not exceed *three pounds ten shillings per annum, including Christmas presents.*

Although as a place of residence nothing can exceed the agreeableness of Heidelberg, unless you exhibit yourself as capricious, quarrelsome, vain, or indulge in large talking, when they will assuredly have nothing to do with you; still with a family it has one serious drawback, in being without a *thoroughly good school*, for either boys or girls. The principal government school for the former wants revision, and a better system both of masters and instruction; it is or was too much neglected. Unfortunately the same observations apply, or very lately did so, to the chief private academy; but let us hope they are now improving both in system and numbers. With respect to ladies' seminaries, except a "pension" or two, where there were but few pupils, amongst whom French was principally culti-

vated, there is no school to which an Englishman would be very anxious to send his daughters, as, independently of the apparent carelessness in the method of instruction, the habits and associates are not perhaps *exactly* those which he would most wish them to form. Here, however, you will find yourself in different circumstances. First there is the Gymnasium,—but this time the ladies must take the precedence, and therefore we will begin with the Portische-Institut:—This seminary originated with a clergyman, whose name is indicated by the four first letters, and adjectived by the five last, together forming the appellation whereby it is designated. Himself a man of high standing both in learning and character, he arranges and conducts the system of instruction here pursued, in carrying out which he is assisted by several well qualified and attentive masters; a matron and female teachers aid in those branches where such superintendence is requisite; and it is only fair to say I cannot find one dissentient voice from the satisfaction which is everywhere, and as I think most deservedly expressed, in regard to this establishment. As it will save some circuity in description, you shall be presented with its “Stundeplan,” or synopsis of the general arrangement, whereby you will be enabled to judge at a glance, of the nature of the education, and how far it is likely to meet your views.

## UNTERCLASSE.

ZEIT.	MONTAG.	DIENSTAG.	MITWOCH.	DONNERSTAG.	FRITAG.	SAMSTAG.
8-9.	Gedächtniszübung.	Bibl. Geschichte.	Gedächtniszübung.	Bibl. Geschichte.	Katechismus.	Aufsatz.
9-10.	Rechtschreiben.	Französisch.	Rechtschreiben.	Französisch.	Rechtschreiben.	Rechtschreiben.
10-11.	Geographie.	Weibl. Arbeiten mit französischer Conversation.	Schönschreiben.	Weibl. Arbeiten mit französischer Conversation.	Geographie.	Weibl. Arbeiten mit französischer Conversation.
11-12.	Schönschreiben.	Weibl. Arbeiten mit französischer Conversation.		Weibl. Arbeiten mit französischer Conversation.	Schönschreiben.	Weibl. Arbeiten mit französischer Conversation.
2-3.	Lesen.	Singen.	Frei.	Lesen.	Französisch.	Frei.
3-4.	Rechnen.	Rechnen.		Rechnen.	Rechnen.	

## HAUSAUFGABEN.

Auf das Auswendiglernen der Gedächtnisaufgaben ist täglich eine halbe Stunde zu verwenden.

Rechnungen.	Französisch.	Aufsatzzucom- pieren.	Rechnungen.	Französisch.	Aufsatzzu schreiben.

## OBERCLASSE.

ZEIT.	MONTAG.	DIENSTAG.	MITTWOCH.	DONNERSTAG.	FRIDTAG.	SAMSTAG.
8-9.	Lesen der heil. Schrift..	Rechnen.	Lesen der heil. Schrift.	Schönäusschreiben.	Rechnen.	
9-10.	Geschichte und Geographie.	Französisch.	Zeichnen.	Französisch.	Lesen Deutscher Klassiker.	Französisch.
10-11.				Geschichte und Geographie.	Aufsätze.	Aufsätze.
11-12.					Singen.	
2-3.	Weibl. Arbeiten mit französischer Conversation.	F r e i .		Weibl. Arbeiten mit französischer Conversation.	Zeichnen.	F r e i .
3-4.						Französisch.

## HAUSAUFGABEN.

The school is divided into five classes, viz.:—a preparatory, elementary, under, middle and upper class, of which the above is the plan for the third and fifth. It has not been thought necessary to translate them, because, with one or two exceptions, the words explain themselves. French is commenced with the preparatory class, which is entered at six years' old, and goes hand in hand with the German. In each class singing is taught, memory is exercised, and, above all, the bible is read. Drawing (Zeichnen) commences with the fourth class. The Hausaufgaben refers to what the scholars have to prepare at home, which, in the principal classes, includes composition (Aufsatz), and an acquaintance with German and French poetry. Natural history is taught in the lower classes. A public examination takes place annually in May. There are about one hundred and seventy scholars, who are instructed by nine masters, and seven female teachers; and the three principal Protestant clergymen in the town, Messrs. Vorbrugg, Port, and Reuter, are connected with it.

The expense is as follows, viz:—

The Entrance Money for each child is one Kronenthaler, or  
4s. 6d. English.

The yearly payment in the First Class, 24 florins.

Ditto            ditto            Second Class, 32½ florins.

Ditto            ditto            Third Class, 36 florins.

Ditto            ditto            Fourth Class, 42 florins.

Ditto            ditto            Fifth Class, 42 florins.

A florin equals 1s. 8d. English money. So that the expense of the highest class is only 3*l.* 10*s.* per annum; and when four daughters from the same family attend the school, the *fourth* goes *free*. No child can enter till it is *six* years' of age; the progression into the higher classes is governed by its *capability*, and not by its increasing years. And the system of imparting instruction which is here adopted is admirable; and though perhaps it may be somewhat slow, it is nevertheless a certain one. No boarders are taken.

Turn we now to the chief public schools,—the Gymnasium and the Polytechnic. The former was founded in the year 1526, in connection with the university at Altdorf, and the senate having called in the aid of Melancthon, with a view to its organisation, a public monument has been erected to him, which stands in front of the school.

The whole institution is composed of ten classes, of which the six lower comprise the Latin school, and the others the Gymnasium. There are also two preparatory classes, apart from the foundation, into which pupils can enter at six years of age. Each class has its especial master, and others attend to teach writing, drawing, singing, history, arithmetic, French, English, and Hebrew. But in the higher classes, of course, Latin and Greek are the chief

objects of instruction. In the lower division of the school much time is employed in learning by heart from the bible, hymns, poetry, and the Latin Anthology. The boy must stop in each class at least one year; at the end of this time, if he be found deficient, he must repeat the course. It is not permitted, however, to remain in the same class longer than two years; and if upon the second examination he should again be pronounced unfit to take his place in the next higher class, *he must leave the school.*

Before entering the section termed Gymnasium, the pupils must undergo a strict examination, whose effect is frequently to consign many of them to other schools. Should they pass this they are subjected to one still more severe, if, when the course is ended, they offer themselves for the university. This examination lasts *three or four* days. Here again many of them are "plucked," and the consequence is that none obtain the advantages of an university education but those who are in every respect qualified by previous study, and habits of application, to make the best use of it. True it is the disposition to do so occasionally suffers from the effect of example and boon companionship; but the consideration, that upon their degree depends their future prosperity, or even existence, is generally a sufficient stimulus

to the efforts necessary in order to obtain it ; and in spite of the beer-can and pipe, you will meet here with but few men who have been at a university, who are not as “well up” on all subjects as those who may venture to boast of the more refined matriculation of Oxford or Cambridge. The education is to the full equal ; the only thing to be feared is the contamination of those sceptical principles which attach to too many of the German professors. When the course of the Gymnasium is finished (absolvirt), and the examination passed, they receive the “Absolutorium” certificate, without which they cannot enter themselves at any German university.

The age at which they enter, is from eighteen to twenty years, before which their ultimate destination is decided upon. As clergymen they must remain four years ; as jurists, five years ; as medical men, seven years : the term for the two last having been extended from four years, in consequence, it is said, of the number of students, and the difficulty of finding appointments for them ; all of which emanate alone from the King.

In Bavaria there are twenty-eight Gymnasiums,— twenty Catholic, and eight Protestant ; besides which there are more than eighty Latin schools in various small towns, for boys from eight to fourteen

years of age. These are used by the inhabitants for preparing their children for the Gymnasiums, or are visited by those who may wish to learn more Latin than is taught in the commoner schools.

The salary of a teacher in the Latin school here is from 600 to 900 florins, or 50*l.* to 75*l.* English. That of a professor in the Gymnasium, from 60*l.* to 85*l.* per annum. In addition to the higher sum the Rector has a residence at the school appropriated to him. There is an excellent scholars' library.

When an English boy attends this school he goes in for twelve months gratis, or nearly so, as a volunteer. Some previous acquaintance with German is, however, desirable, to enable him to take a share in the studies of the others, and to accustom him to the routine of the school. As he gains the language he commences translating the Latin into German, after which, being placed according to his capacity (don't be afraid of putting him on *too low* a form), he is gradually introduced to the full course of instruction. The terms for each boy, including the necessary books, are not much above 3*l.* per annum; and for this you are enabled to give him the opportunity of a first-rate education in *one of the most renowned Bavarian schools.* With English children some preparative instructions are essential, and for a

year or two private tuition must be likewise employed, in order to qualify them for the reception of the advantages it affords. No boarders, however, are taken; and if you would send your son here, you must reside yourself in Nuremberg, or seek a resident to whom you can safely confide him. One with whom his personal habits, English feelings, and his religious and moral culture, would be strictly cared for and promoted; and this, *according to English notions*, it may be difficult to find. The better way, therefore, would be to reside here yourself, since after all there is no eye like that of the parent to watch over the conduct, and regulate the progress of the child. Greatly as I admire the system of education here pursued,—and *from experience* feel bound to praise it,—and highly as I can recommend it to all who may be disposed to avail themselves of it, yet without one or other of the precautions already mentioned, I would advise *English parents by no means to send their son for education into Germany*. But more of this hereafter.

Bavaria is celebrated for its schools; and, of these, Nuremberg possesses some of the best. Next in order to the Gymnasium, stands the Polytechnic, numbering about 1050 scholars, divided into four sections, viz.:—

1. The Elementary Drawing School.
2. The Workman's School.
3. The Agricultural and Craft Schools.
4. The Polytechnic School.

In the first are taught elementary drawing and modelling, both artistical and architectural.

In the second,—geometry, mensuration, modelling in wax, engraving, and wood carving; to which are super-added the higher courses of arithmetic.

In the third,—mathematics, physics, history, chemistry, French, drawing, &c., in all its branches, geography, natural history, a higher course of geometry, mechanics, and the practical management of fields and forests; this latter department, as to agriculture, wants much alteration, for the system is highly defective.

In the fourth section are taught practical mechanics, engineering, and architecture, the highest branches of drawing, and geometry, practical, descriptive, and analytical; together with trigonometry, algebra, physics, dynamics, and experimental chemistry; the pupils are also taught the art of modelling and casting, by Burgschmidt, whose works in bronze have secured to him European celebrity.

A library is attached to the school, and also every kind of convenience and apparatus for the necessary experiments.

These Polytechnic schools, of which Bavaria has established three,—viz., in Augsburg, Munich, and here,—are of the greatest possible importance, both to artists and architects. In the latter profession,—although I must be permitted to question much of the taste displayed in Germany,—there is no denying that the German architects are mostly sound, practical men; and they owe this quality to their early education. No sooner do they begin to handle the pencil, than they are required to *model*. Theory goes hand in hand with practice; mathematical knowledge, in which they are severely tested, governs all they do; and hence their excellence as constructive architects. One cannot but lament that some such system is not introduced into England, and a proper examination authorised, before an architect is admitted to practise. With us the mode of instruction is sadly deficient: the friends of a lad pay a premium, varying from two to five hundred guineas, for his admission into an architect's office; he learns to use his pencil; he is impressed with due reverence for the five orders, except, perhaps, the last; he copies two or three specifications, and takes a known survey of a few progressing buildings; he then goes to Italy, to *hear* the operas,—*see* the ruins,—*eat* macaroni and ices, raw ham and blue figs,—*visit* the galleries,—*lounge* in the shade and *study*

“con zuchero,”—a few other matters and things, perhaps not so equally innocent,—after which he returns home, and fondly dreams himself into an architect. Of mathematics, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, but little is known,—of practical construction, none; and we should like to ascertain how many of those who venture to print “architect” on their cards, could sustain the commonest mathematical examination, or prepare their own constructive drawings, to say nothing of specifications and quantities, without the constant aid and reference of those poorer, but better instructed, because practical, men, who are unfortunate enough to depend for bread upon the golden fool who can afford to employ them. A few years at a German Polytechnic school, meanwhile attending the “Artists Lectures” and instruction,—a course of study in a large *builder's office of works!*—two years in the *full routine* of an architect's office (for which, his services would then be sufficient premium)—much reading and reflection at home,—and a year's travel, for the **REAL** purpose of *study*, in Greece and Italy, taking care to cultivate previously the French and Italian languages,—would be the best elementary education that could be given to one who is destined to follow this first and highest of all artistical professions. And the next best thing would be a seven days' examination to test its

excellency, and to prove to all who came after, the necessity for a high degree of practical attainment, ere they would be allowed to take to themselves the too often unworthily assumed and wretchedly abused appellation of architect.

The last school which it is necessary to mention, is the "Handels Gewerbe," or merchants' school, whose objects are sufficiently indicated by its name. The under classes commence, as usual, with reading, writing, and arithmetic ; and in the upper ones, they study algebra, physics, drawing, chemistry, the principal living languages, and, in short, everything calculated to fit the pupils for their future calling. There are about four hundred scholars. In all these schools, "*religious lessons*" are given by Protestant or Romanist clergymen, as the case may be. Parents here, and, indeed, in most parts of this country, scarcely ever think of imparting these themselves, but consign their children to them as to any other *lessons*. Consequently, although the *memory* is at times impressed, the *heart* remains too often unimproved, untouched, unappealed to, in this, the most important branch of all human instruction. Some of their philosophical writers, however, are averse even to this amount of religious teaching. Ideas of God, and the great end of human life, are no more to be impressed on the tender minds of

children. "*Leave that,*" say they, "*till your child is of age to choose for itself what religion it will follow!!*"

The system of education in Germany is certainly slower than in England, but it goes deeper—carries with it a necessity for more patient investigation, and is, therefore, as a rule, surer. No undue pressure is attempted ; the first measure of instruction must be properly disposed of, ere they attempt to introduce the second, and, to use a homely illustration, the sack, while it is being filled, is, at the same time, strengthened.

These subjects disposed of, a few words must now be said on the state of Society here.

The English are too frequently accustomed to take their judgment of the German character and manners from what they are enabled to see during a short stay, or rambling journey ; after which, they return home, and fancy they know all about it ; while the fact is they are mistaken : because, under such circumstances, they see and know, for the most part, only what is assumed. There is no country in Europe where prejudices exist to a greater degree against the English, than in Germany, or at least in many parts of it ; and those who are in the habit of seeing principally the travelling English, witness scenes that tend every day to strengthen them in their dislike. It is, therefore, only in the interior,

in the less English infested towns, that these prejudices are weak, because they are not fed. It is there, and there only, that the Englishman is received *cordially* into the good old-fashioned family circle of the natives; it is, moreover, there, and there only, that the national manners remain pure, and can be fairly judged of; and it is there, and there only, that he never seems to think of looking for them.

The tone of society here is unlike that of most other German towns which I have seen. If not so polished as in other places, it is, at the same time, less sophisticated, and not without its refinements. Let me, however, say one thing before I go any farther:—the inhabitants are, what in some of the more frequented towns they are *not*,—a simple-minded, kindly hearted people; and if the spirit of considerate attention, kindness, and hospitality to strangers can deserve it, they still fully merit the designation, bestowed upon them by some of the ancient German authors, of “the *good* people of Nuremberg.”

It must be remembered this is a “Handel-stadt,” or commercial town, and also a tolerably wealthy one. Amongst some of those families, therefore, who claim to be the *first*, a mingling of the mercantile spirit is observable, a little more contention or competition

than is perhaps otherwise usual in regard to appearances, and the chameleon-like quality of changing their hue every time they appear in public. The ghost of "Mrs. Grundy" evidently exercises its customary influence, even here, among those persons who have not yet had courage enough to *lay* the intermeddling and troublesome spirit. Notwithstanding this, society is, as I have already said, upon a pleasant enough footing; and if you do not yourself make too many ceremonies, the natives (to most of whom they are anything but agreeable) know how to relax them in favour of foreigners, and it will be *your own fault* if you do not in this respect find it all that you can wish. Evening visits are, perhaps, the most pleasant. You enter the salon bonnetted and cloaked, the hostess or her daughters assisting the lady to disrobe; the gentleman's hat is taken in the same way by the host or a servant, and as for his cloak (or *mantel*) it must be hung upon one of the hinges of the door, whose brass projections are mostly finished above, seemingly with a view to this convenience. Each of these will hold at least two, and as, for the sake of easy access, every room has two or three, nay sometimes even four doors in it, half a dozen "mantels" are thus easily disposed of. The ladies' paraphernalia is generally removed to another room, and the gentlemen's hats, sticks, &c., must be arranged in an

out-of-the-way corner, until the whole are accommodated as they best may be in the absence of cloak and hat-stands, which nobody here has ever yet dreamt of. The only real inconvenience is when the night is wet or snowy, which is soon proclaimed by the small pools of water which accumulate from the drippings at the door. Tea is served on these occasions at about half past five or from that to six o'clock, and it is called a "sweet tea," from the multitudinous cakes that accompany it, many of which are of the most delicious description, except that they are sometimes a little *too* sweet. But the people here are addicted to sugar in immense quantities, wherever it is possible to use it. Strange to say, they do not seem to perceive how nature herself revenges the outrage. Yet it is easy to see they receive their punishment through the same medium by which the offence is committed, and accordingly, of whatever beauties they may have to boast, a good set of teeth is generally *not* among the number. Tea, when they do drink it, is, from its diluted condition, not likely to please an Englishman. When strong, they say it heats them, and is too exciting to their nerves; therefore, under the same kind apprehension in regard to yours, they take care to offer it as hot water, fascinated by the bewitching influence of cinnamon, vanille, and about sixteen tea-leaves to eleven

persons. *Eau-de-vie*, or old arrack, is sometimes added, together with a little lemon peel, by way of correcting any evil effects which might otherwise even yet arise from so dangerous an infusion! The sight of a strong infusion is evidently unknown to many of them. Some acquaintance paid us a visit upon one occasion just as we were sitting down to tea. They were presented with some; but its colour condemned it, and unmindful of the teapot, it was politely rejected with, "Ich dank sehr—Ich trinke keinen Kaffee;" nor was it until after much explanation, and the reduction of it to the usual degree of *aqua-tinto* strength, that they could be prevailed upon to taste it. On these occasions, it is in vain to provide sugar-tongs, since nobody thinks of using them. Instead, the thumb and finger will be called into requisition, and upon the good old principle that these were first invented, the silver will be mostly dispensed with. Music and conversation (and in some houses, cards) lead the evening pleasantly along, which finishes with a slight supper, backed by wine, beer, and an occasional glass of punch—Nuremberg punch!—and at an early hour all is over. Dinner parties are more formal, and on that account disagreeable. The hour is generally one o'clock. Dessert and coffee follow; after which you are expected to take your departure. A *friendly dinner* meeting

is, however, quite another thing ; but in these there is about the same difference as in England. In the latter, you may have less variety to eat, but you enjoy more comfort while you are eating ; and whether at home or abroad, I never yet knew a set dinner party that was not, to my mind, a nuisance, and as such presenting every encouragement, if any-how possible, to escape it.

With almost everybody in Nuremberg, and indeed in Germany, economy is, or seems to be, an object. Perhaps it is really so ; for there, as elsewhere, people frequently lay the foundation of a family before they lay the foundation of a fortune. But this does not appear to exclude social indulgence. On the contrary, they may be termed a pleasure-seeking people. They do not trouble themselves much about the cares of this life after two or three o'clock in the day, when, in summer time, they sally forth to one or other of the places already described; the men to talk and smoke; the women to talk and knit; and all to drink beer, milk, and coffee, walk in the gardens, or ramble in the woods. In winter time, they sit in well warmed rooms, mostly filled with smoke and visitors, whose occupation and amusement are apparently ever the same. This, making a few necessary deductions on account of the tobacco, is one of the pleasantest features I know in the history of German

life. At this season they contrive to cheat the winter of much of its cheerlessness. Their attire, as to colour, is of the gayest description. Light silk or gauzy looking bonnets of every shade make their appearance; smart ribbons and wreaths of bright flowers also lend their aid to adorn them, and the ladies step forth in all the brilliant variety of summer finery. At these places, however, you must not look for the gratification of all your English notions in regard to refinement. Gay bonnets will sometimes be found to cover rather dingy faces, and be removed with unwashen hands; people will spit all round you, decidedly the worst habit I am acquainted with amongst them, with the exception of picking the teeth with a fork or knife (which is always pointed) an outrage to be frequently observed amongst the gentlemen at a table d'hôte, or when at supper in the gardens. (We never give up our knife or fork on these occasions, fearing an exchange). Nevertheless, they are not without their peculiar refinements and polish; and it must not be forgotten, that refinement and its opposite (like good and bad) are never positive terms, except in grammar, and in England and Germany they have different meanings. At home we say, if a man *drinks* beer, he *thinks* beer; but this somewhat squeamish conclusion must not be so quickly jumped at by those who visit this

country, lest they find themselves in the wrong when they least expect it. Under different degrees of society, the same particular symptoms do not necessarily indicate the same general state of things; and, therefore, their standard of what is either refined or excellent must be made to undergo some modification ere they allow themselves to judge of the general manners and habits of people abroad.

But these observations admit of much exception; and notwithstanding you may at times see things which rather puzzle your strict notions of propriety, you will meet with families, both here and elsewhere, in whose society you will find everything to delight you, and almost fancy yourself at home. These, however, are mostly those who have visited England, or have honoured us so far as to adopt many of our personal and private or domestic habits. The contrast to your eyes, between such families and those of the other inhabitants, is sufficiently striking. Comfort here has commenced his reign. In those houses we thankfully recognise his presence. His image is set up, and his worship is begun.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### A CHAPTER FOR ARCHITECTS.

ALTHOUGH for old German architecture, I entertain a very profound sentiment of reverential esteem, and although we owe the old Germans much for the beautiful structures they have left us as evidences of the intellect, piety, and skill of ages that are gone, I much question if those of the present generation are at all increasing this debt of gratitude by the edifices they are bequeathing to the generations to come.

I know it is very much the fashion to cry up all the various branches of German art. But noise is no criterion of value, and it would appear, in some cases, to have been done with more zeal than discrimination. Such attributed acme of perfection has not yet been attained, even by the highly-gifted Germans. True it is, a considerable meed of praise must be bestowed upon their sculptors and historical painters. In frescoes they doubtless stand unrivalled; and recent discoveries in this branch of the arts tend

to confirm their excellence. At present, however, our business is with their architecture ; and I cannot refrain from offering a few passing observations upon the style and general effect of the buildings in some of their principal towns, intending, if possible, to return again to the subject, with more technical precision, upon some future opportunity.

The modern architecture of Germany is for the most part disappointing, both in design and execution. Much of it is impure ; more of it heavy ; and a still greater portion cold and unmeaning. This probably arises from having engrafted something of their old domestic style of architecture both upon the Gothic and Greek orders ; and so deeply imbued are they with this spirit, that they cannot at times prevent its exhibition, even under the most infelicitous circumstances, whereby the right expression is greatly weakened, and not unfrequently ruined.

Their chief excellence probably lies in their adaptation of the Greek style ; but here you will occasionally find them fail in the meaning they would convey, for want of a more *severe* study of the respective proportions of these arbitrarily beautiful orders.

In their knowledge of interior decoration, they may, however, teach us some useful lessons. In this, much taste in the application of colours, and great beauty of design, are frequently exhibited ; but it is

necessary to hold fancy in some degree of control, lest, like a highly fed horse, she take the bit in her mouth, and run away with the rider.

Many churches, both for Romanists and Protestants, have been erected within the last few years; and where the architect has been content to follow closely one of the ancient Gothic or German models, the eye and the heart are alike gratified. In the majority, however, of those which I have seen, the beautiful proportion, the unity, the purity of style, the deep artistical feeling, the religious impressiveness, found so abundantly amongst edifices of this character *lately* erected in England, are wanting. In some you perceive the strange anomaly of Greek principles applied to this style. In others, the effect of a mistaken simplicity, which has resulted in meagreness. In others, again, there is a lamentable departure from the ancient principles of decoration. On inspecting most of their modern efforts in this style, you are bound to confess that, to become a Gothic architect, it is not enough that a man be a good mathematician, that his knowledge of construction be perfect, that he understand *how to read* the ancient sculptured documents scattered over the country; he must know *how to feel, to follow, and to apply them*, in all their harmonious and beautiful combinations. The mere mechanical intellect of man

can never attain to this: there must likewise be a pure taste, a perception of their musical language, and a deep poetical feeling; and he who would practice with success as an architect must never forget, it is indispensable that he practise as a poet also.

Permit, now, a word or two on the execution (by the artificers) of their designs. If we except their carvings in oak, the work in this country will not endure comparison with that of England. This must be instantly apparent to every eye that has been at all accustomed to contemplate the correctness throughout the whole detail, the elaborate working and beautiful *finishing off*, which is so strikingly perceptible in England. Perhaps, however, as regards the masonry, it may be mainly owing to the quality of their stone, which is oftentimes coarse and gritty, and by far the greater proportion of it will not bear so fine an arris as we delight to see. Doubtless, the effect of a building owes much more to its material than some of us care to acknowledge and than others can imagine. It must be said, even at Munich, this is too often overlooked, or at all events mistakenly regarded, though, in other cases, considerable attention is bestowed upon designs which after all are not unfrequently found to be failures. Take, for one example, the new Gothic Church of

St. Maria Hülf, which, though much glorified and called pure, is neither more nor less than a piece of architectural confectionery. As, however, the object of these few brief observations is not to pass ill-natured censure upon the past, but to improve the future, and as I hope hereafter to return much more fully to this subject, they shall not at present be extended further. But with every respect for German talent, it nevertheless would seem that, in this particular branch of the arts, it has been somewhat overrated. In such view, I have ventured to "edify" this Chapter, in the humble hope that it may also tend in some degree to edify those who take the trouble to read it.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### ON BIRDS IN GENERAL, AND THE DOINGS OF THE JACKDAWS IN PARTICULAR.

AMONGST the birds which you may see in your walks about the environs of Nuremberg, in the woods or on the more distant hills, are those of prey—the *Aquila haliaëtos*, *Aquila albicilla*, *Falco tinnuncoloides*, *Falco rufipes*, *Falco ater*, *rufus* and *pygargus*, and the *Falco brachydactylus*. There is also the *Strix bubo* (the *Strix nisoria*, but seldom seen). More plentiful are the *Strix passerina*, *noctua*, *tengmalmi*, *brachyotus*, *otus aluco*, and *flammea*.

Singing birds of all kinds abound ; and this must be said of many that are in other places scarce ; for instance, the three species of Crossbill, the *Loxia curvirostra*, *ptyiopsittacus*, and *leucoptera* ; also the *Tichodroma phoenicoptera*, and the *Bombyciphora garrula*. You find here the various species of the jay, cuckoo, magpie, and woodpecker, both green and grey. You have likewise the nuthatch, the

*Fringilla petronia, chloris, flavirostris, and spinus*, and that beautiful specimen the *Pyrula enucleator*. Then there are crowds of thrushes, larks, and black-birds, and nearly all the martin and finch tribe common to the latitude. The golden-crested and common wren are found here; but how it is this little creature sustains the cold of winter here, or indeed any where else, one cannot conceive, unless it be by reason of its constant activity.

Teal, moor-hens, widgeon, geese, and many other sorts of waterfowl, are seen at times on the banks of the streams, and occasionally in the meadows and woods. Amongst the ducks, convoys of which may be seen riding at anchor on the Dutzendteich, or raking amongst the weeds and sedges of its margin, are the *Anas tadorna, strepera, clypeata, boschus acuta, glacialis, querquedula, crecca, and fusca*. The *Mergus albellus*, the *Merganser*, and now and then a troop of wild swans, also honour this lake with their presence.

Partridges are tolerably numerous in the corn-fields, and (except that this chapter professes to speak of birds), I might say herds of roebuck in the woods, while abundance of hares possess the hillocks and other dry places in the neighbourhood. Numbers of snipes breed in the summer on the moory parts of the cleared lands, and the cock bird may frequently

be seen, all forgetful of his usual evolutions, briskly fanning the air while hovering near his nest, at which times he may be heard piping and humming at a considerable distance. Every kind of titmouse with which I am acquainted seems to winter here, and though some of them will venture into the town, there are others who in the same season spend their whole time in the woods and fields. These are principally the long-tailed species. Vast numbers of linnets apparently breed hereabouts. They collect in large flocks in the beginning of winter, and towards the spring cover the trees in full chirping chorus, delighted at their approaching separation to undertake the charge of matrimony and its consequences. But there is at other times a wonderful spirit of sociality observable amongst birds, not only towards their own, but also towards other species. That interest makes strange friendships, has been long ago acknowledged by all who have had an opportunity of noticing the gentle intercourse between a cow and a wagtail. On a hot summer's day, droves of the latter may be seen where the cattle are ruminating, doing all they can to relieve their four-footed companions from the multitudes of winged insects which at those times peculiarly annoy and torment them; and when the snow has been deep here, I have noticed in the still parts of the woods,

sparrows, fieldfares, crows, jackdaws, magpies, partridges, linnets, titmice, yellowhammers, blackbirds, and other species, all in thick assembly, as if a public meeting had been convened to devise some method of general relief during the inclement season. This passion for congregating would appear to be pretty general towards the approach of winter, but in this neighbourhood it is remarkable amongst the carrion crows at nearly all times of the year. Never, either in England or elsewhere, have I seen such large flocks of these birds as here; they sometimes spread themselves over acres of ground, together with their cousins the jackdaws, and troops of starlings, all of whom are on the most friendly terms. The latter seem to play the attendant, because of the superior scent of the others which leads them to those places where that food abounds which is common to all; but why such mixed multitudes as above described should gather together at the period *when food is most difficult to obtain*,—whether their object be warmth, interest, or mutual defence, or merely to brood over the miserable prospect before them,—none, perhaps, save He whose name is Wonderful can tell.

Justice Woodcock loved a magpie, and I must confess to an equally strong affection for a jackdaw. And since any description of Nuremberg must neces-

sarily be imperfect without some notice of these its feathered occupants, you will not be surprised should mention be made of some of the doings I have witnessed amongst my favourites. Talk of the lordly rook as long as they please, the jackdaw is a bird of far higher family and more ambitious pretensions. He is not to be satisfied with the straggling branches of an old tree for his resting place—not he; and although a celebrated naturalist did once discover the nests of certain humble-minded distant relations of his, in some deserted rabbit-burrows near Selborne, I strongly suspect it was only because they could not in those days find an old church-tower in the neighbourhood wherein to build their nests and lay their young,—chancel, steeple, or belfry, either will do; but as he is himself no *parvenu*, the grey tints of age must hallow these places, or he will surely discard them, as he affecteth not any upstart new-fashioned place of abode. No doubt it is this deep love of antiquity that induces so many of his family to build in the crannies and crevices about Stonehenge. Here they especially delight amongst the holes of the various old churches, particularly St. Lorenzo, and for no other reason that I can discover, but that there is something in its appearance more approaching to decay than is to be observed in the rest of them. From out these places of refuge they come

in the cool of the morning, get together in small parties, and sail round the steeples, clamouring all the while, till their numbers sufficiently increasing, they set off on some distant foraging excursion. From a window of my retreat I can observe many of their evolutions which are, to me, full of interest and amusement. They pay frequent visits to the upper part of a house where dwells a certain goodly landgravin, a sort of homage which speaks well for their taste and high patrician instinct, except that in the present instance their preference is not for the old, but, on the contrary, for an interesting specimen of tolerably young nobility. Two or three of them swoop down from the belfry, and range themselves along the cornice of the house; then some more come to sun themselves on the window-sills, till others in a fit of envy or jealousy chase these away and occupy their places; while several of the younger ones, equally anxious, but not quite so strong, are craftily peeping over the parapet, waiting a favourable opportunity to dash suddenly down and dislodge their envied companions, a feat I have more than once seen them perform; and really their enjoyment of the fun, and the anxiety they manifest to command the window is so great, as almost to induce the wish to share it with them, and to become for a while a jackdaw.

Although it must be confessed his attempts to be frolicsome are somewhat clumsy, he does not want for alertness, nor for the skill or cunning which appears incident to all gentlemen of his shade. And sedate and sober-looking as he wishes to appear, he cannot prevent a highly comic expression of countenance beaming out from beneath the grey hood which he wears, with all the mock solemnity of a counsellor's wig. Look at his eye—did you ever see such a humorous gravity? Perhaps something a very little like it in the jay; but the latter has more of the "thief" in it. Here you have all the "judge"—not a Jefferies. There is not a shadow of cruelty, and scarcely any mischief in that quick grey eye. On the contrary its expression is amiable. Yet these birds sometimes quarrel. Indeed now and then their proceedings appear inconsistent with living together in such close communion. Look at that fellow, with two of his children, raking the opposite gutter. He has evidently turned up something that is highly satisfactory. He calls to his young and dances round it, ducking at every turn like a man in a fit of the gout attempting a bow. Observe every now and then his upturned head to see whether any of his acquaintance are coming down to participate in the fruits of his labours. He thinks himself safe, but he is mistaken. There is one who has all the

while been watching his operations from a neighbouring chimney, and now walks coolly over to share the benefit of the discovery, like those worthless human bipeds, who having just enough to find them in plumage—idle and unwilling, were they even qualified to adopt the maxim of earning their food before they eat it,—are ever on the look out for an opportunity of spunging upon their good-tempered friends, who receive them with close embraces but distant wishes. Not so, however, the jackdaw, if the one we are looking at be a specimen. He utters a querulous note of disapprobation; but the intruder disregards it, and goes on lessening the family provision until the other, slyly retiring a little way up the sloping roof to give effect to the meditated blow, swoops suddenly down upon the astonished intruder, who has tumbled nearly into the street before he recovers himself, while the provider of the feast hops on the parapet just above and looks over after him, bending downwards as if to say, “Monsieur, j’ai bien l’honneur de vous saluer;” after which the dinner goes on peaceably. One evening, during the last autumn, I observed numbers of these birds wheeling round the steeples of the Lorenzo-kirche, uttering the most piercing cries. On looking up, I saw the open gallery above the western portal literally black with them, all vociferating most furiously. Just below sat one

of the sable fraternity, whose unusual appearance had called forth these expressions of discontent. Two long strips of white paper streaming from his heels, and a pair of parson's bands of similar material, which the same mischievous person had tied round his neck, gave his reverend figure the cruelly ludicrous appearance which had so astonished the assembly. Loud screams and flapping of wings assailed him in all directions, and the disturbance brought troops of his fellows from all the neighbouring settlements till the air was peopled with them. Some stranger was attempting an entrance into the colony! Such indecorous appendages had never before been seen amongst any of the high family of the jackdaws, and could not be endured. His own relations did not recognise him. Death or banishment evidently awaited him; and what is more, he seemed perfectly conscious of it. From his manner I thought he seriously contemplated suicide, and perhaps he might have yielded to the temptation, but that the buffets of his numerous adversaries seemed about to render self-destruction unnecessary. Thoughts, perhaps, of his wife and family also came to his aid in resisting the evil suggestion, and at length by a desperate effort, with the help of beak, wings, and tail, he succeeded in crawling into a hole where his pursuers could not very well get at him. Having satisfactorily

surveyed his place of refuge, he set himself leisurely to examine and remove the dangerous marks of distinction he had received, every now and then thrusting out his head to see if any of his enemies were approaching. Attempt it they did; but they succeeded not, for want of the same influencing motive. It was a sort of *Alte Veste*, and Wallenstein himself could not have chosen a more secure retreat. Freed thus from further molestation, there he sat till he had patiently scattered bit by bit the odious appendages. And then he came out, like many a human being who has struggled alone and friendless through unlooked-for, unwitnessed, and, therefore, unknown scenes of affliction and trial, to receive the ready congratulations of those who yet never put forth one finger to aid him in his escape. So they gathered round *him!* surveyed his altered figure, acknowledged the change, and apparently said many pleasant things; but he evidently understood and despised them all, speedily quitted their companionship, and, wishing them good day, sailed slowly upwards till he reached the top of the northern spire, where he was soon joined by a few others—no doubt his family—who sate together quietly surveying the dispersion of the chattering mob, which his unusual appearance had collected together.

Just before the dusk they are to be seen returning,

in long strings, from their last foraging rendezvous ; and on arriving at the church, after a few preparatory circles, they generally drop themselves by twos and threes along the ridges of the chancel and choir. The towers, pinnacles, and other high places are all equally ornamented, and some may be seen ranged in perfect security along the vanes, enjoying the cool breezes of evening. At this time all is tolerably quiet, except a few short notes\* of remonstrance, which, perhaps, naturally enough accompany an attempt to dislodge each other from a favourite perch. But this sometimes leads to serious consequences. Great events hang upon a thread, and a slight bickering will occasionally disturb the peace of a whole community. One or two friends take up the fray ; more interpose ; this brings others in ; a few short flights of the various dissatisfied parties, to whom a quiet settlement is again denied, excite others, and so on, till the whole are up, and the air is filled with the uproarious combatants, the approaching darkness alone separating them to their nightly quarters in the towers and belfry.

But who can describe their terrors on the 31st of December, when the midnight bells begin to ring amidst the shouts of "Prosst Neue Jahr," which rise

\* This was called "thanking God for their suppers," by a little girl too young yet to have read about His care for the sparrows and ravens.

from the streets ! At any time they affect not this kind of music ; for the moment the clock gives its periodical notices, they dart from out the windows in all directions, and no cranny is too small for the fugitives to attempt, on hearing that frightful sound. But on this memorable night all is confusion and dismay. Startled suddenly from their slumbers by the deep clang of the tenor, they rush out of their beds in a sorely bewildered condition, uttering the most fearful shrieks, which go on increasing till the whole interesting orchestra has tuned up, when, with two or three owls for the alto parts, together with the before-mentioned peal, and the "base" shouts of the crowd below, such a harmony is produced, that, were there but another Weber in the world, he might here be worthily supplied with a subject for another *Wolfsglen Chorus*.

Yet, for all this, I like his voice ; because the pleasure we feel on hearing certain sounds, does not at all depend on their being melodious in themselves. Harsh sounds do not always displease the ear, because they furnish us with certain agreeable associations. The cawing of the rook, the lowing of cattle, the bleating of sheep, the cry of a flock of geese, and the sharp and shrill song of the grasshopper, harsh and dissonant as they may be in themselves, are, nevertheless, loved for the summer ideas they bring to the

mind, of all that is rural, “sunny, verdant, and joyous.” So with the jackdaw. It is true he has not many modulations of voice, yet I have heard him, in the gaiety of his heart, attempting to sing, and his music, in a calm spring evening, while on his way home, or circling with his companions round some of the old grey towers, is delightful both to the imagination and the ear. The hens, who have been sitting close all day, then creep out of their concealment, and may be seen, a little before sunset, pluming their feathers on the neighbouring roofs and house-tops, stretching their cramped and wearied limbs previous to their flight together for a cool supper in the meadows by the Hummelstein; after which they again return to the business of incubation; meanwhile, probably, ridding themselves of a few of the fleas with which at this time they are grievously infested. They mostly come home mute, and sometimes appear to suffer from the effects of indigestion, consequent upon such hasty feeding. When the young are fully fledged, numbers of them are to be seen in window-holes and corners of the church, cautiously creeping about with fluttering pinions, which as yet they are unable to manage, or else securely lurking amidst the enfoliaged carving of the stone-work, from whence they are wisely looking about at the wonders of the great world into which

they are now about to enter. It must be said, that some of these little ones, with a reserve far more creditable to their modesty than to their courage, show no particular desire for a closer acquaintance with it. Indeed, their hesitation is at times so great, that, in order to introduce them, the older ones are reduced to the necessity of coaxing them out by means of a worm or grub to some convenient point, when I have seen them shouldered off, screaming all the while, and whirling over and over, till, by this rough but useful lesson, they are taught the use of their wings, and, cat-like, falling upon their feet on some friendly interposing level, they look wistfully up, in great astonishment at the height whence they have so suddenly descended. Shouts of rejoicing resound from the parents, and all appear perfectly happy. The only times in which I have ever seen anything like discontent or misery amongst them, is in very windy weather, severe frost, or heavy rains, when they range themselves in regular rows within the tower openings and belfry windows, peeping, like so many disconsolate felons, through the lattices of their various prisons. At these times he will now and then condescend to visit the street or kennel, but his movements betray both suspicion and alarm. He evidently feels he is risking his respectability, if not his safety, to satisfy his hunger, and that he is

altogether out of his place. He looks restlessly about in all directions, strikes up at the crack of a whip, or the least sudden noise, and never stays long in such a mean and grovelling situation.

Should a hawk make his appearance while he is providing for or educating his young, he is quickly chased away. All unite against the common enemy with an earnestness of purpose well befitting German jackdaws, and with a degree, too, of rage and ferocity hardly to be looked for in a family of such staid and dignified bearing. Neither may the Northern Raven clap his wings in this neighbourhoed. He will here find no birds inclined to lose their eyes, and share the fate of the poor half-killed Turkey, nor would they be disposed to suffer like the Poland fowl, who, though game to the last, was yet obliged to die because his chicken-hearted companions dared not stir a feather in his defence. These high-minded birds are of a different breed, and would neither endure it themselves, nor witness its infliction upon any of the ancient and noble family of the Jackdaws.

Should any of the neighbouring Eagles again fly about here, with improper motives, or by way of assisting Ralpho in any attack on the community, they will perhaps call in the aid of a few of their strong-billed cousins, the English rooks. But I do not contemplate any such necessity; as it must be

difficult to the before-mentioned birds of prey to fly over the Rhine, in consequence of the peculiar state of the atmosphere, which in late years has become so strongly impregnated with brimstone and gunpowder, that it is firmly believed they would be suffocated in attempting a passage. But this looks a little like a digression, and lest you should consider it altogether out of place, we will go back to, and now in order to conclude, our legitimate subject.

I have said I like a jackdaw; and in case I should not have told you enough to justify my partiality for him, it may be added, that I like him because he is fond of dwelling amongst mankind; because of his love for all good old institutions; because of his social habits, the proper notions he entertains in reference to order, and the general defence of the community; because he is something of an aristocrat, shows himself a philosopher, a sound politician, and is withal very much attached to the Church. And these considerations shall furnish me with the characteristic programme, if ever I am called to emblazon an additional motto upon his old family banner.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### ON GERMAN PHILOSOPHY.

'Tis well if we contempt can show,  
When brilliant fools advise ;  
We, happily, too dull to grow  
So miserably wise.

IN writing the above title, I have departed from my usual custom, which is, to finish the chapter first, and then turn back and write the heading. Here, however, the latter has had the precedence; for the especial reason that, while concluding the foregoing chapter, I had fully made up my mind—which is not always the case—what the next should contain. The change of subjects is perhaps not so great as at first appears, nor indeed do I think it would be difficult to show a very close connexion existing between them, especially when illustrated by the many examples that might be brought forward of the high reasoning instinct of the feathered biped. If, however, the reader insist that from “jackdaws” to “philosophers,” is a violent transition, I cannot now stop to argue the

question ; and, without being so uncivil as to contradict him, must still beg him to accompany me in my flight ; because, as I hope to show, *sic itur ad astra*—it is the way to the stars.

Not that the stars to which I would direct him, are those in the heaven of the philosophical Germans. At the best, *they* can be but negative beacons. They may instruct us to avoid their own desolate and dangerous shores, but, taken as guides, they lead to inevitable destruction.

Reason, let loose like Phaeton, in proud sway,  
Inflames the region, and misguides the day ;  
Till the usurper from his chariot hurl'd,  
Leaves the true monarch to command the world,  
Would be, imperial Reason, by the blow  
Not killed, but chastened, and confined below.

With the highest respect for the German character, I am blockhead enough to confess that I possess but little, if any, for German philosophy, because I believe it to be charged with a deep and deadly poison. Its system is one whose origin is pride, whose effect is the repudiation of the Godhead of Christ, and the rejection of much of the Scriptures, and whose dogmas are being pushed on with a view to the utter destruction of the Christian faith—of that faith, whose origin is humility, whose effects are a pure hope and patient spirit, and the end of whose doctrines is

salvation, as revealed in the Gospel through Him, whose power to save would be thus taken away.

It is a lamentable fact, that the student generation of Germany look neither to their clergy nor to the Scriptures for their religious opinions, but only to the Professor's chair; and the religion of the schools is Rationalism, much of whose growth and influence is attributed to sincere though erroneous searchings after truth, to the desire of notoriety, or to the ambition of becoming the founder or head of a new system; and thus you find a grave and thinking people applying their powerful and daring intellects to undermine, by the most subtle arguments, the doctrine of Scriptural revelation. Their inquiries have led them astray, because they came not to the task "as little children," but in the vain confidence of full-grown men, already prepossessed with speculative opinions, and, to judge from some of their writings, seeking, not so much for the truth, as for speculative reasons that may serve to uphold the dreamy theories themselves have promulgated. Thus religion becomes philosophised. The fundamental doctrines of the Gospel are swept away as antiquated and bygone notions, and, in a spirit of assumed illumination, but in reality, of the blindest presumption,—in a spirit of opposition to the plain Word of God,—in a spirit of arbitrary determination upon good and evil,—in a

spirit of idolatrous exaltation of mere natural reason above the revealed wisdom of God,—the excellence of modern education is made to consist in purely heathenish conceptions of freedom of spirit, morality, and justice, by blind leaders who never rightly studied the sacred oracles with half the diligence, zeal, or respect which they bestow upon the classic writers of ancient Greece and Rome.

The supremacy of human reason was ever one of the most strong and successful delusions exhibited by Satan to mankind. In the same way that he tempted Eve, his emissaries tempt her children. “Ye shall be as gods,” has polluted our whole nature with a dangerous leaven, whereby the intellectual freedom of man is exalted above grace itself. The worst account ever given of the world is that when Jesus Christ came into it,—“The world knew Him not.” The natural eye of man could not discover Him in the flesh; and yet human reason, unaided and alone, seeks to discover His spirit, while, at the same time, it rejects the heaven-illumined lamp of revelation—the one only and true light which can guide its benighted way. Little do those who deny inspiration, dream they are nevertheless writing and speaking under its direct influence. But as sure as there is a spirit of sin and darkness, so sure will there be false teachers on earth to do his work. Every day a

thinking mind must observe with pain, that while German philosophy boasts of its science, mental illumination, and moral development,—talk of the Gospel, of salvation, of communion with God, and you bring strange tidings; and though, like the Greeks of old, it is continually hearing or telling of some new thing, these are things of which it wishes neither to tell nor to be told. Against the pearls and treasures set forth by God himself, it is content to bring forward its trifles of pebble and shell, and summon the world to their admiration.

The direct tendency of German philosophy is towards cold-blooded scepticism; and thousands and tens of thousands who were baptised in the name of Christ, now lie prostrate at the feet of this impious and lying Spirit. It teaches that the miserable tinsel of “external decorum is enough to satisfy the Creator;” that “a Divine Mediator is unnecessary;” that “the doctrine of original corruption is only a gloomy fancy;” that “the truth delivered by Christ and his Apostles, is absurd, and unworthy of a maturely instructed mind.” It separates general instruction from the Word of God; it treats individual branches of knowledge apart from all higher truth—apart from their general connexion, and, above all, apart from the knowledge of God as their chief end and perfection.

Such is the prevailing spirit of the free-thinking portion of Germany. With some, still covered by the flimsy veil of a Christian profession ; with others, casting off all disguise, and standing out to view in bold and hideous deformity. These are found in public and private—amongst young and old—amongst the learned and illiterate—amongst poets, politicians, journalists, and even clergymen—in schools, universities, and scientific institutions. “Education,” says a modern German writer, “has become a system of seduction. Philosophy is training its pupils into instruments of faction and rebellion. Impious doctrines are put forth, and daring ridicule, nay blasphemy, is uttered in the ears of listening youth whose easily-excited minds drink in, like water, these iniquities.—There is amongst us a deplorable want of Scriptural knowledge, of whose blessings our public and private seminaries have been beguiled, and even in our Universities, those which are most distinguished in this negative respect, are the most reputable, popular, and best rewarded.—Vapid talking over ancient ethics, passes for religious and moral instruction, and books upon which may be charged the most dangerous and subtle omissions, are introduced by authority.”—No one can reside in Germany and mix in German society, without recognising this gigantic scheme of godless education, without finding

his own experience fully corroborative of this gloomy picture, the darkest shadows of which arise from the perversion and denial of Scriptural truth. He who once tempted Christ in the Wilderness, was as eminent in learning, as strong in reason, as powerful in argument, as deep in subtlety, and, moreover, as anxious for the preservation of *his* system as any of those in the present day can be; some of whom might well follow the remarkable example of that *first speculative philosopher*. For although he, even more than they, wished to make Scripture disprove itself, he nevertheless used it as his principal weapon, and though in its application he tried to *pervert it*, he plainly showed *he dared not deny it*.

But admitting for a moment that where the chief engineer has failed, the mole succeeds; admitting that pure reason could overturn a church;—has it shown itself so strong in principle as hitherto to be able to erect a hovel?—What is to compensate this demolition? What does it establish in return for that which it has unsettled? Nothing!—The professors of metaphysical religion, or philosophy so called, have now been learning their lesson for some thousands of years. What is the real extent of the discoveries made? What are the fixed results arrived at since the days of the ancient pagan men? Little or none! Read their works: you find them vain,

proud, positive, dogmatising. They *know* everything, they *prove* nothing. They pretend that *they are the only enlightened ones of the earth*, though their theories are unintelligible. They ridicule one another, and the highest ambition of each seems to be to think differently from his fellow. The press of Germany teems with pamphlets and books abounding in coarse unseemly comment and blasphemy, which do not possess even the character of novelty to recommend them. They remodel all the old arguments borrowed from the Herberts, Humes, Boyles, Bolingbrokes, Tom Paines, and the ribald tribe of revolutionary France, in whose wake the boasted intellect of Germany does not disdain to be found. Their systems are various, split, and dismembered. They cannot settle anything. One goes on demonstrating and demonstrating, and fondly dreams he carries with him the whole philosophical world, till another arises and demonstrates something very opposite, and then for a time the world follows *him*.—Without pretending to give any description of the various dogmas, each of which has its advocates, we may remark that one of their greatest philosophers—Schelling—has long since promised to show how “all philosophy has degenerated and weakened itself by a departure from its own principles ; that true philosophy cannot end in irreligion”—though he admits the charge against

it at present, "and trusts to rescue it from its degraded and perilous position." Others are promising the same. But *finis coronat opus*. We shall be glad to see it purged. We wish them a sound conclusion, and every reward that can attend such successful exertions in its favour.

But while scholars are puzzling themselves and others with complex theories, and nice and often useless distinctions, Christianity stoops to the condition and capacity of the weakest, the poorest, the most illiterate, and the most occupied of mankind, and let philosophy stand as it may, a few short sentences uttered by an *apparently* despised and persecuted *man* in the streets of Jerusalem, are worth it all. It is a mercy that comfort—hope—life—are the rewards of *Faith*, and not of explanation. (Romans, c. x., v. 10.) Do you doubt its consoling influences? Ask those whom tempests have vexed, and storms have made afraid. They will tell you of griefs in the world, which, though philosophy may have aided, it can never hope to cure. Ask those over whose heads have rolled the deep waves of affliction, and with whom the broken moonbeams of hope still fall upon a troubled sea. They will tell you that the humble and patient believer, taking God at his word, and resting on his promises, rises, where all haughty reasoners must sink. The warrant that he holds satis-

fies him. He finds his fears are quieted ; his heart is comforted ; his spirit is consoled. The word is spoken, and the waves are stilled ; and so he is brought in peace to the haven where he would be.

But nevertheless he is called by the alleged voice of reason to resign this hope—to exchange gold for dross—pearls for husks—living bread for stone—and the hope of everlasting life for the crude and dreamy theories of the metaphysician, whose vain mystifications may be combined and conglomerated without end and without limit in a fruitless attempt to enable common sense to comprehend either them, or the learnedly-confused operations by which their cold and dreary systems are erected.

Though *high philosophers* we see,  
They find it hard *plain sense* to talk ;  
As some strange animals there be  
Who *climb*, although they scarce can *walk*.

They are the spoilt children of science, who spurn at the good that is offered in the hopeless struggle to attain that which is withheld. To assent or dissent is not, they say, an act of the will, but of the understanding, for which they are not responsible ; that, by the power of their reasoning faculties, they arrive at certain conclusions, and that a judge, who is both just and merciful, will require no more than that they should act conscientiously upon them. But it

might have been asked, have they made the *best use of all the means which He has placed in their power to arrive at true conclusions?* Have no interested views warped them? No selfishness fettered them? No disappointed prospects or personal enmity embittered them? No prejudice blinded them? No fear (perhaps of ridicule) intimidated them? No pride of intellect misled them? But these are subjects which can never be explained by words, since words are the creation of beings that are finite. "That which is made surpasses not the maker; therefore, when applied to the infinite, they fail; nor can language ever hope to *measure* that which thought pronounces to be *immeasurable.*"\* Matters of *faith* are injured by any attempt at explanation, in order to make them matters of *reason*. Could we succeed they would cease to be mysteries, and there would be an end of all faith, as well as of the promises which attend it. We believe matters of faith, notwithstanding they are above reason, though we are not bound to believe all the attempted explanations of them which are too often "against *both*, and matters of *neither.*"† But philosophy has set itself a harder

\* Calton.

† The Scriptures, Old and New, command small reverence from these disciples of the German rational school, amongst whom the strangest mixture of profound knowledge and childish ignorance may sometimes be detected. One instance, amongst many, may be here

task: it has yet got to prove that whatever happens to be *above* reason is necessarily *against it*; and this will probably be a harder task for its disciples than knocking down each other's arguments, or combining to establish a true system of their own—if *any such can be found*.

mentioned. "Why," asked Schlegel one day, "do the English so mightily abuse Niebuhr's book? What scepticism can they discover there?" The following passage, which occurs not far from the beginning, was shown to him:—"The fallacy which is still so general, that tribes of a common stock must have sprung by ever widening ramifications from a single root, only escaped detection among the ancients, perhaps, because they admitted many races of men originally different. They who do not recognise such a plurality, but ascend to a single pair of ancestors, betray that they have no idea of languages and their modifications, unless they cling to the miracle of a confusion of tongues; a miracle which can only suffice with respect to such races as present no striking physical differences."—"These sentences," it was replied, "appear equally erroneous both as regards the philosophy of speech, and the physical history of man, and, at any rate, go directly against the Scriptures."—"Oh, not at all," rejoined the philosopher; "you are thinking of the creation of Adam. But Adam means merely *man*, or *human nature*. God created Adam, that is, he created *human nature*. Observe, since you will appeal to Scripture, this is the true signification of the word *Adam*. It means *human nature*, and nothing more."

So then, *human nature* it was that fell into a *deep sleep*, and had the *rib* taken from *its side*! It was *human nature* "who lived an hundred and thirty years, and begat a son in his own likeness, and called his name *Seth*!" Then we read again, "as in *Adam* all die, so in *Christ* shall all be made alive." *Christ* is an individual—a person—but where is the completion of the antithesis if *Adam* be not an individual likewise? To such miserable points do the German rationalists often bring themselves by what they term the free scope of the human mind on sacred subjects. Verily, the wisdom of Solomon is nothing after this! Indeed, as one of the best and dearest friends we ever had upon earth used to say, "Had Solomon lived in these days, he would have been very little thought of."

Meanwhile, since they are drawing conclusions, unfavourable to the Christian faith, from the fact, that they are gathering amongst their disciples many who formerly professed its doctrines, while of themselves none ever dream of embracing the Christian faith, they may in the same spirit be reminded of the saying of Arcesilaus to one who asked him how it was so many of the other sects went over to the Epicureans, but none from the Epicureans to the other sects? "Because," said he, "of men some may be made eunuchs, but of eunuchs were none ever made men."

To close this subject, it may be recommended to these not to despise Christianity until they have rightly, or in other words, *humbly* studied it, and not to refuse so to study it, because they despise it.

To others, the conclusion shall be in the words of an *old fashioned book*, which by some of us, both Germans and English, is still regarded with reverence, and held as the highest authority on all vital matters:

1 Tim. iii. 9.—Holding the mystery of the faith;

For,

1 Tim. iii. 16.—Without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness.

1 John iv. 1.—Believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they be of God.

How?

**John v. 39.—Search the Scriptures.**

**Why?**

**Acts v. 41.—Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye.**

To this let us add the remarkable caution found in,

**Col. ii. 8.—Beware, lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit after the traditions of men: after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ.**

So, then, let the moralist reject it, and the scorner blaspheme it, and philosophy, wrapped in its dark, chill mantle, sit aloof in clouds, and proudly despise it. But may we be enabled to hold fast, without wavering, the profession of our faith. Amen.

## CONCLUDING CHAPTER.

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THUS far, then, is the author's self-allotted task fulfilled, and but little more remains to be said ere, for a while, he bids farewell to the reader, who has kindly accompanied him through the foregoing pages.

He has endeavoured to bring before him places and objects of high interest in this ancient town, which there is every reason to believe are but little known in England, and still less visited by Englishmen; also to point out some of its advantages as a residence to those to whom economy, convenience, or the education of their family may render it desirable; and likewise faithfully to display the facilities and dangers of the latter, as pursued in too many of the German schools and universities, for the information of those parents who may think it right to ponder ere they adopt any system of education, however otherwise excellent, that is founded on morality exclusive of religion.

He has never imposed upon himself by believing that what has been written will abide the ordeal of criticism. On the contrary, he is fully conscious of labouring under all the disadvantages of inferior power ; and if, while building up this volume wherein he has sought occupation, amusement, perhaps even consolation amidst things which saddened him, his thoughts have occasionally busied themselves with objects of higher contemplation, and his hopes and fears, his feelings and attachments, have been in some degree exhibited, it was with no intention to set them forth obtrusively. They are presented to the reader humbly and conscientiously, in the sincere desire to be found, in however small a degree, useful in his day and generation.

It is the month of December. The year is almost gone, with its immense current of events and remembrances, of hopes and fears, of anxieties and toils—gone, with its dread record of affections, passions, and deeds both evil and good. It is “Christmas time,” but no sprigs of bright holly adorn the windows here, nor is there the blessed mock sunshine of an English hearth to cheer the evening hour. Without, the weather is churlish and dull, and the winds of winter blow keenly. The pride of the vegetable empire is swept away, and the trees look dark and chilling in their leafless guise. Yet has every season

its peculiar charm ; and the honour, nay, glory of this is, that it calls us to those aspirations which every thankful soul must breathe to Him whose advent it commemorates.

True the sun does not shine, but it is nevertheless cheerful ; for the warmth of many-voiced and kindly-hearted greeting compensates his absence ; and the author feels he cannot do better than bring this to a conclusion by joining in the general salutation, and therefore takes his leave, wishing to all and everyone —not forgetting himself,

Herzlichen Glückwunsch.

or, in other words,—a merry Christmas and

A happy New Year.

END OF VOL. I.

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## APPENDIX.

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TRAVELLERS who intend to take this interesting old town "en route," and likewise to explore the varied beauties of the Muggendorf district, should endeavour to devote to these combined objects at least eight or ten days. As this, however, may not be practicable to all, the author has sketched out a plan of operations during a stay in Nuremberg of either two or four days, and by which he trusts to facilitate the arrangements of those, who, though "*anxious to get on*," may still be desirous of inspecting some of the principal buildings, curiosities, and vestiges of by-gone days contained within its old grey walls.

### TWO DAYS.

FIRST DAY.—St. Sebald's Church.—Schön Brunnen.—Town Hall, and the Subterranean Prisons and Passages, Castle, together with the Chapels of Ottmar and Margaret.—St. John's Cemetery.—Albrecht Dürer's House, and the Venetian House, on the Egydien Platz.

SECOND DAY.—Mr. Campe's Collection of Pictures.—St. Lorenzo, and the Church of our Lady (Frauen Kirche).—The Wurzelbauer Fountains.—Goose Fountain.—Landauer Gallery.—Hertel's Collection of Curiosities.—Walk round the Town, outside the Walls.

### FOUR DAYS.

FIRST DAY.—Schön Brunnen, St. Sebald's; St. Maurice's Chapel; Castle, and the Chapels of Ottmar and Margaret.—Ascend the circular Tower for a fine Panoramic View of the Town and country.—Town Hall.

**SECOND DAY.**—Frauenkirche.—Goose Fountain.—St. Lorenzo.—The Wurzelbauer Fountain.—Nassau-Haus.—Polytechnic Schools.—In the afternoon visit the Subterraneous Prisons, &c., under the Rathhaus, and walk round the Town Walls.

**THIRD DAY.**—St. James's Church, and the desecrated remains of the fine old ecclesiastical buildings in the neighbourhood.—Mr. Campe's Collection of Pictures.—St. Sebald's Church.—House and Monument of Albrecht Dürer.—Kötzel's House, and the bas-reliefs set up by him between this and the Calvary at St. John's.—The Old Cemetery.—Rosenau.

**FOURTH DAY.**—Town Library.—St. Giles's Church, and the remains of the Old Scotch Monastery.—The Venetian House.—The Gymnasium, and Melancthon's Monument.—Albrecht Dürer's Portrait of his friend Holzschuher.—Landauer Gallery.—Hertel's Collection.—The Schütt Island, &c. &c.

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To explore Muggendorf and its beautiful vicinity, three or four days will be necessary. The railroad passes Vorcheim, at which place you stop and take the omnibus to Streitberg. From thence, if time and capability fail not, *walk*, for it will well repay you. In this case, however, a day or two more may be required. A carriage can be hired at Streitberg; but do not omit to agree as to distance and price.

The Hotels in Nuremberg are mostly excellent, and very clean. The best is, perhaps, the Bayrischer Hof. Then follows the Blauen Glocke; the Wittelsbacher Hof; the Rother Ross (renowned for its cookery and collection of ancient furniture); the Strauss (Ostrich), near the Post-Office; all of which are equally good, and none of them dear.

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“*Caspar Hauser.*” In writing the account of this unfortunate and much to be pitied individual, at page 153, I have purposely avoided any reference to the *Brochure* published some time ago in Paris, and the country where I am now writing, and which points to a distinguished lady of the House of Baden, against whom one of the heaviest charges I really know to have been substantiated is, that like most Germans, *she eats peas with a knife!* !

But calumny has many suspicions, and more tongues. It crosses oceans, scales mountains, and traverses deserts with greater facility than the Scythian Abaris, and, like him, rides upon a poisoned arrow.

I have read the *Brochure* with much attention—and my opportunities of investigating its statements have been neither few nor, to myself, unsatisfactory—and I believe that book to contain some of *the foulest calumnies that ever were penned by man*.

As to the mystery, it remains as great a mystery as ever, and will probably now remain so, until that day when the dread secrets of all hearts shall be opened, and man rewarded according to his deeds.





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